True ADVENTURES

STILL ONLY 25¢
AUGUST

SEX - THE HUNGER THAT CAN DESTROY YOU

THE CASTRO SECRET THEY DIDN'T DARE PRINT

OUR GANGSTER IN HAVANA

CALL GIRLS WHO HELPED WIN A WAR

JOY GIRLS AT NUMBER 58

SHOCKING—YET TRUE
THE REDS' HARLOT ARMY

GUERRILLA GIRL

MEN! Join My "$100-a-Week" Club!

Let Me Put You in a PROFITABLE BUSINESS You Can Run from Home

SPARE TIME—FULL TIME!

If you've always dreamed of getting into the $100-a-week bracket, here's your chance to join the "club". Men all over the country are doing it with my simple, proven plan. So can you. The 57-year-old Mason Shoe Mfg. Co. will set you up in a profitable "shoe store business". In your spare time, this business can add enough to your present pay-check so your weekly income is at least $100. Or run this business full-time and earn as much as $960 a month. But you should *never* make less than $100 a week again if you take advantage of this opportunity.

No Wonder You'll Make So Much Money!

Actually $100 a week need only be the start. Build your Mason customer list to the point where you take 8 orders a day and you'll rake in over *$960 a month* CLEAR PROFIT. It's easy because you show nationally advertised footwear that EVERYBODY needs and wants. You make BIG profits because we carry all the stock and ship the shoes for you. Our huge warehouse stock of 300,000 pairs of dress, work, sport shoes for men and women give you a bigger selection than any other store in town. You can fit everybody because sizes run all the way from 2½ to 15, and widths AAA to EEEE. You have no storekeeper's expenses or "overhead." You never invest a cent!

Sales Equipment Absolutely FREE

You show famous Mason Air-Cushion shoes—Ripple Sole shoes, Oil-Resistant Work Shoes, amazing Mystery Shoes, guaranteed Waterproof Shoes, insulated boots, colorful styles for women—a line that's far beyond the reach of competition. That's why *everybody* is your prospect. Start with friends, relatives, folks where you work. Make money very first hour. Soon you'll be making enough extra cash to let you join the envied "$100-a-Week Club," earning far more than at any ordinary job. Fill out and mail the coupon below. We'll rush you our free "Starting Business Outfit." Features 230 fast-selling shoe styles . . . plus foolproof measuring equipment, "How To Make More Money" booklet. Send no money now or later. You get everything you need to start, absolutely FREE. Rush the coupon now.

RUSH THIS COUPON NOW!

YOUR TICKET TO A PROFITABLE BUSINESS!

THE MASON Shoe Mfg. Co., Dept. H-667,
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

Sure I want to join the "$100-a-Week Club" by making good money in a fine "Shoe Store Business" that I can run from home. Rush me, FREE and Prepaid, everything I need to start making money my very first spare hour.

Name_____
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address_____

Town_____ Zone____ State_____

MASON

SHOE MFG. CO.
Dept. H-667
Chippewa Falls, Wisc.

Are you a guy who didn't MARRY THE BOSS'S DAUGHTER?

They tell us it's a good way to get ahead. The tough part is . . . there aren't enough bosses' daughters to go around. But there's another way to call your shots.

How? Look at the want ads! Business and industry are crying for men with special training. 60,000 Engineers—Industrial Supervisors, Communications and Traffic Specialists are urgently needed. Demand has never been greater—or salaries higher—for trained people.

With the right kind of training you can step into one of these jobs — write your own ticket. Without it you must compete with a few million other guys who are in the same boat. And, if times get tough, it's not going to be a good boat to be in.

So act now! Choose the education for men who want to get ahead fast. Pick your future from success-proven I.C.S. courses. Whichever field you choose it will be *right* because all I.C.S. courses are developed by business and industry leaders who know what *you* need to know to go places.

You get *personalized* guidance. Earn as you learn. Study in your spare time — at your own pace. And when you get the coveted I.C.S. diploma, it's the frosting on the cake. Chances are by that time you've already been snapped up for a bigger job with a bigger price tag.

Don't wait another day! Choose your course and send for the free career booklets offered below.

Clip coupon here—and take your first big step to real success! **I.C.S., Scranton 15, Penna.**

Accredited Member National Home Study Council

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS ICS

Box F5725F, Scranton 15, Penna. (In Hawaii: P. O. Box 418, Honolulu. In Canada: I. C. S. Canadian, Ltd., Montreal.)

Without cost or obligation, rush me FREE Success Kit, with 3 valuable booklets: (1) How to Succeed; (2) opportunity booklet about the field I've checked below; (3) Sample I. C. S. Lesson.

ARCHITECTURE and BUILDING TRADES
- ☐ Air Conditioning
- ☐ Architecture
- ☐ Arch. Drawing
- ☐ Building Contracting and Estimating
- ☐ Carpentry & Millwork
- ☐ Heating
- ☐ House Planning
- ☐ Painting
- ☐ Plumbing

ART and DESIGN
- ☐ Commercial Art
- ☐ Fashion Illustrating
- ☐ Interior Decorating
- ☐ Magazine Illustrating
- ☐ Show Card & Sign Painting
- ☐ Sketching and Painting

AUTOMOTIVE
- ☐ Auto Body Rebuilding
- ☐ Auto Electric Technician
- ☐ Automobile Mechanic
- ☐ Engine (Gas & Diesel)
- ☐ Engine Tune-Up
- ☐ Transmission Specialist

AVIATION
- ☐ Aero Engineering
- ☐ Aircraft Drafting
- ☐ Aircraft Mechanic

BUSINESS
- ☐ Accounting
- ☐ Cost Accounting
- ☐ Public Accounting
- ☐ Bus. Administration
- ☐ Executive Training
- ☐ Marketing
- ☐ Personnel-Labor Relations
- ☐ Programming for Digital Computers
- ☐ Purchasing Agent
- ☐ Real Estate
- ☐ Salesmanship
- ☐ Sales Mgmt.
- ☐ Small Business Mgmt.
- ☐ Traffic Mgmt.

CHEMICAL
- ☐ Analytical Chemistry
- ☐ Chem. Engineering
- ☐ General Chemistry
- ☐ Lab. Technician
- ☐ Nuclear Energy
- ☐ Plastics
- ☐ Pulp, Paper

CIVIL ENGINEERING
- ☐ Civil Engineering
- ☐ Construction Engrg.
- ☐ Highway Engineering
- ☐ Reading Structural Blueprints
- ☐ Sanitary Engineering
- ☐ Structural Engineering
- ☐ Surveying & Mapping

DRAFTING
- ☐ Architectural
- ☐ Electrical and Electronic
- ☐ Mechanical
- ☐ Sheet Metal

ELECTRICAL
- ☐ Elec. Appliance Servicing
- ☐ Electrical Engineering
- ☐ Elec. Eng. Technician
- ☐ Elec. Motor Repairman
- ☐ Industrial Electronic Technician
- ☐ Industrial Telemetering
- ☐ Instrument Technician
- ☐ Practical Electrician
- ☐ Practical Lineman

ELECTRONICS
- ☐ Automation
- ☐ Basic Electronics
- ☐ Electronic Computers
- ☐ Electronics Technician
- ☐ Hi-Fi Stereo and Sound Systems
- ☐ Industrial Electronics
- ☐ Ultrasonics

ENGINEERING (Professional)
- ☐ Chemical
- ☐ Civil
- ☐ Electrical
- ☐ Mechanical

ENGLISH and WRITING
- ☐ Better Business Writing
- ☐ Introductory Technical Writing
- ☐ Short Story Writing
- ☐ Practical English

HIGH SCHOOL (Diploma)
- ☐ High School General
- ☐ High School Math
- ☐ High School Secretarial
- ☐ High School Vocational
- ☐ College Preparatory

MECHANICAL and SHOP
- ☐ Gas and Electric Welding
- ☐ Industrial Engineering
- ☐ Industrial Instrumentation
- ☐ Machine Design
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Mechanical Engineering
- ☐ Reading Shop Blueprints
- ☐ Tool Design
- ☐ Toolmaking
- ☐ Safety Engineering

SECRETARIAL
- ☐ Clerk-Typist
- ☐ Professional Secretary
- ☐ Shorthand
- ☐ Stenographic
- ☐ Typist

STEAM and DIESEL POWER
- ☐ Boiler Inspector
- ☐ Power Plant Engineering
- ☐ Stationary Diesel Engineering
- ☐ Steam Engineering

SUPERVISION
- ☐ Foremanship—Suprv'n
- ☐ Personnel—Lab. Rel'ns

TV-RADIO
- ☐ Radio and TV Servicing
- ☐ Radio-Telephone License
- ☐ TV Technician
- ☐ Practical Radio-TV Engineering

MISCELLANEOUS
- ☐ Railroad
- ☐ Textile
- ☐ Other (please specify) _____

Name _____ Age _____ Sex _____

Home Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Occupation _____

Employed by _____ Working Hours _____ **Special low rates to members of U. S. Armed Forces!**

August, 1963, Vol. 32, No. 5

True ADVENTURES

EXCITING NEW MAGAZINE WITH TRUE, SENSATIONAL STORIES FOR MEN!

ALDEN H. NORTON, Executive Editor
HAL STEEGER, Editorial Director
P. GRAVES, Picture Editor
L. LUCKE, Assistant Editor
RALPH PRIN, Assistant Editor
EDWARD PETRATOS, Art Director
BERNARD WHITE, Executive Art Director
B. GELMAN, Cartoon Editor
M. NELSON, Art Assistant

The secret, bloody war you never read about .....Page 40

Miss Italy — and why not? Meet Maria Grazia .....Page 29

Why Castro is the world's most evil man .....Page 15

man's action

OUR GANGSTER IN HAVANA ..... *Jim Tuck* 15
"A MEDAL—OR A COFFIN!" ..... *Albert Brower* 22
THE JOY GIRLS AT NUMBER 58 ..... *Anson Hunter* 26
TRIGGER BOY FROM COOGAN'S BLUFF ..... *Frank O'Leary* 32
GUERRILLA GIRLS ..... *Brian O'Brien* 38

strictly for men

WILL FAULTY SEX HABITS DESTROY YOU? ..... *Myron Brenton* 20
CORA, GIRL OF THE NIGHT ..... *Si Bloom* 44

picture features

"AND THE DANCE THEY DO . . ." ..... *Turkish News Agency/P.I.P.* 36
KILL WE MUST ..... *Werner Braun* 40

pinup

MISS ITALY—AND WHY NOT? ..... *Telefoto—P.I.P.* 29

departments

GAGS FOR STAGS 6
JUST ASK AN EXPERT 8
TRUE ADVENTURE EXPERTS 12
MEN'S MART 81

COVER PAINTING BY GEORGE GROSS

Associate Publisher: THOMAS F. HARRAGAN
Production Manager: EARL UMPENHOUR
Newsstand Sales Manager: IRA J. MOSHIER
Subscription Manager: JOSEPH MUCCIGROSSO

ADV. REPRESENTATIVES
Wilson & Stark, 40 East 50th St., New York, N. Y.
Harley L. Ward, Inc., 360 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Townsend Millsap & Co., 159 So. Vermont Ave., Los Angeles 4, Cal.
Townsend Millsap & Co., 110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: POSTMASTER—Please mail Form 3579 notices to: TRUE ADVENTURES, Portland Place, Boulder, Colorado.

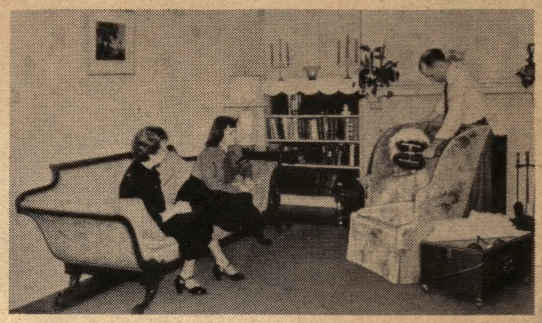
TRUE ADVENTURES is published bi-monthly by New Publications, Inc. at 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Henry Steeger, President. John J. McVarish, Treasurer. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing office, Canton, Ohio. Copyright © 1963, by New Publications, Inc. This issue is published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. Copyright under Universal, International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. All rights reserved, including the right of reproduction, in whole or in part, in any form. Single copy, 25c. Subscription for U.S.A. and its possessions, $3.00 for 12 issues; $1.00 per year additional in Canada and all other countries. Address all correspondence to New Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. When submitting manuscripts, enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope for their return, if found unacceptable. Care will be exercised in the handling of unsolicited manuscripts, but no responsibility is assumed for their return. Printed in U.S.A.

OWN a Nationally Advertised Lifetime Business

that grows from Repeat orders

If Now Employed

you can profitably operate in spare time and build a permanent full-time business; no limit on income.



Start Part or Full Time

Easy to Learn . . . No Shop Needed

We are NOW enlarging this worldwide system of individually owned service businesses. If you are reliable, honest and willing to work to become financially independent, we invite you to mail the coupon.

You become a fabric specialist . . . providing the proper care of floor coverings & furniture. No experience needed. We personally train you.

$9 Hourly Profit . . . 6 Worldwide Services

Here is your opportunity to BE YOUR OWN BOSS . . . to become financially independent . . . have a fast growing income . . . and own a Nationally Advertised business.

Dealers (using National Price Guide) can earn $9 hourly gross profit on service they render plus $6 on EACH of their servicemen.

You have good profits on both materials and labor after paying servicemen.

You can stay at present job while customer list grows . . . then switch to full time, lining up jobs for your servicemen to do.

One small job a day brings a good starting income. With full or part time servicemen your income is unlimited.

Dealers operate from a shop, office or home. Equipment is portable . . . the electric Foamovator converts to a carrying case.

At the start, you may want to render service yourself. This business is easy to learn . . . easy to start . . . so easy to service that women dealers often do it. We prefer you have no experience . . . not have to "unlearn" old scrub methods.

You may write a Duraclean dealer if you like.

A Waiting Market

New "miracle" fabrics and light colors (which soil faster) have created a growing demand for the Duraclean quality of cleaning.

All services are rendered "on location" in homes, office buildings, hotels, theaters, clubs, churches and institutions. Car dealers buy your services to revive used car upholstery . . . also take orders for you. Almost every building houses a potential customer. The big demand (even small towns) assures dealership growth.

These superior, safer and convenient methods resulted in Duraclean dealerships throughout North and South America, Africa, Portugal, England, Israel, Norway and other countries. Only Duraclean dealers have this prestige.

Advertising, paid by International Headquarters, explains the superior merits of your services and develops customer confidence and job leads.

We Train and Assist You

A Duraclean dealer will train and assist you. He'll reveal his successful, proven methods and sales plans. He will WORK WITH YOU.

We show you 15 quick ways to get customers. You have pre-tested newspaper and yellow page ads, commercials, and a full mailing program.

Your services are backed by Parents' Magazine Seal, McCall's "Use-tested" approval and American Research & Testing Laboratories.

Duraclean dealers find **voluntary** and **repeat** orders a major source of income. Customers are so enthused they tell friends and neighbors. Furnishings stores, insurance adjustors, and decorators refer jobs to Duraclean dealers. These year 'round services are in constant demand.

TODAY is the time to own a Duraclean dealership . . . before someone takes your location.

You Become an Expert in the Over-all Care of Upholstery and Carpeting

You have 6 vital year 'round services.

DURACLEAN not only cleans; it enlivens the fibers . . . revives dull colors. Pile rises with **new life.** Furnishings are used again in a few hours . . . a great customer convenience.

No machine scrubbing or soaking . . Duraclean **cleans by absorption.** It eliminates roughened fabric, fiber-breaking and removal of rug sizing. It does away with harmful solvents and strong soaps. Mild aerated foam, lightly applied, cleans while restoring resilence to fibers. Dirt grease and many unsightly spots vanish like magic. Results are often almost unbelievable.

DURASHIELD retards soil and stains . . . retains the fresh, new look MONTHS longer.

DURAPROOF makes upholstery, carpeting, blankets, piano-felts and clothing repellant to moths and carpet beetles. It kills both. You give 6-year-warranty. The U. S. Government says, "Moths are in practically every household."

DURAGUARD flameproofs furnishings. Prevents fires starting from cigarettes, candles, etc.

SPOTCRAFT safely removes spots and stains.

TUFTCRAFT repairs cigarette burns, moth damage . . . often saves the carpet or rug.

We'll Help Finance You

A moderate payment establishes YOUR OWN business. A day's profit pays monthly payments. Your business can be operating in very few days.

Men frequently take in partners.

We furnish electric equipment and enough materials to **return your TOTAL investment.** If you have good habits and know the importance of customer satisfaction, you can likely qualify for a Duraclean dealership.

It's been said, "Opportunity knocks but once at every man's door." This could be that one rare opportunity in **your life.**

It is surprisingly easy to learn this business. You can decide from the information we will send you whether to apply for a dealership. So, with no obligation, mail the coupon TODAY.

What Dealers Say

L. Broersma: "Have now completed 5 years with Duraclean. We have never had one complaint."

George Byers: "For University, bill was $2,416. Total expenses $814."

Ed Kramsky: "In 2 years, I now have two assistants, a nice home and real security for my family."

L. Babbit: "I average $400 monthly part time. I'm starting full time."

Russ Day closed 19 jobs from 21 contacts.

W. C. Smith: "Earned $650 one week. Volume keeps getting bigger."

L. Falls: "I cleaned 1,900 sq. ft. of carpet in one day. Made $135.

Earl Davis: "Our sales increased $17,660.00 this year."

A. Nebendahl: "Closed every sale where I used new slide projector."

N. Josserand: "Have made as high as $200 in one day. Largest earnings for a single week, $750."

Fabric Mills Endorse YOUR Service

Aldon Carpet Mills: "We approve this process. We are pleased with the texture restoration."

Patcraft Mills: "Fibers are not soaked by Duraclean. Best method of cleaning we have seen on tufted carpeting." **Croft Carpet Mills:** "The Duraclean method is superior."

Trendline Upholstered Furniture: "We recommend Duraclean as the safest and most effective method of cleaning fine furniture." **Kingston Mills:** "It is our intention to recommend Duraclean Service."

Modern Tufting Co.: "Duraclean is superior to any on-location cleaning process with which I'm familiar."

Painter Carpet Mills: "Duraclean is logical approach to carpet cleaning because the tufts are not subjected to the harsh treatment so prevalent in other methods."

Resale Service

If, because of illness, moving or for any other reason a dealer wants to sell, we maintain a service to locate buyers and help him sell.

Dealerships resell at up to 10 times the dealer's cost.

Find out Now! No obligation

With **no obligation,** we'll mail you a letter with 32 page booklet explaining these services . . . how and why your income grows . . . how we help finance you.

Then decide if this opportunity fulfills your dream of headway, independence and **bigger income.** Your location could be taken tomorrow . . . so mail coupon TODAY.

Mail this coupon TODAY

It may put you in business

Duraclean Co., 3-707 Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Ill.

With no obligation, mail letter with 36 page illustrated booklet explaining how I can increase my income and family security with a Duraclean Dealership.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

GAGS FOR STAGS

Did you ever make up an original stag gag? If so, send it to the editor of TRUE ADVENTURES, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. You will get a free year's subscription if we use it. Sorry, but we can't return unused material.

The restaurant boss was in a frenzy as he talked to the employment agency. "You gotta send me over a waiter, any waiter, right away!" he pleaded.

"But we only have one man left," the agency explained, "and I don't think you'd want him."

"Why not?" asked the restaurant man.

"Because he's a liar, a thief and a swish."

"I'm so busy right now I'd take King Farouk as a waiter," the man said. "Send him over."

When the new man reported for work, the boss gave him a talking-to. "I've heard some bad things about you," he said. "I want to tell you right now that if I catch you lying, I'll break your arm. If I catch you stealing, I'll cut off your hand. Understood? Good. Now, kiss me and get to work!"

Farmer Rufe's wife was about ready to have a baby, so Rufe had his hired hand hold a lantern to give him more light. Out came one baby, then another, then another. Finally Rufe, in disgust, turned to his hired man. "Better get rid of that lantern," he said. "I think the light's attracting them!"

Jasha Heifitz, the famed violinist, was giving a recital in Carnegie Hall. On the day of the concert, the worst snowstorm of the century hit New York, and by evening ten inches of snow had fallen. When Heifitz walked out on stage, he found a small band who had braved the storm.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I can't tell you how happy it makes me to see you here on this terrible night. However, it is not possible for me to play for such a small audience, so your money will be refunded."

"Wait a minute, Jasha baby!" shouted a heavyset suburbanite in the front. "I drove down here all the way from White Plains to hear you. The least you can do is sing one number!"

He: "What do virgins eat for breakfast?"
She: "I don't know."
He: "Just as I thought."

The new paratroopers were about to make their first real jump. Their instructor lined them up in the plane and gave them their final briefing.

"Now, remember everything I told you. When that red light goes on, I tap you on the shoulder, you go to the door, jump out, yell 'Geronimo!', count ten and pull your ripcord. Got it? All right, let's go."

The drill went off smoothly, and all ten men had jumped. The instructor signalled the pilot to turn for home, then heard a strange knocking from outside the jump door.

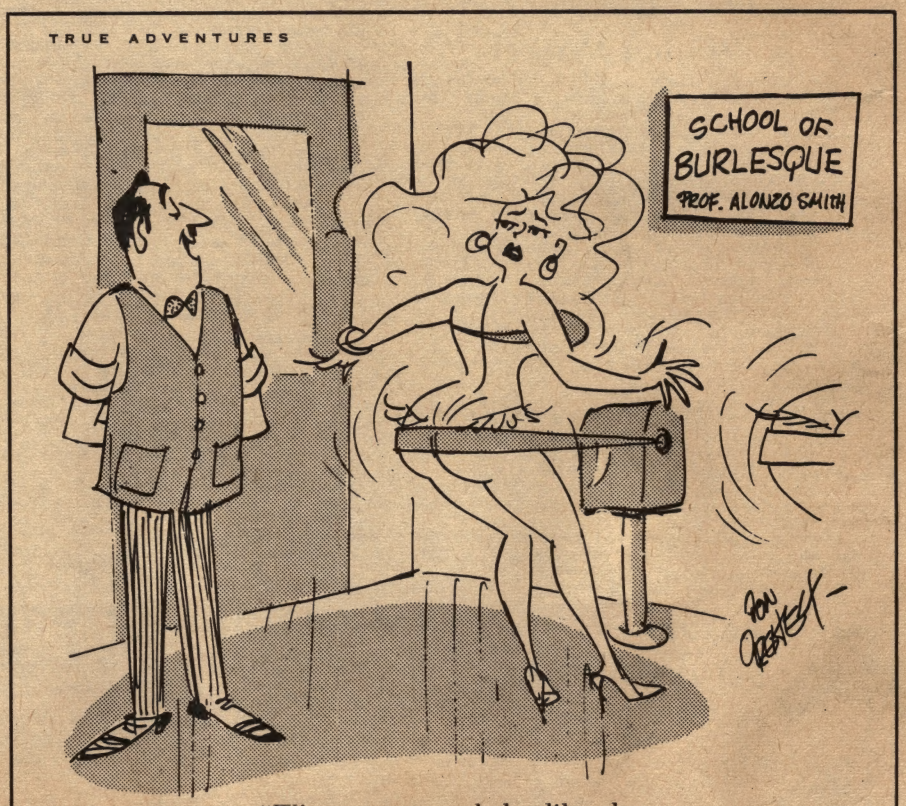
He slid the door open, and there was the last man, hanging on by his fingers. He looked up at the instructor and asked sheepishly "Say, what was the name of that Indian again?"

The Texan roared his big Caddy to a halt to give the lovely blonde hitchhiker a lift. She noticed a pair of glasses on the seat.

"Shouldn't you wear your glasses when you drive?" she asked.

"Not a chance, honey," he drawled. "See that windshield? It's ground to my prescription!"

Irv: "What's a papoose?"
Merv: "That's the prize for a chance on an Indian blanket."



"When you can shake like that without the machine, you'll get your diploma!"

Stop wasting time in a dead-end job!
Enjoy the big rewards offered the
Law-trained man in business

STUDY LAW

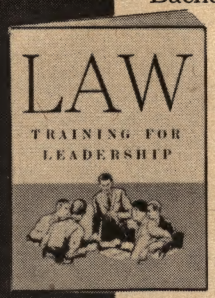
IN YOUR SPARE TIME

as a way to increased earnings

WHATEVER your present position—whatever your previous schooling—you can multiply your opportunities for rapid promotion, big income and prestige through LaSalle Law Training at home.

A knowledge of Law is regarded today as indispensable equipment in every activity of business. The greatly increased role of government in business, the many new problems of Law involving taxes, insurance, contracts, liability, employment, and much more—all require the legally-trained executive who can make day-to-day decisions effectively. That is why leading corporations seek out such men for key positions and reward them with top salaries.

You can master Law easily and enjoyably at home—at remarkably low cost—under the supervision of LaSalle's distinguished Law faculty. You work with actual legal cases, acquiring real experience. Upon completion of your training, you are awarded a Bachelor of Laws degree if qualified. *The famed LaSalle Law Library of 14 volumes is given to you as part of your course.*



Send for this Free Booklet

For over half a century LaSalle has been an acknowledged leader in business training, with more than 1,000,000 students. Send for the free booklet "Law Training for Leadership" and see how LaSalle can help you move up rapidly in your career. Address: 417 So. Dearborn St.. Chicago 5, Ill.

LASALLE
EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
A Correspondence Institution
417 South Dearborn St., Dept. 19-045, Chicago 5, Ill.

Please send me, free of cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet "Law Training for Leadership."

Name ..... Age ...

Address ..... County .....
City &
Zone ..... State .....

221

Is there a Question on your mind?

JUST ASK AN EXPERT

QUESTION: *(From A. G. Parker, Advance, N.C.)*

I am away from home a lot leaving my wife at home alone. We live way out in the country and I fenced in the yard and bought pure-bred boxer pup for protection. The dog is a year and a half old and fears nothing or no one. If you should threaten him with a stick he would attack but if you snap your fingers and sweet talk him he turns into just a tail-wagging pup. I have known strangers to even open the gate and pat him on the head!

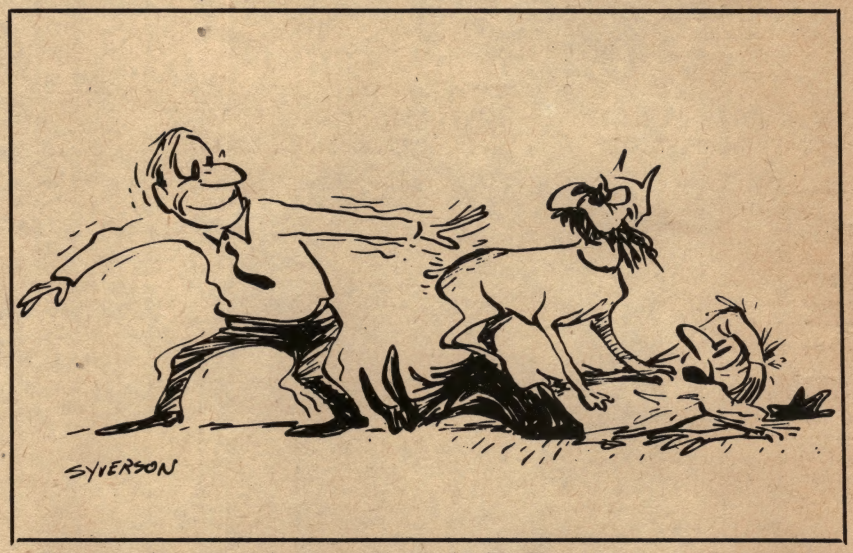
I have tried to get someone to treat him nice and then maybe hit him with a switch, but everyone refuses for the same reason or other, mostly fear. I think even if the dog is tied.

How can I make him aggressive and keep strangers out of the yard even if they do act friendly?

ANSWER: (By William P. Schramm, TRUE ADVENTURE CONSULTANT).

What I gather from your letter is, that to some extent at least you made the mistake by your dog that nine out of ten make when they get a young dog and want him for a guard or watchdog. When we had our German Shepherd kennel (police dogs), of the hundreds of pups we sold, or trained for guard work, when the buyer wanted his dog to become a good watchdog, one of the facts we emphasized to him was, not to let anyone outside of his immediate family pet the dog or make up with him in any way even during his puppyhood.

To "untrain" him, if you have used a stick and switch method with strangers, just lay off that, because it is now old stuff by him, he knows that it will end with a petting and doggie talk. It will be better to take him on a leash, this so you will have him under control and keep him from injuring someone. Then tell him to go for any stranger who would be your co-trainer. There is nothing that will aggravate a dog more than to be told to take someone and be restrained from getting his wish. Then, when he is on his own any intruder should come trespassing, you can be sure your dog will make most of what he has been denied him on previous occasions. And if he makes any hostile move towards strangers, don't discourage him too much; praise him instead.



Your main worry is now that sometime when your wife is home alone someone will with evil intent might make her a call. In the time it will take to get your dog's friendliness to strangers out of him, I would suggest that you have made a "Beware of the dog. Enter at your own risk," sign and put it at the entrance of your driveway. Your dog may be a coward and worthless as a guard dog, but if he has the size and appearance to back up the sign, it will serve its purpose.

QUESTION: *(From David Corcilius, Oneonta, New York).*

I am very interested in the Jivaros and I was wondering if there have been any recent books written about them?

ANSWER: (By TRUE ADVENTURE CONSULTANT Edgar Young.

When I hit Ecuador the first time just after the turn of the century the Jivaros reputedly had been Christianized by Catholic priests and were generally supposed to have given up head-hunting. But on the outskirts of the Jivaros country along the tributaries flowing due South into the Amazon just below the big Ben, some occasional night-time raids were made and plenty of dried heads could be seen in an occasional village by the venturesome traveler, usually a "Typical Tropical Tramp" or a trader with a pack of trade goods on his back.

The *heads* are not shrunk. When the head is cut off at the neck with a wooden *macana* or a steel machete the skin at the neck is slitted about three inches and the scalp and face are stripped from the skull by a quick yank of the head and the slit at the neck is stitched together with a thong and the mouth and the eyes are treated in the same way.

Why? So the skin will form a

(*Continued on page* 10)

NOW! CONVERT ANY CAR ENGINE TO ELECTRIC POWER!

CONVERT ELECTRONIC WASTE INTO POWERHOUSE PERFORMANCE

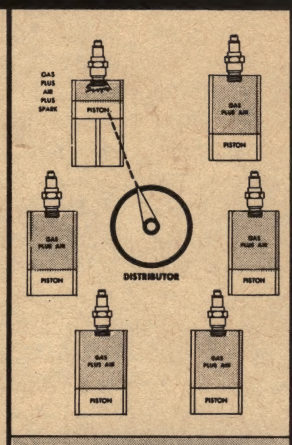
EVERY CAR GENERATES EXTRA ELECTRIC ENERGY— *NOW YOU CAN BURN IT IN PLACE OF FUEL!*

NEW PATENTS 2,451,482 & 2,799,792 GRANTED BY U. S. GOVT. ON ELECTRONIC SUPERCHARGER

Smashes the Atoms in Ordinary Gasoline — Converts Them to New Superfuel. You Supercharge Your Car for Little More than the Cost of a Tank of Gas, Giving You Unbelievable Performance and Economy!

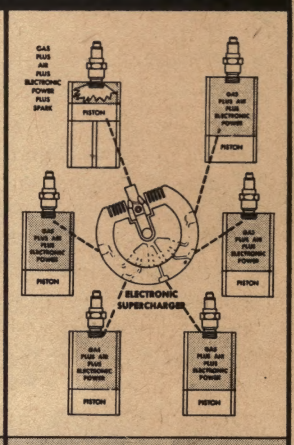
HERE'S HOW YOU CAN DRIVE 1500 TO 3500 MILES FREE THIS COMING YEAR.

The Electronic Super-Charger costs you little more than a tank of hi-test gas — yet we guarantee that every year you own it, it will extract enough extra power to give you from **7 up to 16 tanks of gas FREE.** AND you will do this, in all but the highest compression engines, on cheap regular gas. Your car must immediately start faster — without pumping the gas pedal — your idling must be smooth as satin. The Electronic Supercharger bombards and irradiates the fuel with non-burning electronic impulses. Fuels burn more completely — engines stay cleaner. Dirt, sludge and carbon that originate from partial combustion is completely eliminated. Precision combustion cuts detonation and spark-knock — eliminates pinging and power robbing surface ignition.



ORDINARY IGNITION SYSTEM

Ordinary ignition sends a mixture of hot electricity (amperage) and cold electricity (voltage) only to **one cylinder at time.** Only the hot electricity (amperage) is used to explode the gas-air mixture. **The power from the cold electricity (voltage) is completely wasted.**



ELECTRONIC SUPERCHARGING

Electronic supercharging sends hot electricity (amperage) to one cylinder at a time. **BUT** it simultaneously sends **the power** from the cold electricity (voltage) to every other cylinder. This **SUPERCHARGES** the gas-air mixture. This **extra power** added to the gas, in every cylinder, gives you **extra power** every time that mixture is exploded in the cylinder.

WHAT DOES AN ELECTRONIC SUPERCHARGER DO?

Every single mile you drive, your Electronic Supercharger delivers about 14 million volts of cold, high-frequency electricity into every cylinder—**breaks up** the molecules of your gasoline, making it **ignite faster** and more thoroughly. Regular ignition is like trying to **set fire to a log. Electronic Supercharging** is like breaking that log into tiny shavings—making it easy to ignite. The result is **instantaneous firing of fuel in the gas chamber.** That means: **1. Instant Starting. 2. Smooth Idling. 3. Instant response to gas pedal. 4. 15% to 35% more miles per gallon. 5. Freedom from ignition problems. 6. A cleaner, more efficient engine — freedom from knocks, pings, bucking.** You get all this using only the **extra electronic** power every car generates but wastes.

INSTANT STARTING

. . . the result is instantaneous firing of the fuel in the gas chamber. You must get instant starting even in below zero weather, the smoothest idling you ever hoped for, freedom from ignition problems, instant response to the gas pedal . . . PLUS an always cleaner, more efficient, more dependable engine free from knocks, pings and bucking — even under the heaviest loads. **You accomplish this with using only the electronic power that everyone is now completely wasting!**

SIMPLE 2-MINUTE INSTALLATION

No tools or mechanical skill required — it's easier than changing a spark plug. Just snap off the clips that hold your distributor cap and lift if off gently. Inspect the cap and points; then, simply lift out the old rotor with two fingers and drop in the Electronic Supercharger. Seat the cap back on carefully and snap on the retaining clips. That's all you have to do!

YOUR CYLINDERS BECOME LITTLE GAS REFINERIES

. . . the gas in your tank is loaded with lead and other chemicals to increase octane ratings (high test). You really pay through the nose for chemicals that lead foul your plugs and damage pistons and cylinders. Instead of giving you these damaging chemical octanes, the Supercharger makes the extra octanes by refining the gas after it is in the cylinder. You get greatest power potential from gas that is cheaper because it is not loaded with harmful lead and other additives.

READ THESE FACTS!

From the MOTOR EQUIPMENT WHOLESALERS ASSN. NEWS BULL.

"Revolutionary gas-saver! Our Studebaker Commander has been averaging 10.2 miles per gallon. After installing the Solar Volt, we got 18.6 miles per gallon in heavy traffic — and 22.5 coming back along the same road in less traffic. Unbelievable as it is, that is an increase of 13.5% to 35.6% in gas mileage!"

DOUBLES, TRIPLES SPARK PLUG LIFE

The more you drive . . . the bigger the spark gap becomes. That means **adjusting or replacing plugs 2-3 times a year.** But your **Electronic Supercharger can fire across a gap 2 and 3 times as long** . . . your Electronic Supercharger **pays for itself many times** over just on what it saves you on spark plug servicing and replacing. And that's only the beginning!

1. Snap off clips and lift distributor cap.
2. Inspect cap and points, exchange Electronic Supercharger for old rotor.
3. Seat cap carefully and snap on retainers — that's all.

Only $9.95 per Complete Unit

2 Complete Units for 2 cars $17.90

FITS ALL AMERICAN AND FOREIGN CARS

ACT NOW This Offer Expires in 30 Days

Your Price Only **$6.95**

A saving of $3.00 when ordered with this Special Order Form.

10 DAY NO-RISK TRIAL • SEND NO MONEY!

Upon Delivery Pay Only $6.95 plus C.O.D. Postage Charges

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

PUT THE ELECTRONIC SUPERCHARGER IN YOUR CAR and subject it to every test we have suggested for 10 full days. If at the end of 10 full days you are not completely satisfied, mail it back and we will refund your full purchase price.

CLIP THIS ORDER FORM AND MAIL TODAY!

ALBERT R. CHARLES, INC. **DEPT. AMG-7**
31 WEST 47th STREET NEW YORK 36, N.Y.

Please rush me the Solar Volt Electronic Supercharger for new power and economy! I understand that the cost is only $6.95 for the complete unit.

☐ I enclose $6.95 payment in full for One Electronic Supercharger
☐ I enclose $13.50 payment in full for Two Electronic Superchargers
☐ Please send C.O.D. I will pay postman charges plus postage

MAKE	YEAR	NO. CYLS.	MAKE	YEAR	NO. CYLS.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone ____ State ____

Remittance Enclosed ☐ **Check** ☐ **M.O.** ☐ **Cash**

Special Savings Coupon

AGENT, DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED

Continued from page 8
pouch that will hold hot sand when the raiding party halts at a sandbar to build fires and prepare the trophies when they are en route to their home village. There is no concoction in the world that will soften or shrink bone but the shrinking of rawhide can be accomplished quite easily by the application of frizzling heat. The effect of the heat is similar to what happens when a wet shoe is held too near the fire. It wrinkles and shrinks and next morning it is so small it can't be pulled down.

There are hundreds of these scalps in museums in New York, Brooklyn, Washington, and other places. Probably the easiest dried heads to be seen can be found in a museum in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, to the left way after entering the gate to the park.

QUESTION: *(From Paul McCleave, Brooklyn, N.Y.)*

I shall appreciate the information as to the aims and membership requirements of Australasian specialists.

Please advise the price of a sample copy of "Australasian Informer."

ANSWER: (By Homer L. Jones, TRUE ADVENTURE CONSULTANT).

The aims of the Society of Australasian Specialists is to foster the collecting of stamps of the Australia-New Zealand area as well as their various states and possessions. The group also delves into the way and wherefor of these issues and then presents their findings in the Australasian *Informer*.

The editor of the Informer is Robert J. Dybas, 17 Witbeck Drive, Scotia, 2, New York. As far as I know there is no charge for a sample copy.

QUESTION: *(From Tom Higgins, Jr., Far Rockaway, N.Y.)*

Some time ago I read an article about the hill people of North Carolina or it might have been Tennessee. Anyway it mentioned about the wood carvings done by these people and also mentioned something about a brochure that lists all of the carvings that they have for sale.

I would appreciate any information that you can give me about these people.

ANSWER: (By Paul M. Fink, TRUE ADVENTURE CONSULTANT).

If there is any brochure in print listing the wood carvings and whittling of the Southern Mountains I have never heard of it. Possibly some of the carvers individually or the association might have something out, or possibly you might have heard of some catalogues or publicity of the Sotuhern Highland Handicraft Guild, 930 Tunnel Road, Asheville, N.C.

This Handicraft Guild holds two fairs a year, one in Asheville during the Summer, the other in Gatlinburg, Tenn., in October, in which workers in a score of crafts display and sell their products.

The John C. Campbell Folk School, Brasstown, N.C., produces excellent work along this line, as well as other craft products. At Catlingburg there are a number of shops with fine displays, as well as at Cherokee, N.C. Here the Qualla Arts and Crafts Cooperative Association carries the products by the Cherokee Indians. Wattie Chilitoskie, Going Back Chiltoskie and Miss Amanda Crowe, all Cherokees, do the finest of work.

QUESTION: *(From George H. Forsythe, Philadelphia, Pa.)*

Am planning a trip by motorcycle through Mexico and Central America and would like to do some panning for gold while down there. Will you point out some of the best locations for me?

ANSWER: (By Donald Carter, TRUE ADVENTURE CONSULTANT).

Your trip through Mexico and into Central America sounds real exciting. Gold is found most everywhere in Mexico, but silver is more plentiful. Buy yourself a 10-12"

(*Continued on page* 13)

NOW... AMAZING METHODS REVEAL
DISGUISED HYPNOSIS

LEARN THESE SENSATIONAL TECHNIQUES AND TRICKS TO CAUSE THE "INDIRECT" HYPNOTIC TRANCE... WITHOUT THE SUBJECTS KNOWLEDGE!

Here, in a clear, easy to follow manuscript, you'll learn jealously guarded secrets and techniques used by expert hypnotists to cause the "Indirect Trance". Read how subjects are hypnotized without their knowledge or cooperation. Discover tricks and shortcuts used to hypnotize quickly and easily. Learn amazing techniques like the "fake nerve pressure" method used to hypnotize a subject in minutes without his knowledge – yet it is quite harmless. See how to convert the simple "falling back" test into a hypnotic trance in seconds. Read, for the first time anywhere, how the author uses a common household cooking ingredient to hypnotize one or a roomful of people without their knowledge. This secret method is so dramatic and effective, it's worth the low price of this book alone. You'll learn many other exciting techniques too. Order now, take advantage of our special "Make Friends Introductory Offer" . . . get these two unusual items FREE: (1) The fascinating folio "Entertain and Amaze Your Friends with Hypnotic Demonstrations" and (2) The clever Hypnotic "Trance-Fer" Chart. Place this chart on a table or desk—have your subject unfold it and watch how it helps you put him into a "disguised" trance. Order Now – the complete Hypnotic package is only $1.98 ppd. Read it – use it for 10 full days. If you don't agree that this is the best "Hypnotic buy ever" return it for a prompt refund. Sent to you in a plain wrapper.

10 DAY UNCONDITIONAL MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

$1.98 ppd.

Copyright 1961

ALLIED-AIDS
Dept. D-86 1133 Broadway, New York 10, N.Y.

I am enclosing $1.98, send the GUARANTEED "Disguised Hypnosis" package—you pay postage.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

GIVE ME JUST ONE EVENING and I'LL TEACH YOU TO HYPNOTIZE EASILY !

Hypnotize others quickly, safely---perform any known HYPNOTIC FEAT with EASE! Amaze friends-Exert your Hypnotic Power over others - Be POPULAR and WANTED!

YES, it's true! You can hypnotize easily so QUICKLY and simply you'll be amazed! And it doesn't take special talents or long months of study. The very first day you receive this miracle GUIDE TO HYPNOTISM you'll be able to perform wonders that will astound everyone. It's that SIMPLE.... WHEN YOU KNOW HOW.

Imagine the thrill of being able to EXERT YOUR POWER OVER OTHERS. You'll be the center of attraction at parties or work. You'll be able to make others do your bidding...perform and entertain with feats that have baffled millions for years. And you'll do these wonders with EASE. For, Hypnotism is no longer a secret miracle of science but a POWER anyone can exert over another..when you know how!

SIMPLE SECRETS REVEALED AT LAST

For years the knowledge of how to produce hypnotic sleep has been so well guarded that only a few have mastered this art. But now the veil of secrecy has been lifted and the innermost SECRETS and techniques revealed for the first time. The fact is that Hypnotism is a scientific fact that anyone can learn. Once you know these secrets and methods you can bring about this strange and wonderful control that has only been used by doctors, psychiatrists and entertainers in the past. Yes, now this remarkable phenomena will be yours to use for pleasure, self-development and countless other benefits.

YOU CAN PERFORM ANY HYPNOTIC FEAT!

First, you must understand that what another person does with Hypnotism, you can also do. There isn't anything anyone has ever done with this art that you cannot do! YOU can make people cry, laugh, shout, stop smoking, recall childhood memories, act like an infant, make water taste like vinegar, get folks to sing, dance ...do a 1001 things they would never do when not UNDER YOUR POWER. And the most amazing thing of all is --- HOW EASY IT IS TO DO!

SO EASY TO MASTER!

Here at last is the most perfect, complete and easily-learned course on Hypnotism ever written. In three short, simple chapters you learn the hidden secrets of Hypnotism and how to work this scientific miracle. No long, technical, mumbo-jumbo explanations are given. The entire 25-lesson Guide to Hypnotism is written in plain, SIMPLE language that anyone can understand. After the third lesson you are able to begin performing countless techniques and powers clearly explained in the next 22 lessons. You'll learn how to cure bad habits in yourself and others, how to BUILD PERSONAL MAGNETISM, SLEEP without drugs, use Hypnotism to help STOP PAIN, stop smoking, BUILD WILL POWER, LOSE WEIGHT, IMPROVE YOUR MEMORY and so much more. And you'll learn how to MAKE MONEY with your new power by entertaining at parties, lodges, club meetings, etc. Truly, this knowledge will give you a New SURGE of CONFIDENCE and POWER unlike any you have ever known!

ACT, FEEL AND BE A NEW PERSON!

How often have you wished that you could EXERT a MAGNETIC POWER and INFLUENCE OVER OTHERS? Get people to respond to your every command..win respect, admiration and envy from both men and women! Well, DREAM NO LONGER. It's all possible through the secret, magnetic power of Hypnotism. You'll not only be MASTER OVER OTHERS but also yourself. You can BUILD A STRONG, MAGNETIC PERSONALITY through Self-Hypnotism. You use Mesmerism to READ the MINDS of others and Plant YOUR Thoughts in their minds. You can direct yourself to ACCOMPLISH anything, as easily as you can command others. You have the power to accomplish your innermost dreams.

25 Fact-Packed LESSONS TELL ALL!

Never before has such a Complete and authentic course on Hypnotism been available at such a low price. Doctors and students have PAID hundreds of DOLLARS for personal instruction in Hypnotism, when obtainable. Knowledge such as this can be worth THOUSANDS of DOLLARS to the user over the years. Yet, due to printing economies, large press runs and also by the elimination of correspondence costs, the complete 25-Lesson Guide To HYPNOTISM is yours for only $1.98. Yes, only $1.98 for the COMPLETE COURSE bound in book form. Certainly a tiny investment for so much!

• USE FOR 30 DAYS • WITHOUT OBLIGATION!

PROVE to Yourself that YOU CAN HYPNOTIZE EASILY! Order the 25-Lesson Guide to Hypnotism today and put it to the test the very next evening. The first three chapters teach you the SECRET of Hypnotism and the 22 chapters that follow introduce you to many new WONDERS of this miraculous art. For the next 30 days as our guest, perform the WONDERS of Hypnotism among your friends, at home and at work. Then, if you don't feel it's the GREATEST VALUE you have ever received for $1.98--we don't want you to keep it. Just mail it back and the small payment you sent will be PROMPTLY refunded---no questions asked. You have nothing to lose -- amazing new POWERS TO GAIN! So order now!

25 MIRACLE LESSONS

- **HOW TO HYPNOTIZE** — New Simple Technique
- **HOW TO AWAKEN SUBJECT**
- **THE POST-HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION** — How to make others do your bidding after they are awakened; hypnotizing by telephone.
- **HOW TO GAIN MAGNETIC NEW PERSONALITY**
- **MESMERISM** — Quick technique for hypnotizing.
- **MAGNETIC HEALING** — How to stop pain. Much surgery is performed by Hypnotism.
- **HOW TO HYPNOTIZE FOR MONEY**
- **CURING BAD HABITS** — End sleeplessness, stop smoking, lose weight, etc.
- **POWER OF SUGGESTION**
- **HYPNOTIZE YOURSELF**
- **MAGNETIC INFLUENCE** — Control others.
- **HYPNOTIZING CROWDS**
- **HOW TO ENTERTAIN**
- **MIND READING**
- **HYPNOTISM IN BUSINESS**

and much, much more is covered!

Palmer-Jones Publishers Dept. 36
285 Market St., Newark, N. J.

CHECK HERE HYPNOTIC POWERS YOU WANT!

- ☐ INFLUENCE OTHERS
- ☐ SELF-HYPNOSIS
- ☐ CURE BAD HABITS
- ☐ LOSE WEIGHT
- ☐ STOP SMOKING
- ☐ PERFORM STUNTS, TRICKS
- ☐ DO MIND READING
- ☐ GAIN MAGNETIC PERSONALITY
- ☐ RELIEVE TENSION
- ☐ MAKE MONEY

MAIL NO-RISK FREE TRIAL COUPON!

PALMER-JONES PUBLISHERS, Dept. 36
285 Market Street, Newark, New Jersey

YES, Send me for 30-day HOME TRIAL the complete 25-Lesson GUIDE TO HYPNOTISM.

☐ I enclose $1.98 - payment in full - which will be refunded to me if I am not 100% delighted.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone ___ State _____

☐ I agree that I will not use this power for other than proper use.

True ADVENTURES EXPERTS

The TRUE ADVENTURES EXPERTS service is free to all TRUE ADVENTURES readers, provided self-addressed envelope and full postage for reply are enclosed. Correspondents writing to or from foreign countries must enclose International Reply Coupons*, which are exchangeable for stamps of any country in the International Postal Union. Air Mail is quicker for foreign service.

Send each question *directly* to the expert in charge of the field which covers it. He will reply by mail. *Do not send* questions to the magazine, unless so indicated (c/o TRUE ADVENTURES). In that case, address your query to TRUE ADVENTURES, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Explain your case sufficiently to guide the expert you question. The magazine does not assume any responsibility. *No reply will be made to requests for partners, financial backing, or employment.*

(Enclose addressed envelope with International Reply Coupon.)

SPORTS AND HOBBIES

Aviation—Gil Paust, c/o *True Adventures.*

Baseball—Frederick Lieb, c/o *True Adventures.*

Basketball—Stanley Carhart, 94 East Roosevelt Circle, Red Bank, N.J.

Boxing—Brig. Gen. John V. Grombach, c/o *True Adventures.*

Bicycling—Roland C. Geist, c/o *True Adventures.*

Camping and Outdoor Cookery—Paul M. Fink, Jonesboro, Tenn.

***Canoeing**—H. S. M. Kemp, 2103 2nd Ave., West, Prince Albert, Sask., Canada.

Diving, Spear Fishing—Hilbert Schenck, Jr., RD 4, Potsdam, N. Y.

Dogs: *Care, training, breeding*—William P. Schramm, Box 205, Balaton, Minn.

Fencing—Brig. Gen. John V. Grombach, c/o *True Adventures.*

Fishing, Fresh Water—*Fly and bait casting; bait casting outfits; fishing trips*—John Alden Knight, P.O. Box 28, Williamsport, Pa.

Fly and Bait Casting Tournaments—Richard C. Wolff, The Garcia Corporation, 268 Park Avenue South, New York 10, N. Y.

Guns: Rifles, shotguns, pistols, especially automatic, and autoloading pistols and rifles—Roger Marsh, c/o *True Adventures.*

Horses and Horsemanship—John Richard Young, c/o *True Adventures.*

Horse Racing and Breeding—Kerry Fitzpatrick, 109 New York Boulevard, Sea Girt, N.J.

Hunting—Gil Paust, c/o *True Adventures.*

Judo: Aikado, Karate, Police Judo, Etc.—Lindy V. Avakian, c/o *True Adventures.*

Lost Mines, Buried Treasure—Thomas Schultheiss, 275 E. 6th St., Clifton, N. J.

Prospecting—Gold-dredging, Rocks, Minerals and Gems—Donald Carter, Box 673, Nevada City, Calif.

Motor Boating—Gerald T. White, Montville, N. J.

Motorcycling—Freddie Ludlow, 2436 Paloma St., Pasadena 7, Calif.

Old Locks and Handcuffs—R. J. Norman, 168-74 92 Road, Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.

Rare Books and First Editions—Kenneth A. Fowler, c/o *True Adventures.*

***Soccer:** F. F. Fletcher, c/o *True Adventures.*

Stamps: Homer L. Jones, Weedie Acres, R. 252 Derby St., Johnstown, Pa.

Taxidermy—James Kershaw, c/o *True Adventures.*

Track: Jackson Scholz, 831 Fermata Place, S. W., Aiken, S. C.

Woodcraft—Paul M. Fink, Jonesboro, Tenn.

Wrestling—Murl E. Thrush, New York Athletic Club, 59th St. and 7th Ave., N. Y., N. Y.

SCIENTIFIC AND TECHNICAL SUBJECTS

Anthropology: *American, north of the Panama Canal; Customs, dress, architecture, pottery and decorative arts, weapons and implements, fetishism, social divisions*—Arthur Woodward, Los Angeles Museum, Exposition Park, Los Angeles, Calif.

Entomology: *Insects and spiders; venomous and disease-carrying insects*—Dr. S. W. Frost, 465 East Foster Ave., State College, Pa.

Esperanto: International auxiliary language; information, translations, instruction — Conrad Fisher, c/o *True Adventures.*

Forestry, Tropical: *Tropical forests and products*—William R. Barbour, c/o U. S. Forest Service, Glenn Blvd., Atlanta, Ga.

Herpetology—*Reptiles, Poisonous-Non-Poisonous Snakes*—Charles "Tex" Hollon, 3622 Lamont St., Corpus Christi, Texas.

MILITARY, NAVAL, AND POLICE

Confederate Army—*History, campaigns, equipment, uniforms, etc.*—Milton F. Perry, c/o *True Adventures.*

Federal Investigation Activities—*Secret Service, immigration, customs, border patrol, etc.*—Francis H. Bent, c/o *True Adventures.*

United States Army—History, Campaigns, Equipment, Uniforms, Etc.—Milton F. Perry, c/o *True Adventures.*

Naval Affairs—Leland E. Person, Capt., U.S.M.C.R., c/o *True Adventures.*

Marine Corps—Leland E. Person, Capt., U.S.M.C.R., c/o *True Adventures.*

Military Aviation—S. P. Johnson, c/o *True Adventures.*

Military Weapons, Especially Machine and Automatic Guns—Roger Marsh, c/o *True Adventures.*

***Royal Canadian Mounted Police**—H. S. M. Kemp, 2103 2 Ave., West, Prince Albert, Sask., Canada.

Veterans' Affairs—Francis H. Bent, c/o *True Adventures.*

GEOGRAPHICAL SUBJECTS

***Alaska**—Philip Godsell, 1730 14th Avenue, West, Calgary, Alberta, Canada.

Asia: (1) **China, Japan, Hong Kong*—Thomas Bowen Parkington, Constitutional Club, Northumberland Ave., London, W.C. 2, England, (2) *Thailand, Malay States, Straits Settlements, Java, Sumatra, United States of Indonesia, Ceylon*—V. B. Windel, 8405 Paseo del Ocaso, La Jolla, Calif.

***British Isles: Gibraltar, Malta, and Cyprus**—Thomas Bowen Parkington, Constitutional Club, Northumberland Ave., London, W. C. 2, England.

Canada: (1) **Southeastern Quebec*—William MacMillian, 89 Laurentide Ave., Quebec, Canada. (2) **Southern Ontario*—Harry M. Moore, 579 Isabella, Pembroke, Ont., Canada. (3) **Northern Saskatchewan; Indian life and language, hunting, trapping*—H. S. M. Kemp, 2103 2nd Ave., West, Prince Albert, Sask., Canada. (4) * (5) **Newfoundland*—Frank F. Wills, P. O. Box 1614, G.P.O., St. John's, Newfoundland.

***Central America:** Frank J. Thomas, Apartado 2988, San Jose, Costa Rica.

***Eastern Europe:** F. F. Fletcher, c/o *True Adventures.*

Eastern U. S.: (1) *Vt., N. H., Conn., R. I., Mass.*—Howard R. Voight, Route #81, Killingworth, Higganam, Conn. (2) *The Great Smokies and Appalachian Mountains south of Virginia*—Paul M. Fink, Jonesboro, Tenn. (3) Adirondack Mountains in New York State—William M. Roden, c/o *True Adventures.*

Mexico: J. W. Whiteaker, 2903 San Gabriel St., Austin, Tex.

***New Zealand, Cook Island, Samoa**—J. M. Dobson, P. O. Box 46, Dannevirke, New Zealand.

***Okinawa (Except Military Activity)**—Willard J. Howland, American Schools, APO 331, San Francisco, Calif.

South America: (1) *Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia and Chile*—Edgar Young, c/o *True Adventures.*

***South Pacific Islands**—J. M. Dobson, P. O. Box 46, Dannevirke, New Zealand.

Western Europe and Soviet Union—George H. Toole, 715 Brian Drive, SW., Vienna, Va.

Western U.S.: (1) *Nevada, Montana and Northern Rockies*—Fred W. Egelston, 52 W. 9th, Apt. 4, Reno, Nev., (2) *Texas, Oklahoma*—J. W. Whiteaker, 2903 San Gabriel St., Austin, Tex.

--- Exciting New Way To Earn $6.44 An Hour ---

INVESTIGATE ACCIDENTS

440,000 auto collisions, fires, storms each day create a great opportunity for men 18 to 60

Step into this fast-moving Accident Investigation field. Train quickly in your own home in spare time. *Already* hundreds of men we have trained are making big money. Joe Miller earned $14,768 in one year. A. J. Allen earned over $2,000 in ten weeks. William Roane says "I'm now earning $300 a month *extra* investigating accidents in my *spare time* . . . Universal's course is wonderful."

BE YOUR OWN BOSS — ENJOY EXTRA BENEFITS

Right now there is an acute shortage of men who know how to investigate accidents. Our *proven* and *approved* training makes it easy for you to step into this huge, expanding field.

CAR FURNISHED – EXPENSES PAID

You can be your own boss. Independent accident investigators average $6.44 an hour. Let us show you how to start *your own* profitable business. Begin part time — with your home as headquarters. Later expand to full time. Or if you prefer to be a Company Claims Investigator — our Placement Bureau will assist you. Leading firms call upon us for trained men. Enjoy big pay, your own secretary, a car for personal use, and all business expenses paid.

EASY TO START — NO SPECIAL EDUCATION OR PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE NEEDED

We know the Accident Investigation Business from A to Z. We *can* and *will* show you how to get into this exciting new career in just a matter of weeks. You can more than pay for the entire course with your very first check. Send today for FREE BOOK. No salesman will call. You are not committed in any way. Just mail the coupon or send a post card to me, M. O. Wilson, Universal Schools, Dept. AM-7, Dallas 5, Texas.

Mail Now for FREE BOOK

M. O. Wilson, Dept. AM-7
Universal Schools,
6801 Hillcrest, Dallas 5, Texas
Please rush me your FREE BOOK on Big Money In The Booming Accident Investigation Field. I will not be under the slightest obligation — and no salesman will call upon me.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

Continued from page 10

gold pan and a army surplus folding shovel. Try panning in creeks and streams when you are in the mountain areas. You will have a better chance of turning up some color. The State of Durango is famous for its coarse gold.

When you get down in Central America do the same thing. Costa Rico and Panama gold placers were worked by the early Spanish explorers. The Coco River in Nicaragua has yielded many millions of dollars in placer gold.

In Guatemala try panning on the Montagua River at Las Quebrades and also the Serstoon River. Both of these rivers are known for their placer gold.

QUESTION: *(From Ellsworth H. Greasby, Westville, Ind.)*

I am the ranger at the Boy Scout Camp as per enclosed card. I teach nature at summer camp and also to scout units that come out weekends. Could you please send me a list of free or low cost materials available on Entomology.

ANSWER: (By S. W. Frost, TRUE ADVENTURE CONSULTANT).

Under separate cover I am sending a number of our bulletins dealing with insects. You can also secure free some of the bulletins on insects published by the U.S. Department of Agriculture, Wash., D.C.

QUESTION: *(From Frank Vogel, Anchorage, Alaska).*

I would appreciate any information you can give me of Thialand, Malay States, Straits Settlement, Java, Samatra, United States of Indonesia and Ceylon.

Such information as living costs, restrictions affecting Americans in regard to mining, operating a business, buying lands, length of stay in the country, taxes, housing, and rentals, sanitation, official and free rate of currency, import and export regulations, etc.

ANSWER: (By V. B. Windle, TRUE ADVENTURE CONSULTANT).

Thanks for your letter.

First, I am enclosing a recent quotation by the Bank of America on various foreign exchange. These are all subject to constant revision and much depends upon what you want the exchanges for—that is private or industrial or government use.

Regarding the opportunities in the area, you have named for such things as mining, employment, etc., there is no hope for self employment or individual enterprises. Such of these countries that are not communist are very strong minded in nationalism and are not interested in people from the outside.

Travel rules, or going to this areas as a tourist, are rather strict and are also subject to change. Also some countries do not permit the free exchange of money.

Usually the best way of getting information on travel is through steamship agencies themselves. Try writing American President Lines, 311 California Street, San Francisco, and just ask for travel folders, passport requirements, cost, etc.

BE THE MAN IN DEMAND

Train at home for a high-paying job in one of these 4 major fields

N.T.S. TRAINED TECHNICIANS ARE HIGHER PAID ... MORE RESPECTED ... CONFIDENT OF SUCCESS

START NOW in one of these "Big 4" Industries, and be among the most sought after technicians in America. As an N.T.S. Trained Technician you can enjoy higher pay, rapid promotion, lifelong security.

N.T.S. TRAINS YOU RIGHT, FAST AND EASY!

Incomplete, "short-cut" training limits your earning power, even disqualifies you for top-pay jobs. N.T.S. gives you everything in *All Phases* ... to qualify you for any job in your field ... for greater profits the year round.

BETTER, MORE COMPLETE, LOWER COST TRAINING

N.T.S. Home Training is proved and tested in N.T.S. Resident School Shops and Laboratories — the oldest, largest school of its kind in the world. You learn *all phases,* and receive everything you need — Lessons, Manuals, Diagrams, big professional Kits with parts, tools, instruments for experimental, repair, service, trouble-shooting projects. Yet N.T.S. Training costs less; only 1 Low Tuition. Other schools make several courses from the material in each of our Master Courses.

ELECTRONICS TELEVISION AND RADIO

YOU ARE NEEDED in All Phases of ELECTRONICS TELEVISION- RADIO ... Servicing, Communications, Broadcasting, Manufacturing, Automation, Radar and Micro Waves, Missile and Rocket Projects, plus all the other high-pay branches of this vigorous Industry. N.T.S. Shop-Tested Home Training gives you ONE MASTER COURSE ... at ONE LOW TUITION ...

INCLUDES RADIO SET, TV SET, MULTITESTER.

AUTO MECHANICS AND DIESEL

TAKE YOUR CHOICE ... be a successful all-around mechanic in cars, trucks and heavy-engines. Or specialize in your favorite field ... Tune-Up, Automatic Transmissions, Farm Mechanics, Trucks and Buses, Stationary Installations, Foreign Cars, or get into Auto Air Conditioning, Engine Rebuilding, Diesel, and other high-pay fields, or go into business for yourself.

INCLUDES SOCKET SET, ANALYZER, TOOLS.

AIR CONDITIONING REFRIGERATION ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES

FUTURE BRIGHT FOR TRAINED MASTER TECHNICIANS ... over 30,000 new Technicians must be trained annually. You are needed to help service and repair the 50 million air conditioners, refrigerators and electrical appliances that will need fixing this year alone. You can go places in your own business or with a manufacturer, dealer, distributor or department store. With All-Phase training, your earning power is unlimited!

INCLUDES TESTER, GAUGES, TOOLS.

HOME APPLIANCE TECHNICIAN'S COURSE

MILLIONS OF HOME APPLIANCES NEED FIXING ... Every home is your market for Full-Time career or spare-time "Second Income." All you need is a workbench, spare time and N.T.S. Home Training. Costs less than $1.50 per week. Repair any home appliance—from toasters, electric irons to washing machines and even room air conditioners — right in your own workshop. Or take a high-pay job with appliance manufacturer or large service company.

INCLUDES TOOLS, PROFESSIONAL TESTER, SOLDERING SET.

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
WORLD-WIDE TRAINING SINCE 1905

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
WORLD-WIDE TRAINING SINCE 1905
4000 So. Figueroa St., Los Angeles 37, Calif.

Accredited Member National Home Study Council

RESIDENT TRAINING AT LOS ANGELES

If you wish to take your training in our famous Resident School in Los Angeles — the oldest and largest school of its kind in the world — check special box in coupon.

SEND FOR **FREE BOOK** (fully illustrated) and ACTUAL LESSON

NO OBLIGATION NO SALESMAN WILL CALL

CHECK ONE

National Technical Schools, Dept. 3F-73
4000 S. Figueroa St., Los Angeles 37, Calif.

Please rush FREE Book and Actual Lesson checked below. No obligation. No salesman will call.

- ☐ Electronics — TV — Radio
- ☐ Auto-Mechanics & Diesel
- ☐ Air Conditioning, Refrigeration & Electrical Appliances
- ☐ Home Appliance Technicians Course

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone ____ State _____

☐ Check here if interested ONLY in Resident Training at L.A.

High school home study courses also offered. Check for free catalog. ☐

TRUE ADVENTURES • AUGUST, 1963

OUR GANGSTER in HAVANA

BY JIM TUCK

NINETY MILES FROM AMERICAN SOIL HE STRUTS AND MOUTHS THREATS AND KILLS—THE BEATNIK, COWARD AND DRUNKARD NAMED CASTRO. HERE ARE SHOCKING TRUTHS ABOUT THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN OF OUR TIME

► ON A sweltering July morning in 1947 there took place an event that bore a superficial resemblance to a South Pacific combat scene during World War II. Guns were blazing, landing craft were in motion, and the action centered around a sandy, palm-fringed islet.

But there all resemblance ceased. The island, Cayo Confites, was not in the Pacific but a few miles off the coast of Cuba. The landing craft, instead of attacking the island, were fleeing from it in the direction of the mainland; and the fire, far from supporting the landing boats, was directed against them in an effort to prevent their escape from the island.

Attackers in the Cayo Confites engagement were units of the Cuban Navy and their fleeing antagonists were remnants of an irregular force known as the Caribbean Legion.

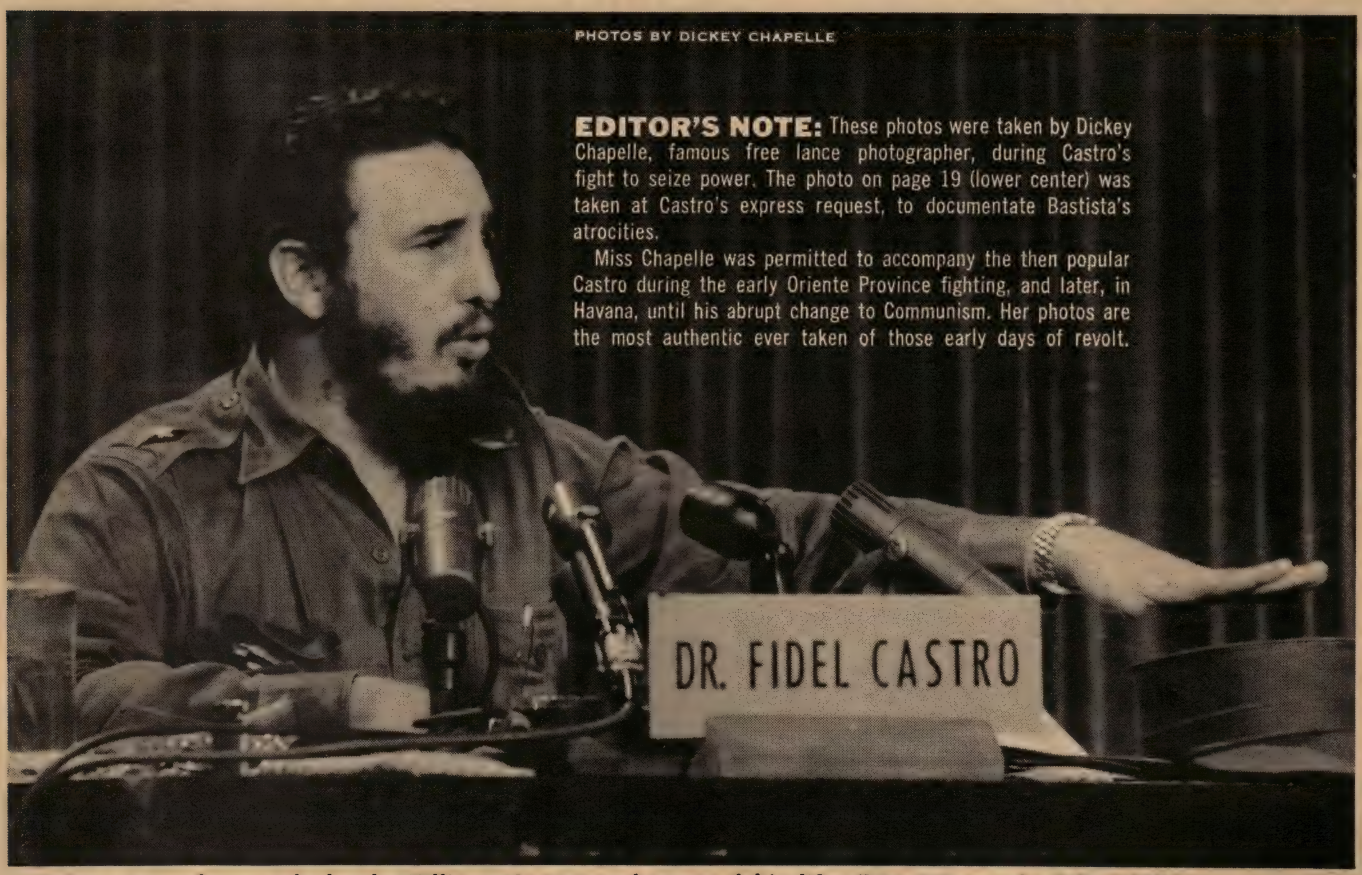
The Legion had been training at Caylo Confites for several months in preparation for an invasion of the Dominican Republic, then under the iron heel of the late dictator, Generalissimo Rafael Leonidas Trujillo.

Invasion plans were almost complete when the corrupt Cuban government of Ramon Grau San Martin—spurred by Trujillo bribes—sent regular naval units to smash the anti-Trujillo force at Cayo Confites.

Of the Caribbean Legion's rank-and-file, the majority were democrats and idealists, anxious to overthrow the hated Dominican dictator. But the leadership of the Legion was made up largely of hard-core Communists, most of them veterans of the Spanish Civil War.

One of these was the Legion's commander, a left-wing rabble-rouser named Rolanda Masferrer, who had been wounded while fighting with the International Brigade in Spain. (By one of those ironies of politics, Masferrer—then struggling to overthrow a right-wing dictator in a neighboring country—later broke with Communism and became a fanatical adherent of a right-wing dictator in his own country, a dictator named Fulgencio Batista.)

But on that day it was a worried Rolando Masferrer who was frantically attempting to guide his landing craft away from hostile fire and toward the safety of the mainland. And adding to Masferrer's problems was the behavior of one of his men.



PHOTOS BY DICKEY CHAPELLE

EDITOR'S NOTE: These photos were taken by Dickey Chapelle, famous free lance photographer, during Castro's fight to seize power. The photo on page 19 (lower center) was taken at Castro's express request, to documentate Bastista's atrocities.

Miss Chapelle was permitted to accompany the then popular Castro during the early Oriente Province fighting, and later, in Havana, until his abrupt change to Communism. Her photos are the most authentic ever taken of those early days of revolt.

Castro, in early speech, lauds William Morgan, who saved his life. (Later Castro had him killed as traitor.)

Ruins of El Cristo barracks, seized and fired by Castro forces.

OUR GANGSTER in HAVANA CONTINUED

This was a hulking twenty-year-old law student who had joined Masferrer's band from the campus of the University of Havana. With a reputation as a campus gunslinger, with several political murders to his credit, as well as a formidable orator and debater, the young man had come highly-recommended to Masferrer, who put him in command of a platoon at Cayo Confites.

But from the beginning the law student had proved a disappointment. Because of his arrogance and insubordination Masferrer had relieved him of his platoon command and broken him to the ranks. Now, in the bullet-sprayed hold of the landing barge, Masferrer made yet another unpleasant discovery: this overgrown braggart was an abject coward under fire!

Completely surrendering to panic, the law student was trembling, weeping, begging Masferrer to stop the boat and run up a white flag.

Masferrer, a steel-nerved combat veteran, knew that this was one situation that could not be allowed to get out of control. The lives of a boatload were at the mercy of a coward's panic. Lunging forward, he seized the terrified student's mop of unruly black hair, roughly tilted his head back, and smashed his fist against his jaw. Before he had time to sag to the deck, Masferrer hoisted him on his burly shoulders and pitched him overboard.

Freed of the erstwhile bullyboy's demoralizing presence, Masferrer safely guided the landing boat to shore. He and his followers lived to fight another day.

But so did the man overboard. Miraculously swimming a mile through shark-infested waters, the panicky law student lived to take his revenge. The day of reckoning came on January 1, 1959 when Rolando Masferrer followed his master, Fulgenico Batista, into exile. Both were fleeing forces commanded by the hulking coward Masferrer had so brutually humiliated at Cayo Confites—Fidel Alejandro Castro Ruz.

This unflattering episode is only one of many skeletons the beatnik tyrant would like to keep locked in the closet. And in keeping this, and other "skeletons," safely hidden away, Castro must be counted as exceptionally lucky.

FIDEL CASTRO can be described as a man surrounded by a double layer of legend. The first, or political, legend was the one that presented Castro as a "non-Communist," "democrat," or, in fact, as anything but the Kremlin stooge he is. But

OUR GANGSTER in HAVANA CONTINUED

Lull after victory in Havana. First time many of these soldiers ever saw city. January, 1959.

Maffo, December 2nd, 1958, Raoul Castro directing battle plans, overruling brother.

the second legend, dealing with Castro's background, early career, and personal life, is one that continues to persist, even among some of his bitterest political enemies.

This is the fable that, while admitting that Castro is a Communist, continues to depict him as a wayward aristocrat, an intellectual, a brave, resourceful guerrilla leader on the order of Mao Tse-Tung, and a personal ascetic in the mold of Hitler or Gandhi.

The plain truth is that Fidel Castro is a gangster son of a gangster father, a half-baked intellect, a military incompetent; a pathological coward, a glutton, and a drunkard. To focus more closely on this truly despicable individual, we will define —and then deflate—five myths that refuse to die; myths that have persisted as tenaciously among Communism's staunchest foes as among its most starry-eyed admirers.

One of nine *barbados* (bearded ones) betrayed by white flag and killed by Batista men. Castro personally ordered Chapelle to document this betrayal.

Myth #1. Before becoming a revolutionary, Castro was the scion of an aristocratic family, who inherited a sense of *noblesse oblige* from his father.

Fact: Fidel's father, Angel Castro, was a Spanish immigrant from Galicia who came to Oriente Province in 1898. This was the year of the Spanish-American War and it is noteworthy that the father of the man who styles himself as "Cuba's greatest patriot" fought *with* Spain and *against* Cuban independence.

◄ Typical Castro road block, west of Santiago.

After the Spanish defeat, Angel Castro stayed on in Cuba and went to work as a pick-and-shovel laborer for the Nipe Bay Company, a subsidiary of United Fruit. By 1905 he had become a supervisor but then was abruptly fired for stealing company property.

Following his dismissal, Angel Castro retired to a small farm and was not heard of again until 1917, when he took advantage of a civil war in Oriente Province between feudal landowners on one side and reform-minded democrats on the other.

Once more it is interesting to note that the father of the man who made Cuba a "People's Republic" put himself on the side of reaction by organizing a militia to fight the land barons' battles for them. The reformers were defeated and Angel Castro was rewarded for his work as a right-wing gunslinger by being allowed to take over several estates that had belonged to liberal supporters.

Overnight Angel Castro found himself a rich man, but he continued, as he had before, to live like a savage. Although worth a half million dollars at the time of his death in 1956, he never bothered to modernize his house, not even to the extent of installing electricity (*Continued on page* 53)

"WHEN A MAN GOES WRONG—LOOK FOR THE WOMAN!" HERE ARE FRANK, FEARLESS TRUTHS ABOUT YOUR

WILL FAULTY SEX HABITS DESTROY YOU?

■ THE speeding sedan, hurtling through the quiet Los Angeles residential neighborhood, seemed like a sure bet to have an accident. And so it did. Ignoring "Yield" signs prominently displayed at one intersection, the car plowed into a pick-up truck entering the intersection at right angles.

The sickening sound of grinding steel and shattering glass punctuated the impact of the collision. Miraculously, the truck driver escaped with just a few scratches. The driver of the sedan, however,

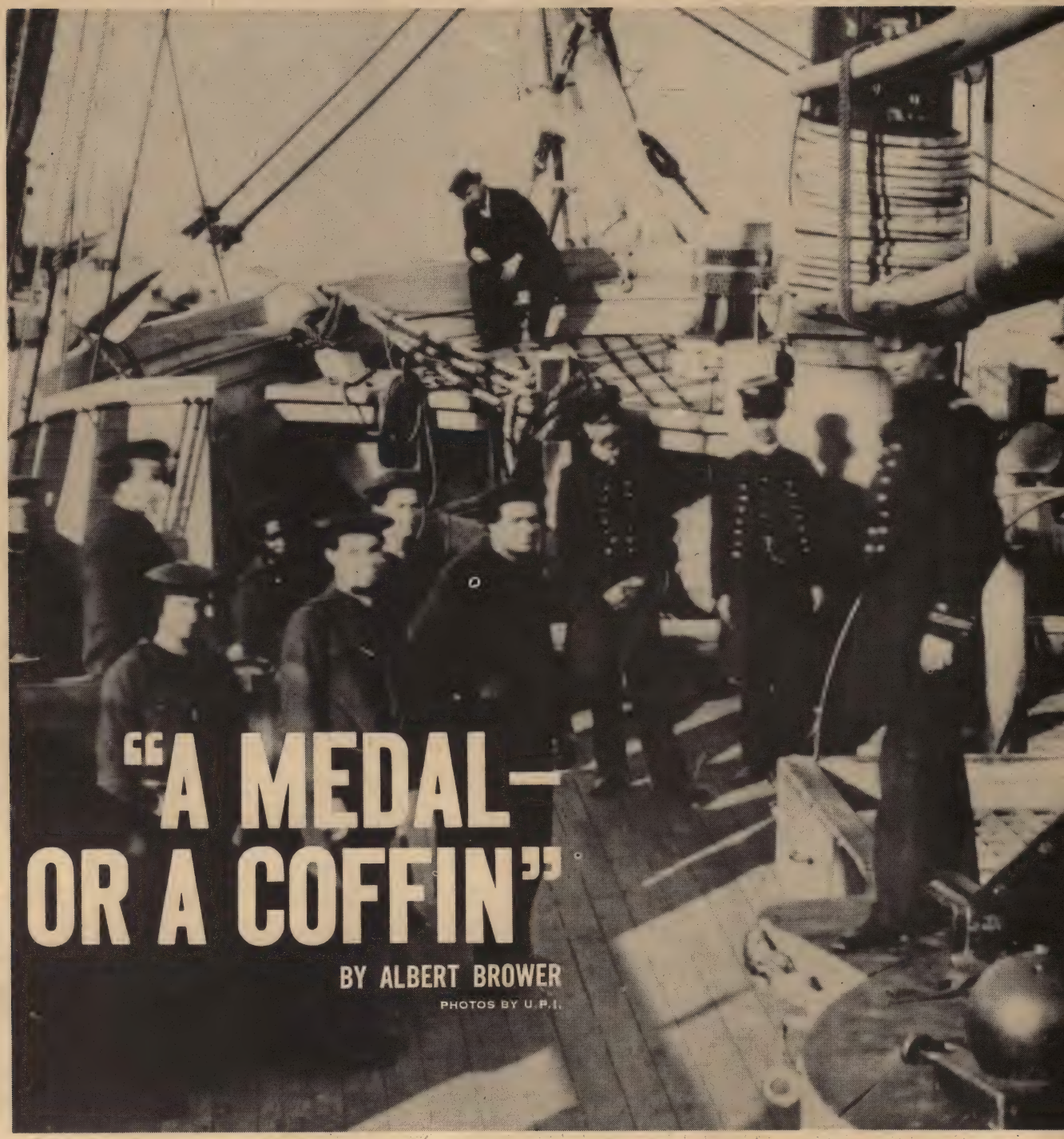
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE ADVENTURES BY BILL TROY

MOST DEADLY UNSEEN EMOTIONAL DANGER

wound up with a fractured arm, a broken nose, and deep gashes on his scalp and face.

While he was in a local hospital, recovering from the accident, insurance company investigators interviewed him to determine the reason he drove so wildly. They pointed out that he'd never before and an accident, never received a traffic ticket for a moving violation —that, in fact, he'd seemed to be one of their best risks. What happened to him that near-fatal day? For hours (*Continued on page* 56)

BY MYRON BRENTON



"A MEDAL—OR A COFFIN"

BY ALBERT BROWER

PHOTOS BY U.P.I.

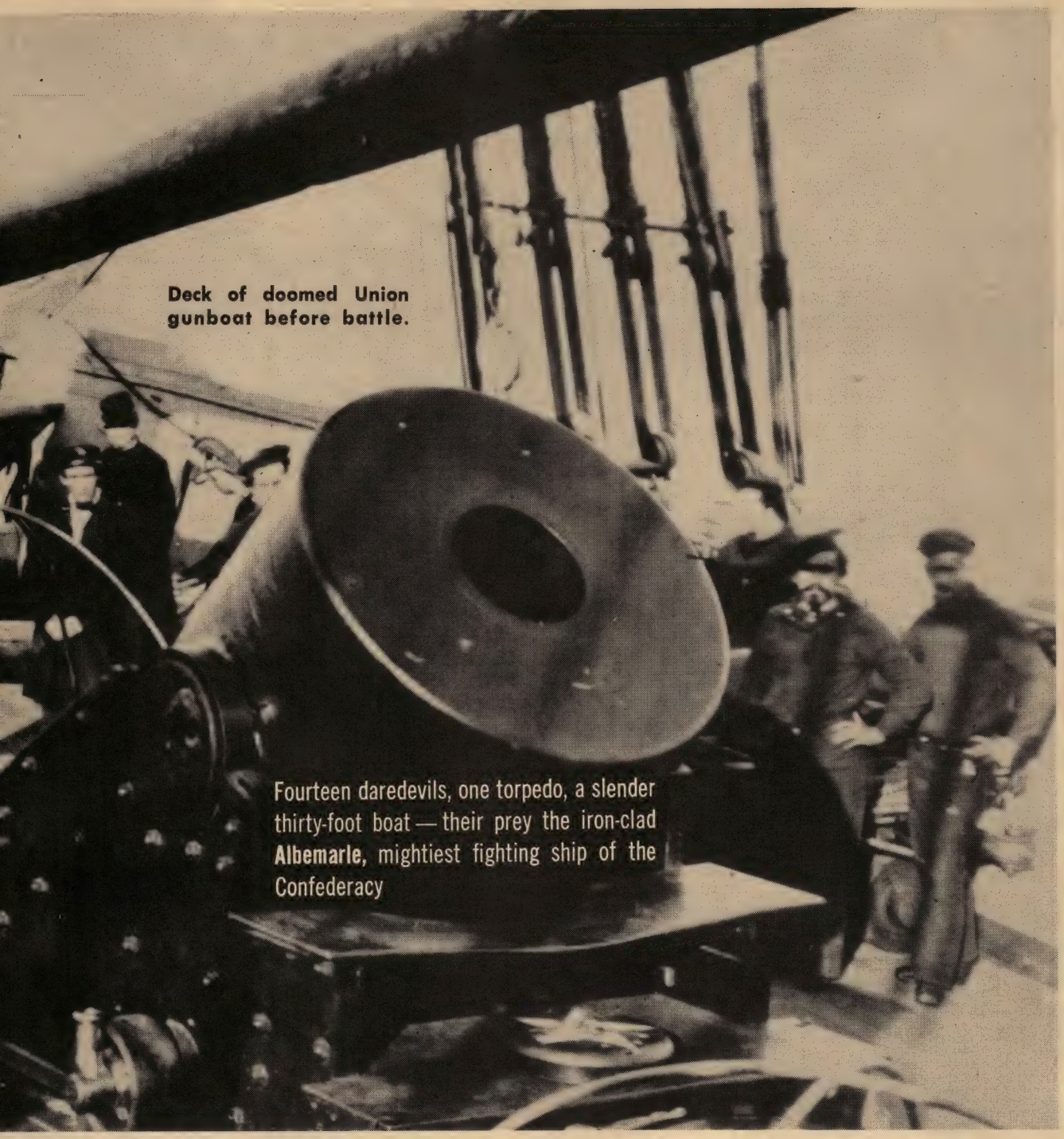
"Enemy boat! Fire!" screamed a Rebel officer on the deck of the giant ironclad.

The guns of more than a hundred sentries shattered the night. They exploded from the river bank, the ship's deck, and all along the big wharf where the ship was moored. The lookouts' bonfires flared up, tearing open the darkness and revealing the small wooden launch under the very prow of the warship.

Rifle fire and cannon shot rained across the water around the small boat, but the men in it did not flinch. For the vital moments they held their course right in, almost against the hull of the great Albemarle. *A boyish U.S. Navy lieutenant stood up imperturbably in the bow of the craft, holding a long wooden spar down into the water. At the end of it was the torpedo. He thrust it out and downward, beneath the armored hull.*

At that moment the mouth of a hundred-pound cannon swung out of a gun port in the side of the Albemarle *less than twenty feet from the lieutenant's head. It pivoted down toward the boat. The young officer yanked the lines, loosing his torpedo and triggering it.*

The cannon exploded almost on top of the launch and simultaneously a second blast erupted from the water.



Deck of doomed Union gunboat before battle.

Fourteen daredevils, one torpedo, a slender thirty-foot boat — their prey the iron-clad **Albemarle,** mightiest fighting ship of the Confederacy

The small boat and its occupants were inundated, and everything was lost from view in a geyser of fire, water and debris.

■ IT all began a few months before in the desperate, bloody spring of 1864 when the Confederate fleet launched the most formidable dreadnaught ever afloat. The U.S. Navy felt the full shock at the vessel's first appearance.

A flotilla of Union gunboats was heading up the Roanoke in line when a heavy, slab-sided pyramid seemed to slide slowly around the bend ahead of them and block their path. It was the brand-new Confederate ironclad ram *Albemarle,* just launched from its construction site farther up the river.

It was a lethal vessel. The hull was armor-plated and the upper structure was like a truncated pyramid of iron built on the deck, with ports fore and aft through which jutted the snouts of hundred-pound cannon. The prow culminated in a long, sharp steel ram. She was 122 feet long and forty-five feet at the beam, and bristling with other armament to supplement the hundred-pounders.

The U.S. Navy had heard reports of the new ironclad, but this was the first time she had appeared. She chugged to the middle of the river and leveled her forward guns at the

Battle of of ironclads the *Monitor* and *Merrimac*. "Cheesebox on a Raft" won inconclusive victory.

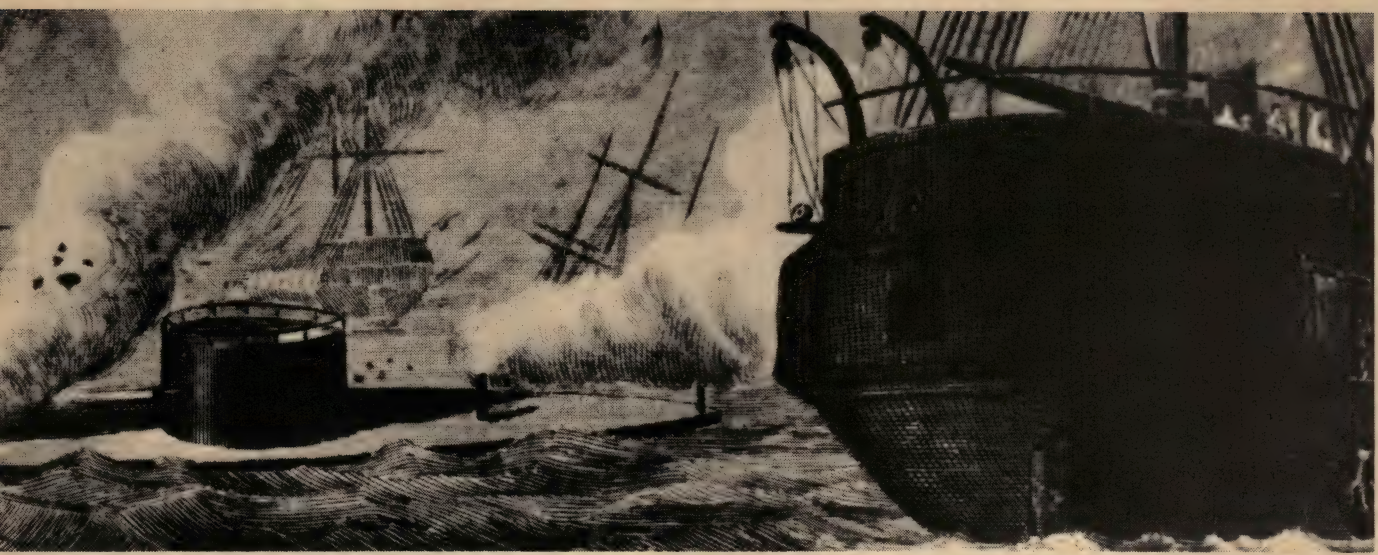
approaching trio of gunboats. They spread out and steamed toward her until they were within cannon range, but the ironclad held her fire. The lead gunboat closed in and fired her cannon at pointblank range. The shot rained against the armored shell of the *Albemarle* and bounced off without hurting her in any way.

As the gunboat veered off, the ironclad's forward hundred-pounder belched destruction in an explosion that ripped a gaping hole in the gunboat's side. The smaller craft reeled and began to ship water.

The second and third gunboats wheeled in and loosed simultaneous volleys from their biggest guns. Again the shots shattered against the ironclad and bounced off, leaving her unmarked. The *Albemarle's* cannon exploded again and the blast carried away part of the superstructure of one of the wooden gunboats. The flotilla came about once more and tried again gallantly, but again their shots merely rolled off the iron monster as her guns ripped them mercilessly.

It was all over in a few minutes. The U.S. gunboats withdrew, badly damaged, two of them barely afloat.

The Union craft had been heading upstream toward Plymouth, North Carolina to support Union Army troops fighting there to hold the town



***Kearsarge* hauls down flag and surrenders to *Alabama*. Rebel boat terrorized North for months.**

against a large Confederate force. It was April 17, 1864.

Since the gunboats never reached Plymouth and the *Albemarle* came up to help the Southern attackers, the Union forces could not hold.

In her first appearance the ironclad had not only routed the Union ships, but had tipped the scales in an important land battle. Word spread quickly and the *Albemarle's* importance was recognized.

Two days later two well-equipped Union gunboats, *Miami* and *Southfield,* came up the river to beard the monster. They attacked together when they sighted her and tried to get her between them. But the powerful ironclad rammed the *Southfield,* and then raked the *Miami* with gunfire. The *Southfield* sank immediately, and the tattered *Miami* beat a limping retreat.

The *Albermarle* tied up at Plymouth and guarded the town, covering both the river and land approaches with her guns, and the Union commanders realized they could not retake the town as long as she was there. A short time later the formidable ironclad steamed down river into Albermarle Sound and destroyed a number of small blockaders patrolling the Carolina coast. Not long afterward she made another foray and sank more Union vessels.

The out- (*Continued on page* 76)

YOUNG IN FLESH, YET OLD IN THE WAYS OF SIN, BANDA McLEOD AND HER JAVANESE JOY GIRLS FLIRTED WITH DEATH, SEDUCED JAP GENERALS—AND HELPED WIN OUR WAR IN THE EAST

THE JOY GIRLS AT NUMBER 58

BY ANSON HUNTER

■ THE elegant American-style living room of No. 58 Spaekoe Street, in Batavia's most exclusive residential section, had been redecorated to resemble a wooded clearing. Grass matting covered the floor. From the *papier-mâché* trees oil-filled coconut shells provided a flickering illumination.

Most of this light fell on the dancers performing near the patio door. In its shadows set the exclusively male audience—officers of the Kempetai, the Japanese Secret Police, officials of the NSB, the pro-Axis Dutch, prominent collaborationist Indonesians, and several neutral Europeans.

Altogether a dozen men were present, excluding the *gamelan* orchestra of native musicians. They were watching the *sanghyang,* the trance dance in honor of Ardjuno, goddess of love.

ILLUSTRATED BY TED LEWIN

In every gesture, raw sensuality stirred the watchers beyond reason.

It was raw sex.

The dancers, a boy and girl dressed elaborately in gold - brocaded robes, were seated on cushions a foot apart. Before them was a pot of incense. Its sickish-sweet scent permeated the room, and had already worked its effect upon the audience. They were perspiring and breathing more rapidly than normal, and the eagerness their faces showed had an animal-like quality about it.

Few among them knew they were under the influence of an ancient aphrodisiac brewed from the roots and herbs of the mountain people, originators of the *sanghyang*.

The dancers began to moan softly. They swayed back and forth, their bodies coming within a quarter inch of one another but never touching. Their movements were somehow more provocative than if they had embraced. A sweating Dutchman took out a handkerchief to mop his forehead, and one of the Japs hissed through his teeth with excited pleasure.

Now the dancers shook violently, as if in ecstasy. The spirit of the love god had entered their bodies, and they were in a state of trance. The *gamelan* music became more intense. The boy and girl got to their feet slowly and began to circle one another, their eyes empty but their bodies electrically alive, charged as if by some new energy released by the trance. Quickly they stripped themselves of their clothing. Except for the girl's sarong-like undergarment and the boy's shorts, they were naked. Still they did not touch, but in their every gesture lay a raw sexuality that stimulated the watching men to boiling point.

The dance proceeded toward its conclusion, the couple's movements increasingly violent and abandoned. Several of the watching men got to their feet for a better view. Then suddenly a servant girl stepped from the shadows and slapped each dancer lightly on the face. The blows broke the trance and released their inhibitions. Grunting like animals in heat, they lunged for one another.

At that moment two powerfully-built Javanese servants appeared from nowhere. Swiftly, before the audience could protest, they separated the frantic couple and hustled them away.

As the men groaned in disappointment the lights came on and Banda McLeod stepped forward. The attractive Eurasian, dressed in a silk native coatee, held up a hand to still the sullen muttering of her guests.

"Gentlemen," she told them, "the *sanghyang* does not end this evening's entertainment. Indonesian hospitality is not so wanting. The most beautiful girls in Java await your pleasure elsewhere in my house. Please follow my servants, who will lead you to them."

A half dozen male servants with impassive faces began to circulate among the guests, who broke out into relieved grins and anticipatory laughter. A Kempetai major bowed his thanks to Banda, and she smiled back, before glancing swiftly toward a drunken Indonesian now following a servant to one of the rendezvous. The expression on her face was half guilt, half satisfaction.

A few moments later she entered her study and locked the door. Then she walked into the arms of the young man who was waiting there for her.

They kissed hungrily, and the man said, "Did our jackel take the bait?"

"Yes, Ahmed, he's with Little Flower now."

He smiled grimly. "And I trust too drunk?"

She nodded. "I've instructed her to suggest to Sutonto that they go to her hotel room, where he can sober up before proving it was only *arak* which affected his ardor."

"Good. The swine is too vain to refuse, or to bring his bodyguard along. We'll get him outside the hotel."

Frowning, Banda detached herself from his embrace. She sat down and lit a cigarette nervously.

The leader of the Indonensian underground looked at his mistress in surprise. "Scruples, Banda? You know Sutonto deserves killing. He's responsible for at least five of our comrades' deaths."

"It's not easy to be a party to a cold-blooded killing, no matter what a man had done. I would prefer that Sutonto and others like him were tried for their crimes after we have gained our independence."

Varta leaned against the desk. "*Merdeka* is a long way off. We have not one but two enemies to defeat — the Japanese, and after them, the Dutch. Strict justice is too expensive a luxury. You are too soft for this business, loved one, despite your heritage. I often wonder how you manage to do so well at it."

"Throwing parties for Japanese and collaborators, to ferret secrets from them, is one thing. Murder, another."

He glanced at the expensive wrist watch she had given him for his last birthday. "Sutonto and the girl should be about ready to leave. I must alert my men. Shall I come back later?"

A lover with fresh blood on his hands had no appeal for her.

"Tomorrow, Ahmed," she told him. "I'm tired."

He shrugged, "As you wish."

She let him out by the back entrance and went unstairs. There she listened at several doors. Siti giggled too much, she decided, and Devi's voice was shrill. Clumsy Sri was always knocking over glasses. She found nothing wrong with the other girls who, as usual, were about their work efficiently. Little Flower's room was vacant. She and Sutonto had already left for the girl's hotel.

Downstairs Mr. Donner, the Swiss, was talking with Derek Van Webber, an Officer of the NSB.

"The Japanese," Donner was saying, "are using the Dutch for their own purposes. When the honeymoon is over you'll see how brutal the Nisei can be."

"Nonsense," Van Webber protested. "The Japansese are our friends. Better curb your seditious talk. The Kempetai has long ears."

Banda greeted the two men gaily, trying to hide her dislike for the Dutchman. "Some more *arak* or *brum*, gentlemen? I see your glasses are empty."

They shook their heads. Donner rose, thanked her for a pleasant evening, and left. Van Webber looked after the departing Swiss sourly.

"That man is anti-Axis," he said. "Why do you invite him to your parties?"

"His family has returned to Europe, and he's lonely. Besides, you told me neutrals were a good source of information."

The Dutchman snorted. "A fat lot of information you'll get from Donner. He never goes near the girls." His tone turned more cordial. "By the way, I have some news for you. Colonel Hashima told me today that he ap- (*Continued on page* 59)

MISS ITALY

TELEPHOTO P.I.P.

AND WHY NOT?

MISS ITALY

CONTINUED

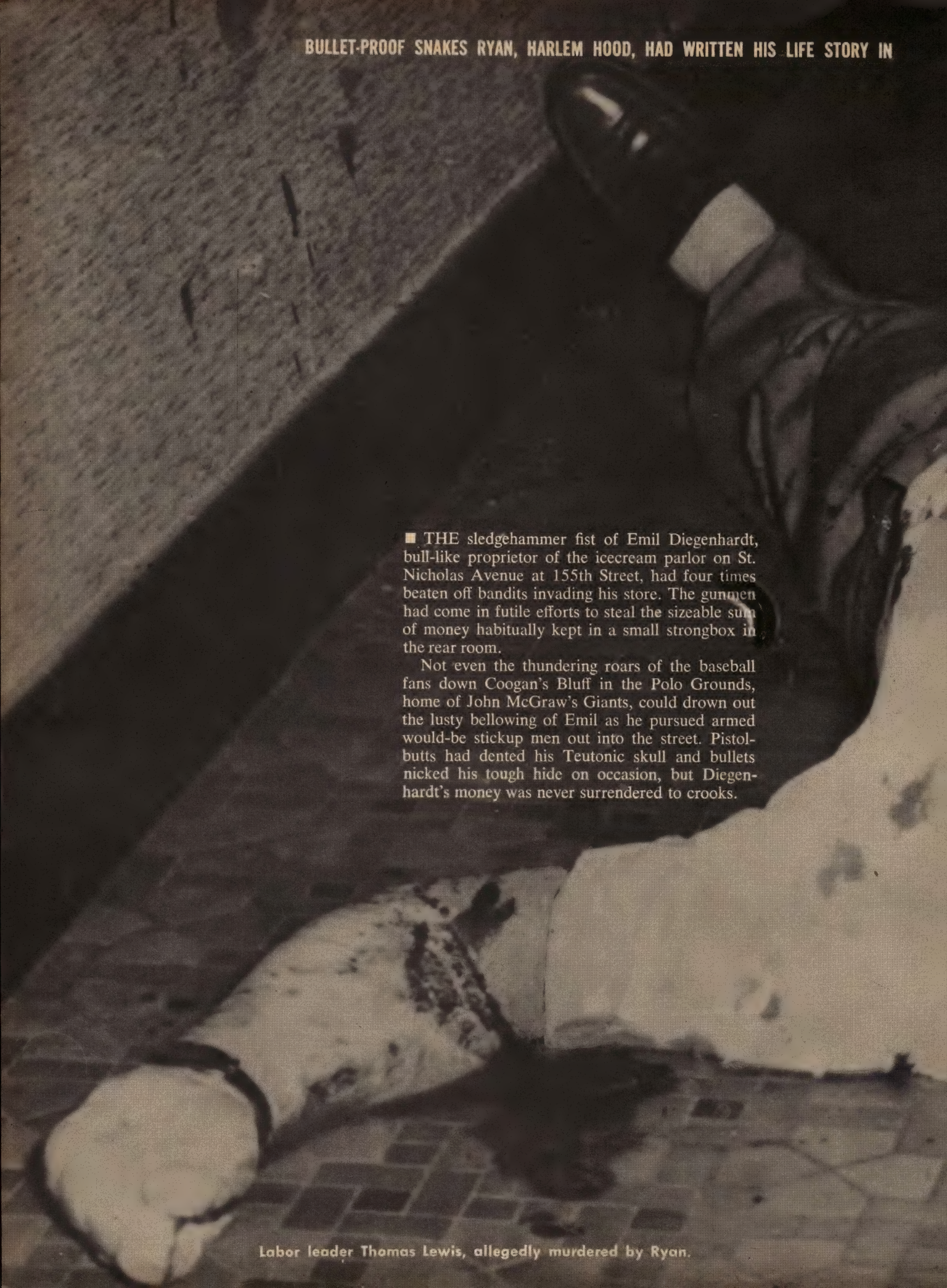
A couple of years ago some enthusiastic Italians, after heated deliberations, picked Maria Grazia Bucella to be Miss Italy.

In case there are any Nordic dissenters, we submit herewith her claims to the honor.

As far as we're concerned, she wins in a walk (and what a walk, hm?)

Maria is film-minded, man-conscious and luscious as all getout.

Enough?



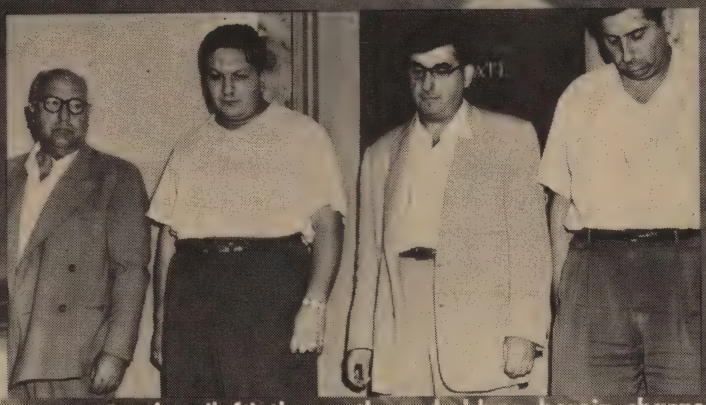
BULLET-PROOF SNAKES RYAN, HARLEM HOOD, HAD WRITTEN HIS LIFE STORY IN

■ THE sledgehammer fist of Emil Diegenhardt, bull-like proprietor of the icecream parlor on St. Nicholas Avenue at 155th Street, had four times beaten off bandits invading his store. The gunmen had come in futile efforts to steal the sizeable sum of money habitually kept in a small strongbox in the rear room.

Not even the thundering roars of the baseball fans down Coogan's Bluff in the Polo Grounds, home of John McGraw's Giants, could drown out the lusty bellowing of Emil as he pursued armed would-be stickup men out into the street. Pistol-butts had dented his Teutonic skull and bullets nicked his tough hide on occasion, but Diegenhardt's money was never surrendered to crooks.

Labor leader Thomas Lewis, allegedly murdered by Ryan.

BLOOD. HERE, TOLD THE FIRST TIME, IS THE INCREDIBLE LAST CHAPTER OF THAT STORY



Waxey Gordon (left) three others, held on heroin charge.

TRIGGER BOY FROM COOGAN'S BLUFF

BY FRANK O'LEARY

PHOTOS BY U.P.I.

TRIGGER BOY FROM COOGAN'S BLUFF CONTINUED

A legendary figure on Washington Heights, Emil was remembered with some awe by the series of scarred and frustrated robbers he had sent up to Sing Sing to mend their manners.

So it was with no little astonishment one Sunday evening when natives of the area, their attention drawn by yells and screams, saw Emil *leading* several dozen patrons of his establishment in headlong flight out of the store and up the avenue. What was even more amazing, no bandits, armed or unarmed, appeared to be pursuing the frightened fugitives.

The first policeman to come running around the corner, pistol in hand, had a clear view of the emptied store and the sweeping gap behind the fleeing people. Deliberately he took aim and fired a shot into the wriggling body of a ferocious looking five-foot black snake, slithering rapidly toward the curb. Still another, slightly smaller reptile moved with effortless speed out of the store just in

Death of a hood. Snake Ryan's last fatal caper.

time to draw another shot from the officer's pistol.

A sergeant arriving in a motorcycle side car glanced at the dying snakes.

"Black racers," he said contemptuously. "A harmless kind of blacksnake. Some wise guy's practical joke."

But Emil, hurrying back into the store, had a hunch this was no joking matter. He was right. The door leading from the rear room into the yard was swinging open and the little strongbox was missing.

"Seventeen hundred dollars in small bills," Emil said ruefully, "Some joke."

Neighbors had seen a boy about fourteen running through the courtyards with the strongbox. A box with its screen door open was found in the yard, obviously the container in which the snakes had been brought to the store.

A name and address on the tag affixed to the box quickly led the police to the carnival performer who had used the snakes in her act. She named a handsome boy, blue-eyed, with curly blond hair and a cleft in his chin whom she suspected of (*Continued on page* 68)

Ryan's: police photo.

WHEN THESE BUMPERS FROM ISTANBUL MAKE WITH LA DANSE DU BELLY, AHMED PLAYS HOOKEY FROM THE MOSQUE AND THERE ISN'T A COLD TURKEY IN THE JOINT.

"Is not for patting, *monsieur!*"

■ WHEN these belle-bottomed houris shake it around, big daddy forgets to take the skewer out of his shish kabab and let his hookah go out, because you don't find muscle dancers like these in any old *salle du manger* (hash joint to you).

Anyway, it says here that Necla Umay and Ayse Lav, the two Turkish fillies shown, are prime exponents both of the belly dance and the *vedette du strip tease,* and if that isn't a fancy way of saying that for the price of a cover charge you can leer at a girl's stomach, we don't know our way around the casbah any more.

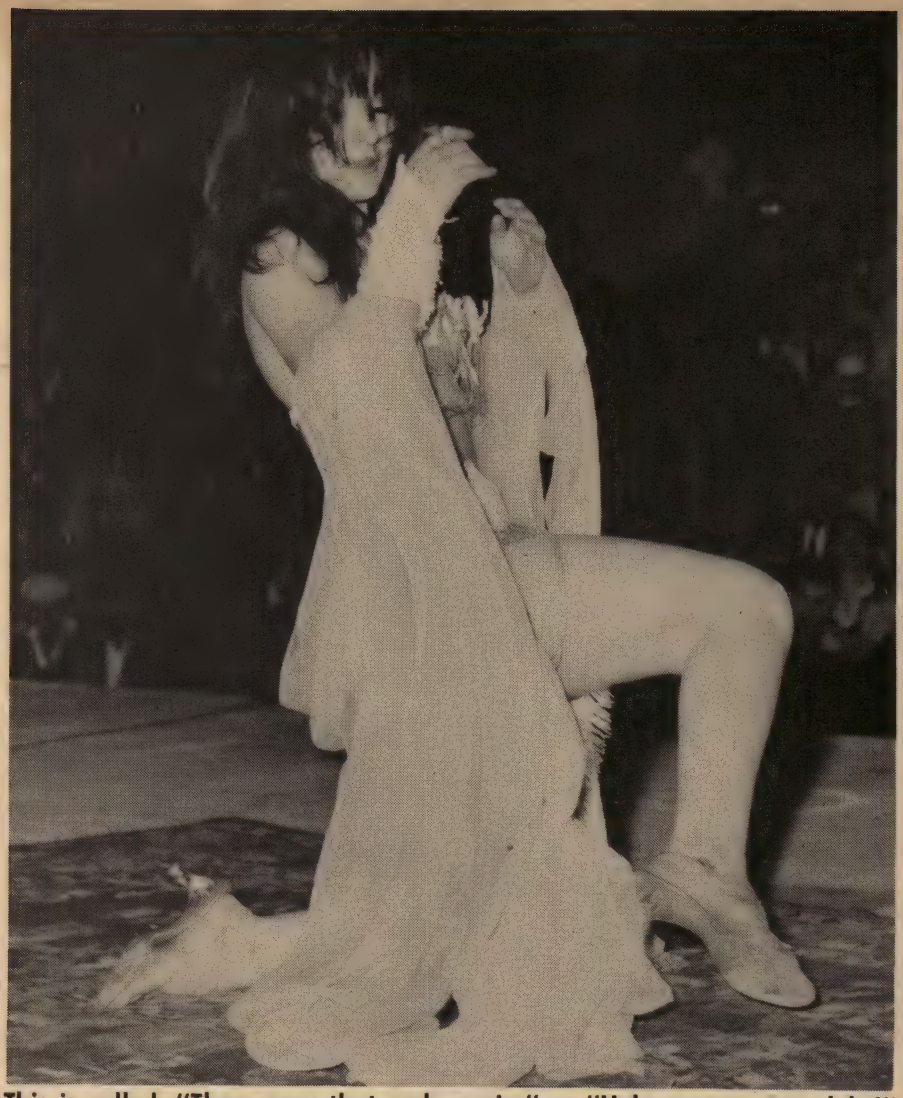
You can find them any old Istanbul night, making with the hoochie in the *boits du nuit* (hold it, fellows, while we look that up).

Reports seeping west have it that they're strewing them in the aisles. Turkish delight, man! ■

TURKISH NEWS AGENCY/P.I.P.

She does this nightly. Rugged, what?

"AND THE DANCE THEY DO..."



This is called, "There goes that arch again," or "Help me up, you slobs!"

This sort of caper is all right but the zipper is on the other hip, Ali old boy.

GUERRILLA GIRL

BY BRIAN O'BRIAN

BEAUTIFUL, DEADLY, THEY BAITED THEIR TRAP—THE COMMIE KILLER GIRLS OF VIET NAM, WHOSE PREY WAS UNWARY MEN!

■ TOM Astle came awake in the afternoon gloom, the echo of shots in his ears. Something scratched at his bedroom door.

He swung his legs to the floor, shuffled feet into slippers and whipped a sarong about his waist. He listened, big, lean body tanned dark, his blue eyes thoughtful. Then he took a .38 Colt from a drawer and opened the door to the verandah.

Outside crouched Tung Te, his chief tapper. In the compound below, cowed by the guns of Viet Cong guerillas, the rubber workers stared at the body of the watchtower sentry, sprawled on the ground.

"Orders, *tuan?*" whispered Tung Te.

"Give word to Cao Chi. Take back way."

The trapper ran along the verandah and climbed the back rail. A pistol barked, there was a yelp and the thud of a fallen body.

He heard high-pitched chattering as five women in the black tunics and trousers of the Viet Cong climbed the verandah stairs. After them swaggered a bulky figure in camouflaged battle dress, a U.S. Army Colt in a holster, a long-barralled Luger in his fist and a sword banging against his heel. A too-small cap perched on bristly hair. His face was a puffy mask with little, brown-flecked eyes, his nose flat, his thick mouth too full of stained teeth.

Astle put down his revolver (*Continued on page* 62)

ILLUSTRATED BY SHANNON STIRNWEIS

They were lush, provocative—and more lethal than cobras.

Wounded Israeli gets first aid.

Egyptian terrorists cut off ear as evidence of kill.

Ambushed truck. Driver died.

Water tower blown up by terrorists.

KILL WE MUST!

AN ON-THE-SPOT PICTURE STORY

■ I have been on many raids. I have killed people and I am not ashamed of it.

I come from a refugee camp in Gaza. We have nothing to do, not much to eat and no money at all. There is only one good paying job any Palestinian can get, to become a Fedayan terrorist.

BY AHMED HASSIM
AS TOLD TO WERNER BRAUN
PHOTOS BY WERNER BRAUN

Prelude to murder.
Terrorist loads gun.

KILL WE MUST! CONTINUED

I didn't need much teaching to become a killer. I came from Bedouin stock and no Bedouin needs to learn how to use a dagger; but from Nasser's Fedayen school I had learned how to use a Stengun.

My first raid became famous all over the world. It was the Jewish carnival time and our leaders had decided to subdue any Israeli gaiety. Quite simply, we ambushed an excursion bus near the Dead Sea. We let the bus pass a bend in the road and then shot from up and below. We had them in a terrific cross-fire. The bus swerved and careened into a mountain wall.

Survivors? Five of them jumped from the bus and we killed them by the light of the full moon. Then everything was silent.

But escape, which had seemed so easy, turned out to be impossible. The Israelis followed in hot pursuit. Soon two of our men were killed, another wounded. We didn't turn around for any of them, but fled.

Some time later, nearly at the Egyptian border, I heard the noise of a helicopter's droning motor. It dropped two bloodhounds with their keepers. I tried to outspeed them but the circling copter caught up with me and soon after the silent bloodhound came along, sniffing on my track.

I fell on my knees and prayed to Allah.

Editor's note: In order to avoid security risks, some names and places have been altered. Nevertheless this is a true, tragic story. The author, after having been released, was killed by Israeli forces on another raid. ■

Somewhere in Israel. Captured Egyptian terrorists in prison camp.

Israeli child looks at terrorist prisoners.

(below) Death in Israel border takes many grim forms. These are slain Israeli troops, and (left) wounded.

CORA, GIRL OF THE NIGHT

OF NAPOLEON, PARIS HAD SAID, "THE OLD GUARD DIES, BUT IT NEVER SURRENDERS." AND OF CORA, FRENCH CALL GIRL SUPREME: "CORA PEARL SURRENDERS, BUT SHE NEVER DIES!"

■ THE crowd that had gathered around the grotesque old woman was laughing at her as only Parisians can laugh.

"You the famous Cora Pearl?" roared a fat man with flabby jowls. "I would have sworn you were the Empress Eugenie."

The old woman turned on her tormentors, her eyes flashing.

"I *am* Cora Pearl!" she cried in a voice like a cow's caw. "And I used to own this home right here on the Rue de Chaillot."

She pointed a gnarled finger at a magnificent mansion.

She fumbled with the buttons of her bodice before anyone could stop her.

"Look!" she said.

The crowd gasped. She had exposed her breasts, well-formed and cream-white — breasts that might easily have been those of a girl of eighteen.

"For these Duval shot himself — Prince Jerome Napoleon spent millions — two Russian princes showered me with big diamonds, and—"

Ashamed and embarrassed, the crowd fell silent.

With easy grace a young man with the imperial mustache stepped up to her, bowed and offered his arm. "Madame Pearl," he said. "I should deem it an honor if you would allow me to call a carriage and escort you to your door."

Her wrinkled face relaxed in a faint smile.

"I accept your offer, young man," she said, "but (*Continued on page* 46)

ILLUSTRATED BY VIC OLSEN

BY SI BLOOM

Yes, lush Cora Pearl had something that drove men wild . . .

first I should like to take one last look at my former home."

For a long moment she gazed at the luxurious mansion which, twenty years before, had been given to her by Prince Jerome Napoleon. It was almost as though, in the space of a few seconds, she were trying to relive the glorious 1860's when, as the most expensive courtesan in Paris, she had an income of 400 pounds a day and spent 200,000 pounds a year.

"If I can't make you queen of France," Prince Jerome Napoleon told her after their first tryst," "I will make you queen of Paris" — which he did. But Cora wasn't the grateful type; she repaid him by keeping him insanely jealous every second of their fourteen-year relationship.

"Cora Pearl hasn't the decency to sell herself," said a rival. "She *hires* herself. And to anyone who can pay her price."

This was true; Cora wasn't discriminating. All she asked of a man was that he lavish money on her. She didn't care about his looks, his manners, or even his ability to make love. She herself wasn't at all passionate. Just a superb boudoir actress, with maybe a touch of unconscious Lesbianism in her nature.

Respectable women were so envious of Cora's success with men they raged at the mention of her name. Yet they had to admit she drove men wild.

"I have a very attractive wife," said a German millionaire, "but she doesn't begin to understand the art of love the way Cora does. Cora provides sensations which men dare not even mention to their wives."

"She's the acme of sensual delight!" raved Prince Gortchakoff, who didn't care if he never returned to Russia. That Cora was also loud, vulgar and ignorant bothered him not a bit. Like all her lovers, he was interested only in her physical attributes, the perfect contours of her breasts, the whiteness of her neck and shoulders, a whiteness she highlighted by using black satin bedsheets on her canopied bed.

She had other tricks. She pioneered in the field of beauty treatment, importing from England special salves, essences and powders with which she transformed her appearance; she could make her skin milky, red, or silvery, as she chose. She also had special methods of producing the strange gleam of her eyes and the smooth polish of her brow; and she was the first to use iridescent eyelashes. Yet nothing was as effective as her glorious torso in its natural state.

The famous sculptor Gallois said her body was perfectly proportioned, which, of course, helped her reputation, but for the most part Cora helped herself by the clever way she used her natural endowments. From her voluptuous mouth—with its moist, luscious lips which she always kept slightly separated — to her smooth, supple thighs, which she found "accidental" ways of displaying in public, Cora never wasted an inch. Every part of her body was sensuous; every move she made carefully calculated to arouse male desire.

"She would appear in her salon dressed in velvet," wrote an admirer, "her wonderful marble bosom nearly bare, her whole body fairly dripping with jewelry."

Once, at the Café de Paris, she emerged from a huge pie stark naked.

Young Alexandre Duval, son of the millionaire owner of the Duval Restaurants, once said to her, "Will you let me prove my devotion? Command me to die and I will die."

"I want you to live and pay my bills," she replied, with a toss of her fiery red head.

Duval obeyed to the tune of seventeen million francs.

ALTHOUGH an accurate list of her lovers is obviously impossible, it would certainly include most of the millionaires in Paris and London during the 1860's, plus several members of the French Royal Family, and a majority of the emperor's ministers, generals and admirals. Everybody who was anybody had had a fling with Cora. She was a status symbol.

One night at a dinner party for a group of her men friends she had the bad manners to go round the table peering into the face of each guest. When she had finished, she startled the group by saying in that thoroughly ingenuous way of hers. "You know, I think there's only one person here I haven't made love to."

Because she was the toast of some of the world's richest playboys, she was the terror of their wives.

One morning just before dawn a titled lady knocked on Cora's door in quite a state.

"Where is my husband?" she asked.

"I assure you, madame, he isn't here," said Cora. "Isn't he at home?"

"No."

"In that case," said Cora with perfect poise, "the wretch is deceiving both of us!"

"Pardon me if I seem a bit nervous. You're my first hopeless case."

SEX SECRETS REVEALED

THE MOST SATISFYING MARITAL MANUAL

Written by F. M. Rossiter, M.D., Bride and Groom is the only up-to-date book on sexual relations published since Prof. Kinsey's book on female sexuality and incorporating statistics from it. All chapters are carefully documented with quotations from leading authorities in their fields.

Divorce statistics prove that sex secrets must be learned, that marriage itself is not enough to skill a husband in the intimate art of married love. Prof. Kinsey reveals that most dissatisfied wives fail to confess their erotic disappointments. No man can be sure he is a completely satisfying husband if he has not read this new compendium on marital sex technic. Completely illustrated with exclusive drawings to sum up in dramatic graphic form Doctor Rossiter's advice on achieving and maintaining complete marital satisfaction.

Other chapters include a review of honeymoon habits, overcoming sex organ disparity, aphrodisiacs, the breasts as an erotic factor, conception and childbirth, causes of sexual failures in husbands, frigidity in wives, eliminating difficulties, sex facts for married couples, body hygiene, preliminary coital technique, coital movements, the after-play, glossary of sex terms, unconventional sexuality, etc. The eighty-five scientifically accepted coital positions are all analyzed to enable couples to obtain maximum marital satisfaction by avoiding satiety.

Bride and Groom is guaranteed to be the most satisfying marital manual you have ever read, bar none, or your money back! Ten-day return privilege. Price only $3.00, postpaid. California orders add 12c sales tax. Send $1.00 with C.O.D. orders. Copyright 1963, Monogram Publ., Inc.

FUTURA BOOKS **Dept. 108**
4420 W. Imperial Hwy, Inglewood, Calif.

Please forward immediately your book entitled BRIDE & GROOM. I enclose $3.00 (Calif. orders add 12c Sales Tax). Understand I may return book within 10 days if not satisfied.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Actually, no one really deceived Cora, but one man did make a fool of her. He was Serbian prince who was supposed to be so fabulously wealthy that when another lady-of-the-evening tried to muscle in, the girls settled the matter by fighting a duel. The two cocottes met in the Bois de Boulogne, lashed each other's faces with riding whips, and did such damage they were unable to appear in public for a week. When they finally reappeared they were mortified to learn that their Serbian had flown the coop with a fistful of jewels and valuables belonging to *both* of them. Turned out he wasn't really a prince, either.

From then on, Cora investigated her lovers like Dun and Bradstreet. Thoroughly Parisian though she was, Cora Pearl was born in England in 1842, one of sixteen children. Her real name was Emma Elizabeth Crouch. Her mother was a music-hall singer, her father the composer of the well-known ballad "Kathleen Mavourneen," the tender lyrics of which have absolutely no connection with Cora.

Until she was fifteen her youth was uneventful. Sometime during that fifteenth year she was picked up on a London street by a middle-aged handsome wolf who, as the tear-jerking ballads of the period warned, turned her pretty head with compliments, took her to dinner, stoked her up with good wine, and then 'ad 'is blinkin' way with 'er.

"I woke up to find myself beside the gentleman," Cora wrote, "without my virginity." She was further outraged when, in the best Victorian tradition the bounder left five pounds on the bureau and took a powder.

She was ashamed to go home, so she just never did. Instead, vowing lifelong revenge on the entire male sex, she took the first step in her long gold-digging career by getting a job singing in a low-class café, where she soon discovered that her real talents weren't musical at all. Cora was just of one those naturals at the art of pleasing a man. No one taught her; she just *knew*. And she kept her boss so happy he simply *had* to take her with him on a business trip to Paris.

From his standpoint the trip was a disaster. Cora liked the French capital so well she flatly refused to return to England, so her boss bade her a tearful farewell, leaving her alone and happy in the gay, sinful city that was Paris in 1858.

And gay and sinful it really was—the center of pleasure, the capital of revelry, the hub of the most reckless gambling in Europe, and headquarters for all kinds of vice.

A Russian who also arrived in Paris in 1858 went to the races one day and ask a friend, "Who are all these women?"

"These are all gay women."

"Where are the respectable ones?"

"There are none left."

Which was hardly an exaggeration.

But Cora wasn't interested in becoming a run-of-the-mill chippie. She wanted to join that small, select group of sex queens who attached themselves to the foreign and domestic millionaires of Paris. To do this she had to get around and be seen, so once she sang in cafés, cadged drinks and meals, and kept her eyes and ears open.

She made her first Parisian conquest at a bistro on the Left Bank—a sailor who was so infatuated with her that he tried to get her to stow away in his ship. Cora wasn't buying any such romantic nonsense; besides, she had a replacement named Delamarche warmed up and waiting in the wings. The moment the sailor moved out, Delamarche moved in, with such perfect timing Cora never even missed a meal!

For a while all was sweetness and love. Cora's new protector was young, handsome and debonair, but as time passed he developed a fatal weakness—failure of the bankroll.

"When his money ran out, we parted," she explained simply.

After all, you couldn't expect a girl to live on love.

One night she hit the jackpot—another handsome young man who liked her and wanted the whole deal on a regular basis. Cora played it cool at first, but when he told her his name she crumbled.

He was none other than Prince Jerome Napoleon, cousin to Emperor Napoleon III, and rich enough to enable her to live like the ten or twelve other love-goddesses who had struck it rich in Paris.

She began by giving her prince the nickname of Plon-Plon. Her next move was to wangle from him such a swanky mansion that Parisians, comparing it to the Emperor's Tuileries

"I think he's beginning to notice girls."

Palace, called it Les *Petites* Tuileries.

Soon Plon-Plon was spending a bundle on Cora, and just as soon, his wife found out; but when he tried to cut down, Cora would have none of it.

"No money, no favors!" she told him flatly, which quieted him at once because, whatever those favors were, Plon-Plon wasn't getting them from his wife.

Cora had another technique she used to keep him loose with his money. Whenever he asked how much it cost her to live she'd answer, "A thousand pounds a month, *chéri,* of which you only give me four hundred and eighty."

"And where does the rest come from?"

"Can't you guess, Plon-Plon?"

He didn't have to guess—he *knew.*

Cora had wealthy young Duval on the string, a lad who was only too willing to shower her with gold in return for an occasional night of love. And though Plon-Plon tried every trick in the book to keep her from seeing Duval, nothing worked.

Once Plon-Plon gave her a key to one of the rooms of his private apartment in the palace, the idea being that if he could get her to eat and sleep there a few nights a week, it would cut down her time with Duval.

Cora didn't fall for the gag.

"It embarrasses me to make love so close to your wife and children," was her excuse. "I cannot relax."

For her eighteenth birthday Duval placed to her credit the sum of one thousand pounds, which he followed by a seven-hundred-thousand-franc string of pearls, and shortly thereafter, by—of all things—a book.

"*Parbleu!*" Cora snorted, tossing the book on the floor. "What the devil am I supposed to do with this?"

She was all for pitching it out the window until her maid noticed that each of the book's twenty pages was really a thousand-franc note. Immediately Cora developed a lively interest in literature.

SHE could keep a large and varied string of love affairs going at one time, which was excellent for her purse, but wearing on her constitution.

One night, while playing Duval off against Plon-Plon, she came up with another live one, the seventeen-year-old Prince Murat, who spent one evening with her and wept for more.

Available to YOU at last...

The Secret of Playing BETTER GOLF

HERE'S THE KEY TO LOWERING YOUR GOLF SCORE! THIS BOOK MUST IMPROVE YOUR GAME AND YOU MUST CUT STROKES OFF YOUR SCORE .... OR YOU PAY ABSOLUTELY NOTHING!

Here's a unique book that shows and explains how you can play better golf. For the first time THE REAL SECRET OF PLAYING GOOD GOLF has been analyzed.

This remarkable new technique is thoroughly explained and can be easily understood and used by all golfers interested in improving their game.

Have You Ever Taken A Practice Golf Swing At A Dandelion?

What would your golf score be if you could hit golf balls like you hit dandelions? Pretty good? What would you say if we promised you that score? Unbelievable? Incredible as it may seem, this is exactly what we promise — and do.

If you are willing to keep an open mind for a new concept while you read this advertisement, we can point a way to help you improve your golf score immeasurably as well as your enjoyment of the game.

HERE'S THE SECRET

How many times have you heard the remark or, possibly, made it, "I can take a practice swing I know is just right, but put a golf ball down and I freeze?"

The pages of a new golf book are dedicated to the mental side of golf or, more specifically, to the use of self-hypnosis for control of the mechanical action of the golf swing. The use of self-hypnosis for golf is a new concept and one that will help the golfer with all phases of his game. The reader will learn about the simplest, most effective technique ever devised to help him reduce his score.

You Can Use Your Subconscious Mind For Better Golf

Self-hypnosis helps the golfer to attain "the subconscious feel" which is imperative to good golf. The subconscious feel has been described as the rhythm you have during a practice swing, or that "sweet feeling" when a stroke is played right. Any conscious effort usually produces muscle tension. This is what is meant when you are told "you are trying too hard." Your conscious mind is so concerned with the mechanical movements and your desire to hit the ball that it repeatedly produces muscle tension. It is what golfers call "freezing" on a shot.

HERE'S A PROMISE FOR BETTER GOLF

Would you like to curb that "killer instinct" off the tee? Would you like to thaw that psychological freeze when faced with hazards, cure the "jitters" on the putting green, and put both power and direction in your shot-making? This is what you may expect by applying self-hypnosis to your play.

Try It Entirely At Our Risk!

We know you may be hesitant about trying this new approach and because of this we make the following offer:

TRY THE INSTRUCTIONS FOR 30 DAYS. See for yourself the unbelievable results. If you don't cut strokes, play consistently better golf and derive greater satisfaction from your golf game — simply return the book for every cent of your money back. Fair enough?

The sound, authoritative instructions for using self-hypnosis to improve your golf game are presented in a clear, logical sequence and packed with new golf aids in the book, HOW YOU CAN PLAY BETTER GOLF USING SELF-HYPNOSIS, by Jack Heise.

You have absolutely nothing to lose! Act today!

MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

WILSHIRE BOOK COMPANY — Golf Dept. 1792
6311 Yucca St., Hollywood 28, California

Gentlemen: Send me a copy of Jack Heise's amazing new book, HOW YOU CAN PLAY BETTER GOLF USING SELF-HYPNOSIS. Price $2.

I will use this book for 30 days entirely at your risk. If I have not improved my golf score, I will simply return the book for a full refund.

I am enclosing my check ☐ cash ☐ money order ☐ for $2.

Name _____

Address _____

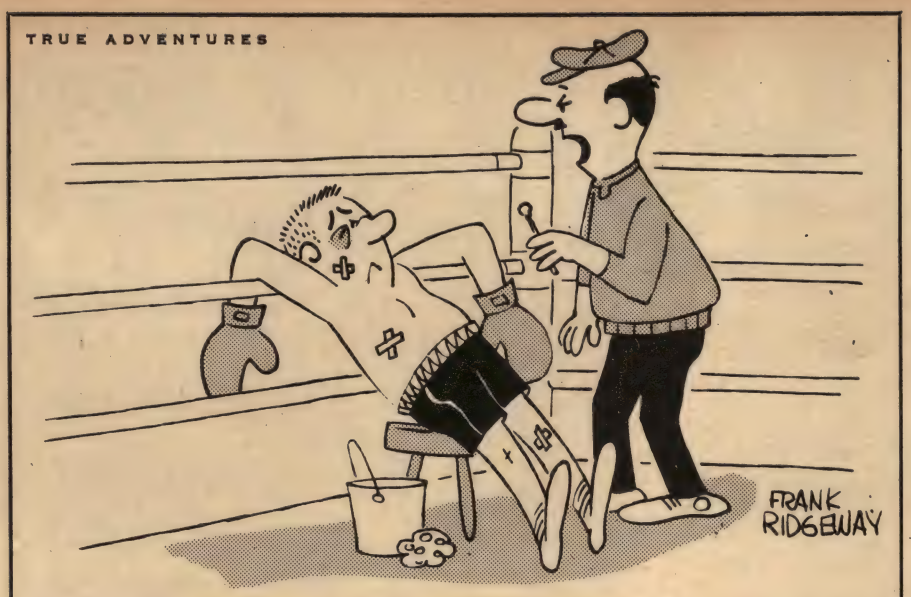
City. _____ Zone. _____ State. _____

Cora allowed him to see her for a while; then suddenly, with all the sentiment of a female cobra, she replaced him by his father.

"I observed at a dinner party," she says in her memoirs, "that the elder Murat never took his eyes from me. So, since he had more money than his son, I smiled one of my prettiest smiles. . . ."

By this time Cora's name was on so many lips people came out to the Bois de Boulogne just to watch her roll by in her carriage. The shrewd manager of the Paris light opera noticed this, and with both eyes on his box-office, gave her a part in one of his productions. "The men will come to look at her figure," he reasoned, "and the women to see what *she* has that they *haven't.*"

He was so right. All he did was announce that Cora Pearl would play the part of Cupid in Offenbach's "Orpheus" and his ticket-windows were mobbed. Boxes for Cora's debut sold for as high as five-hundred francs, single orchestra seats for one-hun-



"Don't worry. His hands can't stand much more of this punishment."

dred-fifty. Sophisticated Paris could hardly wait.

Picture the scene: The tiny Bouffes Parisiens theater jammed to the rafters with the cream of society—handsome gentlemen staring through opera glasses; elegant ladies glaring through lorgnettes, a tingle of excitement from pit to balcony.

Suddenly the house lights dim, the conductor gives the downbeat, and there on stage, slowly descending a staircase, is the world's shapeliest, sexiest Cupid—diamonds in her hair, diamonds on her shoes, diamonds on almost every part of her body—*plus* the loveliest bare bosom any Cupid ever had!

"Bravo, Cora!" comes the roar.

Weakly she bows and smiles, so scared she can barely get through her little song. But the audience loves it, for here, in full view, is Cora Pearl, the most famous cocotte in Paris! And who cares about music?

Wrote one critic: "In the part of Cupid, the famous, or rather, *in*famous—Cora sparkled. But not with talent. With *diamonds.*"

Next to the World Exposition, which opened that year, Cora's debut was the most dazzling event Paris had seen. And everyone was buzzing about how Plon-Plon had rented the house alongside the theater just for Cora to use as a dressing-room.

One night, among the crowd at the stage door, she noticed Duval, who, by this time, was almost penniless. She cut him dead. When she returned home she found him waiting on her doorstep.

"May I come in?" he asked.

Without a word she walked right past the man who had even bought her the carriage in which she had just driven home.

Half an hour later she heard the report of a pistol. Duval had shot himself.

When Cora appeared on stage the next night the audience hissed so much they had to ring down the curtain. The emotional Parisians were so furious at her treatment of Duval she was even afraid to appear on the streets.

Wisely Cora decided that this would be the perfect time to do something she'd been anxious to do for several years—visit London and dazzle the city with her wealth and her low-cut gowns. She'd enjoy flaunting her expensive diamonds and titled lovers in the face of proper Mayfair, and she'd just love strutting about like a hometown girl who had made good. So, looking a little like Cleopatra on her royal barge, Cora crossed the Channel and prepared to take the British capital by storm. But the manager of London's fashionable Grosvenor House had other ideas. He simply refused to accept Cora as a guest in his hotel. Not the Grosvenor House type, you know.

The rebuff stung her. After all, if she was good enough for Prince Jerome Napoleon, Prince Joachim Murat, Prince Gortchakoff, and the Prince of Orange, as well as the Duc de Morny, the Duc de Persigny, and a certain Baron R., plus a wide assortment of French, Spanish, German and Italian millionaires, she was certainly good enough for the Grosvenor House. Nevertheless, her impressive list of references failed to convince the stubborn manager and Cora had to rent a private home. Here she entertained lavishly and even serviced a member of the British Royal Family, who visited her under the name of Mr. Robinson.

One day certain stuffy members of the nobility quietly informed her that London society would be just as happy without her. Cora promptly packed her bags and set out on a tour of the Continent.

She was refused admission to some of the finest establishments in Europe.

At the gambling casino at Baden-Baden they practically slammed the door in her face until she swept past the doorman on the arm of a cousin of the German Kaiser. Once inside, she and her party of frisky young bucks took a playful revenge by shooting off fireworks, scattering the gamblers, and ruining the evening's business.

Finally, she returned to Paris, which by this time had forgotten all about the Duval incident. And now she *really* went on a merry-go-round of revelry—one that was so wild her friend Plon-Plon took her aside and tried to talk sense to her.

"I adore you, you know that," he told her, "yet your conduct, my dear Cora, is fatal."

She paid no attention. After all, money was rolling in, millionaires were fighting for her favor, and Paris was at her feet. Why change?

One afternoon, at a particularly grisly murder trial, Cora, who wanted to be sure she wouldn't miss anything, arrived early. A socially prominent duchess tried to deprive her of her seat, saying it had been assigned to her by the prosecuting attorney, a certain Monsieur D——.

Cora refused to budge.

"Such insolence is unbearable!" said the duchess. "I shall be dining with Monsieur D—— tonight and shall complain to him of your conduct."

"Good!" replied Cora, "but I shall have the last word for I am sleeping with him later."

HER days were rounds of pleasure, beginning at noon when, with all the fuss and feathers of a queen of France, Cora finally arose from her canopied bed, ate a dainty breakfast

50 ft. 8mm MOVIES

ONLY $2.00 EACH

3 for only
$5.00 postpaid

Why pay $5.00 or more for 50-ft. ADULT movies? You can get the very best for only $2.00!

- ☐ 1 Donna Long **"ON A PICNIC"**
- ☐ 5 **BARBARA NICHOLS** Screen Test
- ☐ 6 **ANITA BAXTER** Screen Test
- ☐ 9 Nancy Finley **"LEG ART"**
- ☐ 38 Screen Test of **PATTI POWERS**
- ☐ 42 **MITZI,** dark eyed Cherie
- ☐ 43 **EXOTIC BONGO DANCE,** Doeree
- ☐ 48 **KATHY MARLOWE** Shops in Bikinis
- ☐ 51 **MAN TRAP,** Bedroom Comedy
- ☐ 53 **KATHY MARLOWE** Models Bikinis
- ☐ 84 **TANYA** Models Lingerie
- ☐ 94 **TASSELL HASSEL,** 5 Star Film
- ☐ 124 **CHOENDELLE,** At The Zomba
- ☐ 10 Barbara Osterman **"PIN-UPS"**
- ☐ 13 **"RHUMBA AMALIA"** Cuban
- ☐ 23 **"SILK STOCKING MODEL"**
- ☐ 30 Gwen Caldwell **"GIRL WITH $1,000,000 LEGS"**
- ☐ 46 **"SEASHORE FROLICS"**
- ☐ 49 **"BEAUTY PARADE"**
- ☐ 54 Jerrima **"BURLESQUE STAR"**
- ☐ 60 **"LINGERIE MODEL"**
- ☐ 62 Kalantan **"DANCE NOCTURNE"**
- ☐ 64 **"WOMEN OF BALI"**
- ☐ 82 Kalantan in **"BUDDHA DANCE"**
- ☐ 87 Betty Howard in **"EXOTIC MAMBO"**
- ☐ 92 Dolores Del Raye **"ST. LOUIS WOMAN"**
- ☐ 94 **"HINDU TASSEL HASSELL"**
- ☐ 101 **"CAUGHT IN BARBED WIRE"**
- ☐ 126 **"THAT GAL FROM DALLAS"**
- ☐ 144 **LOLITA de CARLO,** Montreal's best
- ☐ 146 **GOLDIE GIBSON,** Star of 150 & 151
- ☐ 148 **WRESTLING,** Terry vs. Shirley
- ☐ 150 **GOLDIE** in "Pitch & Putt"
- ☐ 151 **GOLDIE'S,** A Few Changes
- ☐ 155 **GOLDIE GIBSON,** Screen Test
- ☐ 160 **GOLDIE THE GARDNER**
- ☐ 164 **HOW TO PLAY GOLF**
- ☐ 183 **ILLONA,** Rainbow Fantasy
- ☐ 186 **SANDRA,** Lingerie Model
- ☐ 190 **IRIS BRISTOL,** Hula
- ☐ 191 **IRIS BRISTOL,** Where's My Hat?
- ☐ 102 Sheree North in **"EXOTIC DANCER"**
- ☐ 108 Nora Knight **"EXOTIC DANCER"**
- ☐ 127 Tempest Storm **"DESERT DANCE"**
- ☐ 129 Sheree North **"WASTE BASKET BLUES"**
- ☐ 131 Linda **"THE SUNBATHER"**
- ☐ 133 **"UNDERWATER EXOTIC DANCE RHYTHMS"**
- ☐ 149 Lian **"EXOTIC PARISIAN"**
- ☐ 182 **"EXOTIC SWAN DANCE"**
- ☐ 185 **"LOUISIANA STRUT DANCE"**
- ☐ 187 Jerrima **"SOUTH SEA BELLE"**
- ☐ 193 Blaze Starr **"DANCE OF FIRE"**
- ☐ 198 Busty Brown **"MAID'S DAY OFF"**
- ☐ 238 Blaze Star **"POSES"**
- ☐ 239 Blaze Star **"SCREEN TEST"**

100 ft. 8mm Movies $4.00 EACH

3 for only $10.00

- ☐ 8 Lili St. Cyr **"DANCE OF SALOME"**
- ☐ 72 **"PIN-UP POSES"** of Tanya
- ☐ 83 Kalantan in **"FIRE DANCE"**
- ☐ 88 Jacqueline Hulrey **"ACROBATICS"**
- ☐ 89 Jan **"MODELS LINGERIE"**
- ☐ 121 Sheree North in **"CAN CAN"**
- ☐ 122 **"THE SULTANS FAVORITE DANCER"**
- ☐ 106 Dee Millo & Carol Jayne **"SPIDER DANCE"**
- ☐ 110 **ILLONA** at the Zomba
- ☐ 120 **SCREEN TEST,** Sheree North
- ☐ 142 **MAN TROUBLE,** Girls Frolicing
- ☐ 167 **GIRL IN THE GILDED CAGE**
- ☐ 176 **SLEEPY TIME GAL,** Dixie Evans
- ☐ 188 Betty Howard, **"BIG BLUE EYES"**
- ☐ 192 **IRIS BRISTOL,** Double Feature
- ☐ 199 **CORINNE,** Parisian Chorine
- ☐ 236 Ann Peters **"CHEESECAKE"**

200 ft. 8mm Movies $8.00 EACH

3 for only $20.00

- ☐ 31 **PIE ALA MODE,** Cast of 6
- ☐ 99 **ITALIAN BEAUTY QUEENS**

GIRLS WRESTLING 200 FOOT

No. 510 ..... $8.00 No. 511 ..... $8.00

RUSH COUPON TODAY

8MM MOVIE CLUB Dept. 481-A
480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

☐ Enclosed find $_____ in ☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

I order the following films by number_____

_____

_____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

☐ Send COD. I enclose 25% Deposit.

served by her butler, and then threw open her boudoir doors to her manicurist, her milliner, her laundress and her creditors. Then she dressed. And no one dressed more elegantly than Cora Pearl.

Next came a drive in the Bois, a daily "must', for she had the handsomest horses in the city.

"Cora drives her horses with much more kindness than she does her lovers," said a wit of the day.

And so her days passed, each more sensation-packed than the one before.

There was the time she scandalized the court of Napoleon III by appearing with Plon-Plon at a royal stag hunt and having the nerve to shout "Tally ho!" with some of the noblest families in France.

There was the tremendous gesture she made when Murat the Younger got married, a maneuver whose shrewdness was worthy of a modern public relations man. It seems that when young Murat announced his engagement he gave Cora, in memory of certain unforgettable moments, a deed-of-gift entitling her to 200,000 francs on his wedding day. She tore the deed in pieces, put them in an envelope and mailed them to Murat's fiancee, who called on Cora several days later to thank her.

"Don't thank me," Cora said drily. "I only did it to be talked about."

For weeks Paris talked of nothing else.

But Paris also talked of Cora's overstuffed mansion on the Rue de Chaillot, with its tasteless conglomeration of chromos, tapestries, busts, phony antiques, painted fans, huge vases and gaudy clocks. And behind her back they laughed at her willingness to buy anything as long as it was expensive. Her drawing room was a perfect horror; her bath, quarried out of pink marble, cost a quarter of a million francs. When the shrewd Parisian shopkeepers saw Cora coming they rubbed their hands.

But Cora didn't care. She was wining and dining her friends at her home, or raising the roof at the two swankiest cafes in Paris—the Maison Dorée and the Cafe Anglais, where bald-headed old goats made fools of themselves by throwing expensive chinaware out the window and slipping oysters into the well-bosomed bodices of females like Cora Pearl.

Cora herself often ended up on the table, dancing the wicked can-can, flipping up her skirts to give the boys quick glimpses of her white thighs and well-shaped buttocks, shrieking in her rasping voice for more champagne. And she never seemed to tire.

"The Guard dies, but it never surrenders!" they had said about the Imperial Guard of the first Napoleon. Commenting on Cora's endurance, night after night, someone switched the epigram to say, "Cora Pearl surrenders, but she never dies!"

Paris laughed at that one for months.

A diarist of the period has described in great detail an orgy thrown by an Egyptian pasha in Paris' famous Bois de Boulogne. To guarantee the success of this bacchanal the pasha made Cora head of the entertainment committee—a wise move, indeed. As each female guest arrived she was greeted by a fanfare of six hunting horns. For hours a brilliant fireworks display turned night into day, while a full concert orchestra played Strauss and Offenbach favorites. During the revelry, which lasted until early the next afternoon, couples bent on mischief found rustic hideaways under trees, behind rocks, and even in rowboats on the lake. It was quite a party, they said.

The Paris of Cora Pearl was fun, but it had to end. When Bismarck crushed France in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 he also destroyed the gingerbread world of Cora and her friends. Plon-Plon and most of her other men were driven into exile. Worst of all, Cora's beauty was fading, and rapidly.

By 1880 she was forced to move into a cheap boarding-house where, with her money gone, she found herself practically destitute. To earn enough to enable her to maintain some sort of standard of living, she tried the time-honored courtesan's trick of publishing her memoirs and sending advance proofs to the men she mentioned, offering to omit their names in return for money — a lot of it.

The results of her blackmail were disappointing. So were her memoirs, which appeared in 1886.

In the winter of that same year Cora died of cancer and not one newspaper even took notice of an event which would have made headlines all over the world twenty years before.

Cora Pearl wasn't the last femme fatale, but she was certainly one of the most successful. And though she was coarse and ignorant, she understood something many of her more educated sisters did not—namely, that a man will do a great deal for a woman who pleases him.

Alluding to her English origin, one Frenchman put it succinctly: "England's loss," he said, "was France's gain."

The French are so very gallant about these things. . . . ■

"Watch out for the aptitude test."

CASTRO

Continued from page 19

and plumbing, and to his dying day continued to rely on an outdoor privy.

To crudity, Angel Castro added cruelty. At the head of a pistol-toting band of henchmen, including his four sons, he brutally exploited the illiterate Negroes who worked as cane cutters on his plantation and hadn't the slightest hesitation about gunning down any field hand who stepped out of line.

He became so hated and feared that eventually he never went out in the fields without wearing his gun belt. As an additional precaution against assassination, he always slept outside and in a different place every night.

Angel Castro's unpopularity extended far beyond the boundaries of his plantation. He was continually involved in litigation with other landowners, who charged him with a wide variety of unlawful acts, including fraud, illegal squatting, and outright theft.

But the most dramatic example of the low esteem in which Angel Castro was held came right after World War II when his eldest son, Pedro Emilio Castro, angrily denounced him over the Santiago de Cuba radio, accusing his father of being a swindler, of murdering his workers, and of having been a wartime Nazi sympathizer.

Angel Castro's family life was no less sordid than his career. He married a schoolteacher in his youth and by her had two children, Lidia and Pedro Emilio. Later, while still married to his wife, he openly entered into an affair with the plantation cook, Lina Ruz, who bore him five more children.

One died and the others, in chronological order, were Ramon, Fidel, Raul, and Emma. This of course means that Fidel, far from being a "scion"—even of *this* family—does not in fact have the legal right to call himself Castro.

Myth #2. Although Castro was seduced by Krushchev after his rise to power, he was, in University days, an idealistic, non-Communist intellectual and a popular student leader against the excesses of a corrupt government.

Fact: Castro entered the University of Havana in 1945, at the age of eighteen. *At that time he had been a Soviet agent for two years*!

The man who brought sixteen-year-old Fidel Castro into the Soviet apparatus was one G. W. Bashirov, a special agent on the staff of Soviet Ambassador Maxim Litvinov who had come to Cuba on April 9, 1943, two days after the Cuban and Soviet governments established diplomatic relations. His assignment: to recruit promising young Cubans to the cause of world Communism.

At the time, Castro was studying at the Colegio Belen, an exclusive Jesuit-run institution near Havana. Scorned by other students because of his illegitimate birth, resentment over these slights made him an easy mark for Communist blandishments and he became one of a nucleus of twenty young Cubans recruited by Bashirov. Another was the ballerina Alicia Alonso.

Professional Accident Investigators Earn BIG Money - Enjoy Exciting Careers!

KNOW THE FEELING OF SUCCESS

INVESTIGATE AUTO ACCIDENTS

You can easily enter this exciting field of Auto Accident Investigation and enjoy the rich rewards of a professional career with consistent high earnings. And, all of this can be accomplished in a matter of weeks . . . in your spare time . . . with our easy-to-learn home training method. You don't even have to change jobs now. No special education or previous experience needed.

TRAINED INVESTIGATORS URGENTLY NEEDED — BE YOUR OWN BOSS

Today, there is a serious shortage of trained Auto Accident Investigators throughout the United States and Canada. You are needed in this vital billion-dollar-a-year business that is growing bigger each year. Our training enables you to open your own business—even at home in your spare time—or become a highly-paid Company professional specialist with car furnished, expense account and other valuable benefits. You will be given free employment help through our Professional Placement Bureau.

YOU WILL KNOW AND MAKE FRIENDS WITH IMPORTANT PEOPLE

If you like people, you will have plenty of friends. You will meet and work with doctors, lawyers, judges and other influential people in your community. There's a new, high-standard of living ahead for you in this widely respected career.

You can establish yourself quickly and permanently in this extremely well-paid and fascinating profession. Get started now by mailing the coupon for full information and FREE sample lesson at no obligation. See for yourself how easy it is for you to achieve the professional status you've always wanted.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK AND SAMPLE LESSON

W. L. SWANK, President

UNITED SCHOOLS • DEPT. 671
1621 GLENDALE RD., ORLANDO, FLORIDA

Please send me a SAMPLE LESSON and FREE BOOK with information on how I can quickly become an Automobile Accident Investigator. There's no obligation on my part and no salesman will call.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

STATE_____

FOR TEN BLOODY DAYS THEY RAVISHED, ROBBED AND MURDERED

THE DEATH RIDERS

LOVE-FOR-SALE LADY THE REAL POLLY ADLER STORY

FOR MEN! YOUR SECRET LOVE FOE THE SHADOW SEX

GIRL FOR ALL REASONS "VICE AND VIRTUE" FONTANEZ

PLUS MANY, MANY MORE

at your newsstand now!

Since Bashirov was technically not an embassy official, he set up headquarters in a private house, 6 Calle Segundo in the fashionable Miramar district, and drilled his youthful charges in the principles of Marxism-Leninism.

All twenty, incidentally, were on the Soviet payroll, receiving regular monthly salaries.

In mid-1944 Bashirov made a quick trip to Russia and returned with special instructions relating to his kids in Havana. Several were told to work directly with the Communist Youth, others were ordered to infiltrate non-Communist organizations, and three were held "in reserve for future operations."

The three were Fidel Castro, Alicia Alonso, and a youth named Antonio Nuñez Jimenez.

So it was with a background as a plantation gunslinger and two-year Communist agent that Fidel Castro entered the University sometime early in 1945.

But what of the claims that he was an "intellectual," an "idealist," and a "popular student leader?"

Aside from a prodigious memory and skill at oratory and debate, Castro showed few, if any, intellectual gifts. His full-time role as a Communist-directed campus gunman left him little time for study and he received his doctor of laws degree only with the connivance of pro-Communist professors.

Far from being an "idealist," Castro, with most cynical opportunism, developed a number of clandestine ties with the corrupt Grau San Martin government he was so fond of denouncing. In fact, one of his undercover allies was Major Mario Salabarrios, chief of Grau's secret police. Salabarrios and Castro collaborated on a number of political assassinations, including the murder of Sergeant Oscar Fernandez Caral, a University campus policeman hostile to Castro.

Fidel Castro was "student leader" only of a small, beatnik-type pro-Communist clique. He was loathed by the majority of the student body, not only for his murderous reputation but for his disgusting personal habits as well. Although Castro was well-heeled—he had a $200 monthly allowance from his father in addition to his Communist Party salary—he went out of his way to make a cult of personal uncleanliness. He wore filthy clothes, seldom shaved, never bathed, ate with his fingers, and earned the nickname of *bola de churre,* "ball of dirty grease."

Myth #3. Except for a fondness for cigars, Castro is a puritanical, teetotaling ascetic on the order of Hitler or Gandhi.

Fact: In spite of his revolting personal habits, which have led many to believe that he frowns on luxury, Fidel Castro has always had a taste for high living. In addition to cigars, Castro is extremely partial to caviar and imported brandy, but has mastered the trick of keeping his head clear by gulping benzedrine tablets while drinking. In this manner he can drink for hours without ever appearing thick-tongued or incoherent and has thus acquired a false reputation for sobriety.

Nor is Castro a sexual puritan. In the heyday of his popularity following Batista's defeat, his door was always open to a legion of admiring strippers and call girls who were anxious to meet the Leader on more intimate terms.

But Fidel's activities are positively wholesome when viewed in comparison with those of his brother Raul. Raul Castro is and always has been a notorious homosexual. For a year after Big Brother's victory he appeared in public with his hair in a pony tail. Finally, partly as a result of pressure from Moscow, Raul cut his hair short and even went through a marriage ceremony. But nobody was fooled, least of all the refugee Cubans who knew Raul *when* and nightly broadcast tales of his pansy peccadiloes from off-coast transmitters beamed at Cuba.

Myth #4. Whatever his political tendencies, Castro has great courage and was a brilliant guerrilla leader in the tradition of the infamous Mao Tse-Tung.

Fact: The Cayo Confites episode, mentioned previously, was a good example of Castro's "courage" but by no means the only one. Here are three more:

(1) One of Castro's intended victims, while he was at the University, was a rival student leader named Leonel Gomez.

Castro ambushed his rival one night, but Gomez, although wounded, survived.

Gomez had the backing of a police official named Emilio Tro, who was an enemy of Salabarrios, the Secret

Police Chief in league with the now frightened Castro.

Tro, reputed to be the toughest cop in Havana, swore to kill Castro, and Castro characteristically panicked. He sent an emisary to Tro abjectly apologizing for the attack on Gomez and offering to sell out Salabarrios if Tro would spare his life. Tro accepted the cynical bargain and Castro switched allegiance from Salabarrios to Tro.

(2) During the 1948 Bogota riots, Castro claims to have fought with guerrillas in the hills. Actually, when he heard the police were after him he bribed the manager of his hotel to hide him in a closet until the coast was clear and then took refuge in the Cuban Embassy.

(3) During the July 26, 1953 attack on the Moncada Barracks, Castro ran out on his men as soon as return fire began to get heavy. Among those abandoned to die were two girls who had volunteered to serve as nurses.

Now how about Castro's skill as a military leader? According to testimony of a number of Sierra Maestra veterans who later defected from Communism, Castro had no knowledge of military affairs, never once led his men in combat, and was indeed little more than a second rank figurehead.

Such statements might be dismissed as anti-Communist sour grapes were it not for the fact that every one of these men paid the highest tribute to the courage and skill of Che Guevara, who is if anything an even more fanatical Communist than Castro.

Myth #5. In the "miracle of the Sierra Maestra," Castro in Robin Hood style, led a ragged, impoverished band of peasants to victory over a well-equipped dictator by winning over the populace and engaging in successful guerrilla warfare against fearful odds.

Fact: The hard core of the 26th of July movement was of course the Communist clique around Castro, but his initial supporters after he landed in Oriente were not "downtrodden peasants" or even political dissenters but common criminals.

As for the peasants, they were terrorized by both sides and generally took a plague-on-both-your-houses attitude. One significant but widely overlooked fact is that Castro, after *a year and a half* of fighting, still only had three hundred men with him. (This admission comes from an interesting source: the late Professor C. Wright Mills, one of Castro's most slavish admirers.)

The plain fact is that the secret weapon of this "impoverished band" was money and the 26th of July movement was probably the best-financed revolutionary organization in history. Castro was getting money from world Communism, Cuban big business anxious to back a winner, American business interests in Cuba with the same idea, and friendly Latin American governments. (At the time, of course, the latter three groups had no inkling of Castro's real sympathies.)

Money was a particularly effective weapon against a regime as corrupt as Batista's, and though the tiny rebel army rarely won a battle in the field, they bought "victory" after "victory". Here follow two examples of what a gangster-type war the "crusade of the Sierra Maestra" really was:

An armored train containing tanks, ammunition, and 500 men surrendered to the rebels—for a cash payment of $650,000!

Eulogio Cantillo, a Batista general playing both sides of the street, would regularly fly a Cuban Air Force helicopter to rebel headquarters loaded with "supplies." These were not arms —Castro had more weapons than he needed—but items earmarked for the Leader's personal use. The cargo was invariably made up of four commodities of which Castro, as noted, was inordinately fond: cigars, caviar, brandy, and benzedrine.

To sum up: The struggle between Castro and Batista was a struggle between two gangsters.

Thanks to the ingenuity of our enemies and the naïvete of a number of Americans in high places, Fidel Castro has been the beneficiary of the most colossal whitewash in the annals of publicity. Today his political mask has been ripped off. We hope it will not be too long before full exposure of his gangster career and seamy personal life will reveal Fidel Castro for what he really is, one of the most cynical, unparalleled monsters of our time.

Nobody has ever questioned Hitler or Stalin's evil genius; these were true Princes of Darkness. But Fidel Castro, whose incapacity matches his cruelty and whose swinishness matches his megalomania, can never rank higher in history than an obscene clown. ■

A Master Hypnotist
REVEALS HIS SECRETS
HOW TO
HYPNOTIZE

Melvin Powers, the world's leading professional hypnotist and author of 7 books, offers you by mail the same course he teaches at his famous Hollywood school of hypnosis.

Mr. Powers shows you, step-by-step, how you can easily learn to master this fascinating science. He does not merely write about the subject, but gives you the exact words that are used to induce hypnosis and self-hypnosis.

Here's what you'll learn:

The History of Hypnosis. Facts About Hypnotism. What Every Hypnotist Should Know. How to Hypnotize Your Subject. The Psychological Approach and Technique. You Can Hypnotize Anyone. How to Hypnotize Difficult Subjects. Advanced Methods of Hypnotism. 8 Original Techniques for Inducing "Deep Hypnosis". Self-Hypnosis: How to Hypnotize Yourself.

New Procedures for Acquiring Self-Hypnosis. Waking Hypnosis. Secrets of the Stage Hypnotist. How "Instantaneous Hypnosis" Is Accomplished. The Psychology of Hypnotic Suggestions. Psychotherapy. Hypnotic Techniques in Psychotherapy. The Utility of Suggestions. Hypnotism Does Help. Sleep and Learn.

MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

POWERS HYPNOTISM SCHOOL Dept. 1792
8721 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 69, California

Gentlemen: Send me the Melvin Powers HYPNOTISM COURSE. Price $2. I will use the course for 30 days entirely at your risk. If I am not perfectly satisfied, I will simply return the course for a full refund.

I am enclosing my check ☐ cash ☐
money order ☐ for $2.

Name .....
Address .....
City..... Zone..... State.....

FAULTY HABITS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

the driver tried to evade the question. He gave the investigators round-about answers. Finally, however, he broke down and told the truth.

"My wife and I've been having bedroom problems," he admitted. "She blames me and I think it's her fault. Anyway, lately she's been having nothing to do with me, if you know what I mean. This morning I got sick and tired of that and tried to force her. She locked herself in the bathroom and wouldn't come out. Finally I got so sore, I just threw on my clothes, jumped into the car, and started driving to cool off. Guess I didn't cool off in time." Shaking his bandaged head ruefully, he added, "You might say sex got me into all this trouble."

Without realizing it, this accident victim was voicing a psychological truth that should be known to every man who ever has been in love. *Problems and difficulties of a sexual nature do not stay locked in the bedroom.* When a man has sex troubles he'll find himself having troubles in other areas of his life, too. He may, as the driver did, wind up in an accident. He may find himself in a serious jam on the job. A man's sex problems show up in the way he dresses, the way he talks, the way he spends his money. Serious sexual difficulties may lead him to have a severe illness that — on the surface, at least — seems completely unrelated to sex.

As one practicing psychiatrist of twenty-five years' experience puts it, "You can't keep a sex problem hidden. It's going to appear somehow—most likely in disguise."

This doctor knows what he's talking about. As "personnel counselor" for a large eastern industrial organization, he has helped literally hundreds of the firm's employees whose workaday world was practically in shambles because of the rough time they were having in their love lives.

"It doesn't occur to most men that there's a connection between sex and the job," he points out. "Yet does a man have more important drives than those two? His pride, his ego, are intimately wrapped up in both. If a man's unhappy in his job it's going to affect his sex life, and vice versa."

More and more large business and industrial firms are becoming aware of this fact. In their own interests, as well as that of the workers, they now make free psychiatric services available to every employee. Such services pay off. The worker able to talk out his most intimate personal problems with a trained counsellor or psychiatrist winds up being happier and more productive on the job. He earns raises faster and is less apt to go looking for work elsewhere.

The case of Steve H. offers a clear example of the way a serious emotional problem can ruin a man on the job. At twenty-three, Steve was already a skilled carpenter. His employer, a department store manager, was highly satisfied with his work. The young man's career looked rosy; his superiors were planning a promotion for him—along with higher pay.

Then Steve got married. Friends, relatives and coworkers took it for granted that marriage would spur this ambitious lad on to greater efforts. But after a few months the exact opposite happened. Steve began to mope around at work. He looked tired, listless. He didn't seem to give a damn about his job—or anything else, for that matter. He started showing up late, something he'd never done before, and his absenteeism was beginning to be a real problem.

The shop foreman was ready to fire Steve. Luckily, the department store had a psychiatric councelor on the payroll and Steve was sent to him. After a few sessions, the doctor coaxed the truth out of the embarrassed employee.

Steve's difficulties revolved around his sex life with his wife. He'd married a very pretty, vivacious girl, one who had no inhibitions about sex and saw nothing wrong with sexual experimentation between husband and wife.

Steve, on the other hand, was the opposite type. He'd been raised by strict, puritannical parents who took a dim view of sex under any circumstances. His rigid upbringing naturally left him with a sense of guilt about sex.

Men with such background often become impotent. Steve fortunately didn't have this problem. However, he viewed the sex act in its narrowest, most conventional light. When his imaginative young wife suggested various "unorthodox", highly experimental love play, he went along with her, but at a heavy price. What was it? A sense of guilt so heavy the weight of it began to crush his spirt.

Steve failed to realize what was

happening to him. He merely had a vague feeling that the things he was doing with his wife "just weren't quite right," as he later explained. Mostly, though, his guilty feelings worked unconsciously, leading him to a severe mental depression which in turn made him tired and listless, no matter how much rest he got. This, then, was the source of his troubles at work.

Gradually, Steve began to lose some of his narrow attitudes about sex. He learned that most psychiatrists and marriage counselors advocate sexual experimentation and variation. Finally he was able to accept the viewpoint of Drs. Abraham and Hannah Stone, authors of the classic *Marriage Manual*, who state that "one should preferably develop one's ingenuity and skill, and make sex life a mutual adventure."

With his burden of guilt disappearing, Steve again assumed the role of a vigorous, ambitious employee, and at the same time his sex life gave him a degree of pleasure he'd never experienced before.

Viewing the appalling yearly rate of on-the-job accidents—roughly 14,000 men killed, nearly 2,000,000 injured—a growing number of experts are concluding that in this area too sexual and marital problems are responsible.

According to a study made by Dr. Earle S. Hannaford, a safety engineer with the American Telegraph & Telephone Co., ninety per cent of all industrial accidents are the result of "emotional or mental difficulties."

HOW do faulty sex habits lead a man to injure himself at work? The way it happened to a twenty-six-year old tool-and-die maker named Eddie S. provides a few clues. Eddie was a good and competent worker. But he continually managed to injure himself in one way or another. Though many of his accidents were minor, some were not. Once, for instance, he slipped on a grease spot, fell to the cement floor, and broke an arm. That time he was incapacitated for three weeks. All in all his medical record at the plant showed an incredible twelve accidents in the space of four years.

Because he was so obviously a menace to himself as well as to the other employees, the front office insisted Eddie see the plant's clinical psychologist at company expense.

The doctor learned that for practically as long as he was married—some five years—Eddie had been suffering from a form of impotence known as premature ejaculation. Physically excited by his wife, wanting to make love to her, Eddie nevertheless couldn't hold himself in check.

Naturally, this hardly made for a happy marriage. Eddie's wife grew nervous and irritable, she nagged him about the most trifling things, she let him know in no uncertain terms that he was lacking in essential masculinity. Eddie himself was equally miserable. Ashamed of his lack of control, feeling totally inadequate about his manhood, Eddie unconsciously wanted to punish himself for his failings.

It was this unconscious desire for punishment that led Eddie to have his many accidents. Outwardly he had no idea he was being anything but careful about the ordinary hazards of the factory. The deepest part of his mind, however, was taking advantage of those hazards to push him into deliberate accidents. What good did it do him to hurt himself? Pain provided a kind of temporary relief, allowing him to feel he "paid" for his inadequacies.

It took many months of psychotherapy before Eddie allowed himself to see the connection between his accidents and his sexual inadequacy, many months more before he was able to make love satisfactorily. His accident-proneness diminished, though he still had occasional mishaps for a couple of years after he was discharged by the psychologist.

Eddie's case is far from unique. Not long ago a mid-western steel mill made a thorough one-year study of all accidents taking place in its plant. The study found that one-third of the workers were responsible for ninety per cent of the accidents. This accident-prone group was given intensive psychiatric tests. The tests showed that every single one of those employees, without exception, was suffering from some kind of sexual disturbance!

States one medical researcher, "Every doctor has treated dozens of patients who complained of non-sexual maladies that turned out to have a sexual basis."

For instance, one middle-aged married man complained of severe pains in his chest. His doctor could find nothing organically wrong. Eventually it was determined that this man got his chest pains as a result of guilt feelings he had about having an affair with a young secretary in his office.

Another man suffered from persistent attacks of diarrhea. Medicines were of little help. Finally he was sent to a psychiatrist and at last the reason for the attacks was found. This patient was a shy, passive individual married to a strong, aggressive woman. She ran the show, dominated him in every way, including the sexual. She was the one who always initated their lovemaking session; she was the one who took the most active part during the act.

Not strong enough to take over, the patient nevertheless seethed inwardly about this reversal of roles. The constant tension brought about his attacks of diarrhea.

Dr. Helen Flanders Dunbar of Columbia University's Department of Medicine has discovered a number of "personality types"—groups of people who respond to the same sex problem with the same illness. For instance, she found that people who get no pleasure out of sex, who find the whole business disgusting — such people are unusually susceptible to a germ that leads to rheumatic heart disease. Men who have an underlying wish to have their wives be a mother to them often develop ulcers or colitis.

A man's sexual difficulties do not always show up in something as major as an illness. His simplest activity may reveal volumes about his sex life. Take clothes, for instance. Psychiatrists find that a man who thinks of sex as something dirty and suffers from some sort of impotence, will almost always wear clothes that de-emphasize his masculinity. He will go in for coats with extremely narrow shoulders, for subdued colors, for narrow string ties tied with a tiny knot—in other words, for clothes that make him seem sexless.

The opposite type—the man who would like to show off a masculinity he really feels he hasn't got—boosts his ego by overdoing things in the clothes department. He may be addicted to the brightest, gaudiest sport shirts. He may be in the habit of wearing cowboy boots. Loud ties with nude women painted on them often strike his fancy.

Explains a leading Eastern psychonanalyst, "The individual who wears such ties is like a little boy whistling in the dark to give himself courage. He's desperately telling the world, 'See? I'm not afraid of nude women!"

A man's sex life may even affect the way he spends money, says this expert. He cites the case of a successful merchant, a middle-aged New Englander, who suddenly became extremely tight-fisted with his cash. Able to afford many of the luxuries of life, he kept whittling down on the amount of money he spent on himself and on his family. Inexplicably, he was turning into a miser.

Why? The businessman was going through a type of male menopause, a change of life somewhat similar to the one that hits women of a certain age. He was beginning to feel old. His sex drive had waned considerably. He confessed that months sometimes went by before he had the urge to make love to his wife. He pretended that this didn't bother him, but the fact that he was turning into a miser proved otherwise.

As the psychoanalyst sees it, "Money and sex both meant the same thing to him: power. Thus, without realizing it, he clung to money as a substitute for sexual vigor."

When this patient learned that many men in their sixties, and some even in their seventies, lead rich and active sex lives, he brightened considerably. Finally he came to understand that his sex drive waned simply because of his worry and fear about

AMAZING INVENTION QUICKLY HELPS GIVE YOU

a Strong, Manly Voice

that commands attention, wins respect and persuades others!

NOT A BOOK, BUT A REMARKABLE, PATENTED DEVICE AND SHORT CUT METHOD GUARANTEED TO GIVE YOU A RESONANT, WINNING VOICE AND CLEAR ARTICULATE SPEECH.

I don't care how well or how poorly you think you now speak. I unconditionally guarantee that by using my "Voice Resonator" and unique methods you'll quickly find and develop your "hidden voice". I guarantee this voice to be richer, more powerful and resonant . . . mellower, more interesting and persuasive than the voice you are now using. What's more, this new voice will be breath controlled, capable of longer sustained speech, won't tire easily, and will be clearer and easier to understand.

ACTUALLY HEAR THIS NEW VOICE IN 3 MINUTES!

Yes — in just 3 quick minutes, you'll feel and hear this "hidden voice" break thru. You'll be delighted to find how easily you can use this new voice to gain commanding speech.

ENRICH YOUR BUSINESS AND SOCIAL LIFE!

This invention and methods may change your life. Business associates, customers and employers listen with respect to authoritative, deep-toned speech. Women sit up and take notice of an interesting, manly voice. Your confidence and ability will soar as you apply this new voice. Women too, can use this kit to strengthen and change their voice pitch to a more pleasant sounding level . . . and to improve speech and pronunciation habits.

CLEARER ARTICULATION IS YOURS . . . AUTOMATICALLY!

As soon as you use your new, breath controlled voice you'll find you automatically improve rhythm and diction. Such common speech defects as slurring, mumbling, rapid speech, dull monotone speech and fade-away speech disappear.

ACHIEVE NEW CONFIDENCE AND HAPPINESS!

Your voice can release your personality, or lock it in. I have seen apparently dull people find their "hidden voice" and become transformed into vibrant, interesting people. I have watched nervous people become more relaxed . . . and, as happened to me, saw timid people use their new voice to break the chains of self-consciousness and fear of others and achieve new confidence, freedom and happiness.

TRY IT 14 DAYS WITHOUT RISK – FULL GUARANTEE!

You owe it to yourself and loved ones to examine and use this now. I make you this honest, no risk guarantee — without trick wording or conditions. Use it for 14 days. If you, your friends, family and business associates aren't impressed with your clearer, richer more powerful speech . . . with your more resonant voice that holds attention and commands respect . . . then simply return the "kit" for a complete refund. Speech courses using ordinary methods cost from $50.00 to $250.00. This unique kit, complete with the "Voice Resonator," short cut methods, and the "Articulation Developer" — all for only $4.95 ppd. Order now and I'll include the fascinating "Breath Control Tester Cage" absolutely FREE. This valuable accessory lets you actually see your progress — it helps you gain tireless, sustained speech. Don't delay . . . "Silence is golden . . . but a rich, resonant voice is a treasure beyond compare" . . . and can be yours without risking one penny.

MAIL NO RISK COUPON TODAY!

©1963

CASTLE COURSES, Dept. V-13
1133 Broadway, New York 10, N. Y.

I enclose $4.95, send the Voice Kit for a 14 day Free trial. If not delighted, I will return it for a prompt and full refund. (Sorry no C.O.D.)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

growing old, rather than the other way around. In short order his vigor returned and money no longer became an obsession with him.

ANY kind of an obsession is a sure sign of sexual trouble. Not long ago, for instance, studio executives made a very famous Hollywood director get psychiatric help because of his peculiar habit. He had an obsession about cleanliness. He was forever gargling his throat, shampooing his hair, scrubbing himself under a scalding shower, cleaning his fingernails. On several occasions he actually stopped filming right in the middle of an important scene because of his urgent need to rush home and bathe.

What was in back of all this? Married, the father of three children, he nevertheless kept a string of call girls on his private payroll. Hardly a week passed without his visiting at least one of them. On the surface, he was unbothered by his relationship with the prostitutes. He claimed to have no feelings of remorse about his habitual infidelity. But his bizarre need to keep clean told a different story. The director's obsession about personal cleanliness was actually an expression of his inner guilt.

It all goes to show that any man who has a sex problem is only kidding himself if he thinks he can hide it or keep it from affecting other areas of his life. States Dr. Frank S. Caprio, "Sex, despite any views to the contrary, constitutes the cornerstone of your life." If a cornerstone is chipped or cracked, it makes a difference in the appearance of the entire building. If a man has difficulties of a sexual nature he's going to advertise them.

Too often, such a man continues to carry the burden of his problem for years, even for the duration of his life, under the impression that he's "stuck with things as they are."

Where can he go to find help? A good start is to have a frank talk with his physician. Men who work in the larger plants and offices may be able to visit the company psychiatrist. And practically every area of the U. S. has a local mental health clinic.

There's nothing inevitable about the kind of faulty sex habits that drive a man to accidents, illnesses, obsessions, and on-the-job woes. In nine cases out of ten, competent outside assistance will lead him to a sexual, social and work life more rewarding than any he ever imagined. ■

On the threshold of a NEW POWER!

NOW IT'S EASY TO MASTER

HYPNOTISM

Are we about to solve one of life's greatest riddles through hypnosis? Professional hypnotists have been demonstrating regression (recall of earlier existence) long before **The Search for Bridey Murphy** became a best seller.

NEW POWER-NEW CONTROL
Foremost in this field has been the acknowledged world's greatest hypnotist Joan Brandon. A third generation hypnotist and author of Successful Hypnotism she sincerely believes that we are on the threshold of startling new discoveries which will completely alter our lives.

HYPNOTIZE THE SAME DAY
Successful Hypnotism shows how anyone can hypnotize the same day. It is a complete primer with 48 step by step photographs showing the method tried and proven thousands of times.

COMPLETE WITH ACTUAL CASE HISTORIES
Covers stage, medical, psychiatric and self help hypnotism including case histories. Shows how to hypnotize even the most difficult subjects. Answers hundreds of questions such as: Can a person be hypnotised against his will? Can he be made to commit a crime? Is sexual seduction possible under hypnotism? And hundreds of other questions.

Medical
Self-Help
Psychiatric
Stage
Hypnotism

NEW! • JUST OUT! • LATEST FACTS!

ILLUSTRATED WITH 48 HOW-TO PHOTOS

SAVE 40% ONLY 2.49
published price $4.00
TRY 10 DAYS—MAIL TODAY

BOND BOOK CO., Dept. SH-817
43 West 61st St., New York 23
Rush Successful Hypnotism for 10 DAYS TRIAL.
I'll get a prompt refund of the purchase price if not satisfied.
☐ Send COD I'll pay postman plus charges.
☐ I enclose $2.49 (not $4.00) Send it prepaid.
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ Zone_____ State_____

JOY GIRLS

(*Continued from page* 28)

preciates your efforts in making the occupation so enjoyable for himself and his officers. He spoke especially of last Saturday night."

"I told Siti to be on her best behavior," Banda said drily.

"Keep it up. When the Japs have won the war they'll be sure to show their gratitude in ways more tangible than unlimited ration coupons and traveling privileges."

"To you also?" Banda asked him.

"Your cooperation has done me no harm," Van Webber replied candidly. He got to his feet. "Good night, my dear. Thank you for inviting me. It was a delightful evening."

Banda watched him leave the room with contempt. She hated the treacherous Dutchman. In March of last year, two weeks after the Japs had landed in Java, he had come to see her. He wore a Japanese uniform; Van Webber had been quick to join what he thought would be the winning side.

His ultimatum was curt and direct. He was, he told her, one of the few men still alive in Java who knew the identity of her mother. Unless she was willing to collaborate with the Japanese, he would expose that identity. If she played along, he would destroy the only existing evidence, at present in the files at the Government House.

It was no contest. She agreed to hold parties at which Japanese and prominent Indonesians could mingle socially — parties which would feature feminine entertainment of the more uninhibited kind. She agreed to pump neutrals for information Jap Intelligence might find valuable. She agreed to make her home the headquarters for collaborationist elements in Batavia, Java's leading city.

She would have died rather than have the true facts of her parentage revealed to the people among whom she held a position of dignity and respect.

BORN in Java in 1905, Banda was the daughter of Margaride Gertrude Zell and a tosspot officer named

McLeod who served in Holland's colonial forces. When Margaride Zell abandoned her husband to return to Holland, Banda was left behind with relatives in Batavia. McLeod drank himself to death a short time thereafter.

The girl was a petite, beautiful seventeen when she received her mother's last letter from the French prison of Vincennes, written an hour before her execution. That night the hysterical girl fled the house of her aunt and went to live with Niles Hoefer, a wealthy, middle-aged Dutch official who had befriended her.

Hoefer became her father, lover, mentor. Though she loved him, the Dutchman refused to marry her because of the difference in their ages. Instead he sent her to school at a convent on the island. In 1935, when Banda McLeod was a strikingly beautiful woman of thirty, Hoefer died, leaving her his entire fortune.

Though Eurasian, Banda's behavior and sympathies were thoroughly Dutch, and she was accepted by the race-conscious colonial society without question. Several Dutchmen had proposed marriage, but none met her exacting requirements. Banda did not realize it herself, but these high requirements had been a way of avoiding marriage, and the complete frankness between husband and wife that it entailed. There was one secret in her life she could bear to confess to no man.

When war broke out in 1939, Banda chic and charming, was famous for the lavish parties she gave at No. 58 Spaekoe Street. Even the governor's wife envied her social talents, and never turned down an invitation.

Pearl Harbor exploded across the world. The Allies crumbled as Japanese troops invaded Malaya and began their rape of the Pacific.

Leaving Spaekoe Street after his conversation with Banda, Van Webber congratulated himself on the almost ridiculous ease with which he had gained his objective. It didn't remotely cross his mind that Banda, in an effort to salvage her self-respect, might contact underground leaders and offer them her services.

To have a double-agent so strategically placed, the underground told her, was of tremendous value to them. She could plant information they wanted the enemy to have. She could pass on intelligence of Jap troop concentrations, reinforcements, ship movements. She could be useful in a dozen other ways.

At headquarters in Batavia Banda met Ahmed Varta, one of the young resistance leaders. Varta was detailed as her liaison with the underground. Though he was several years younger than the new recruit, the two began a passionate affair.

On the night of July 12, 1942, Bung Sutonto was gunned down outside the Netherlands Hotel. The young girl with him was untouched.

The Kempetai immediately launched an investigation into the murder, and questioned everyone who had seen Sutonto that evening. Banda McLeod was among those interrogated; she was treated courteously and quickly released. On the orders of Colonel Hashimi, the Japs apologized profusely for any inconvenience they had caused her.

After the Japanese had learned how to run Dutch plantations and other business they abruptly revealed their true colors. The Dutch were thrown into internment camps by the thousands, and the natives also felt the weight of the Jap heel. Indonesians were jailed on the slightest of pretexts and without fair trial, and several of them executed. Though the Japanese had threatened severe reprisals unless the underground ceased its operations, in the next months the Resistance made itself even more strongly felt with train derailments, other acts of sabotage, and attacks upon local Japanese strongpoints throughout the islands.

As many as three million Indonesians died during the occupation. Some died at forced labor, building roads and railroads for the conqueror in Southeast Asia. Others died of famine and disease when the enemy commandeered food crops. Still others lost their lives in a series of armed rebellions.

More would have died had it not been for Banda McLeod and her joy girls. Information they cunningly extracted from Japanese lovers on the size and strength of enemy garrisons proved invaluable to the guerrilla forces. Intelligence Banda supplied to the Allies, through Varta, helped to make possible American naval victories at Midway and Saipan.

The war in the Pacific turned against the Japanese. When surrender

NOW! STOP HAIR LOSS GROW MORE HAIR IF YOU DON'T SUFFER FROM MALE PATTERN BALDNESS

Note: Doctors and hospitals can obtain professional samples of Ward's Formula on written request.

Male pattern baldness is the cause of the great majority of cases of baldness and excessive hair loss, for which neither the Ward treatment nor any other treatment is effective.

Itchy scalp, hair loss, dandruff, very dry or oily scalp are warning symptoms of a scalp disease called seborrhea. To neglect these symptoms, is to invite baldness.

Seborrhea is believed caused by three parasitic germ organisms — staphylococcus albus, pityrosporum ovale, microbacillus. First, these germs infect the sebacious glands, later they attack the hair follicles. The damage is permanent. The follicles atrophy, lose their power to make new hairs. The result: "thinning" hair and early baldness.

But seborrhea can be controlled, quickly and effectively. Today there is no reason for thousands of men and women to lose their hair needlessly and prematurely to seborrhea. A few home treatments with Ward's Formula, a scalp medicine, stops this cause of hair loss. Nature is given a chance to grow more hair for you.

In seconds, Ward's Formula kills the three germs. This is proved in scientific tests by an independent testing laboratory (copy of report will be sent on request). Ward's removes infectious dandruff, stops scalp itch, brings hair-nourishing blood to the scalp, corrects very dry or oily hair. Ward's controls seborrhea and stops the hair loss it causes.

Ward's has been tried by more than 550,000 men and women on our famous Double-Your-Money-Back-Guarantee. Only 1.9% of these men and women asked for their double refund. This is an amazing performance record.

If you suffer from these seborrheic symptoms, order Ward's Formula. *Try it at our risk.* In 10 days you must see and feel the improvement in your hair and scalp. Dandruff must be gone. Scalp itch must stop. Hair must look vital and alive. Best of all, hair loss from seborrhea must end.

In 10 days, you must be completely satisfied with the results in your own case, or return the unused portion for prompt double refund. Every day's delay costs you more hair. Order Ward's today and start treatment the day you receive it. Why not enjoy a good head of hair — at no risk?

H. H. WARD & CO., INC. © 1962
19 WEST 44 STREET, NEW YORK 36, N. Y.

H. H. Ward & Co., Inc., 19 West 44 Street, New York 36, N.Y. Dept.3407B

Rush Ward's Formula to me at once. I must be completely satisfied in only 10 days or you GUARANTEE refund of DOUBLE MY MONEY BACK on return of unused portion.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

☐ Enclosed find $2 (cash, check, money order). Send postpaid. SPECIAL! Triple size for $5 (you save $1).
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman plus postal charges. ☐ Enclosed find $5. ☐ Send C.O.D.
Canada, foreign, APO, FPO, add 50¢ — No C.O.D.

DOUBLE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

came, the Dutch Government told Japanese authorities in Indonesia to remain in command until Allied forces arrived to take over.

Indonesians knew this was the time to act. In August 1945 they proclaimed the Republic of Indonesia. Dutch troops landed, and, helped by the British, reoccupied the country, plannig to crush the nationalists in good time with a single blow.

Varta asked Banda to resume her parties, this time with the object of finding out Dutch plans for the coming offensive against the Republic.

To the girl, who loved him deeply, the whole idea was repugnant.

"I had hoped to do something more respectable," Banda told him, "like bandage-rolling at the hospital."

"Anyone can roll bandages. You have more special talents to contribute."

"Yes, it takes a special talent to run a joy house," Banda said bitterly, but she agreed to do as Varta asked.

A new group of Dutch officers and officials had arrived in Java, and Van Webber helped Banda compile a list of the most important. Banda scheduled a series of weekend parties and began sending out invitations. The Dutchmen went wild over her accomplished girls. Once again No. 58 Spaekoe Street was notorious in Batavia, and Dutch women cut Banda dead in the street.

Van Webber introduced her to Kim Mato, a Korean employed in the Governor's office, and suggested she invite him to her next affair.

Banda raised an eyebrow. "You know how race-conscious the Dutch are. Mato might have a fairly important job, but to ask the Dutch to associate with him socially —"

"Mato is being promoted to a position as advisor to the Dutch general staff," Van Webber interrupted. "He'll be working on plans for the military campaign against the Republic."

She sighed.

"I guess I can crowd him in," she told the Dutchman.

Mato proved to be a sadist who, when he was drunk on *arak,* enjoyed beating the girls. They complained bitterly, but Banda persuaded them to go along with the Korean's whims for *Merdeka's* sake.

One evening Sri Daend, Banda's prettiest joy girl, got away from Mato long enough to tell her that the Korean had boasted of having the blueprints for the Dutch offensive in his possession. Banda called Varta immediately.

"This is our big chance," he told her. "Can you keep him occupied while we search his cottage?"

Banda said she could.

"Fine. I'm leaving immediately for the foreign compound."

Entertaining the Korean that night proved more difficult than Banda had expected. Mato beat Sri so severely that she fled her room. The hostess found the Korean getting into his clothes.

"Your girls are insolent," he said arrogantly. "They are getting Western ideas of independence. You should whip these out of their heads."

At all costs she must prevent him from leaving for the compound. Caressing her legs seductively, Banda smiled at the ugly Dutch hireling. "Perhaps you're right," she flattered him. "Is there anything I myself can do to make up to for Sri's conduct?"

Mato blinked at her. He found it incredible that the aristocratic Banda McLeod should be offering herself to him.

"You know my tastes," he said.

"Maybe I would like to be introduced to them."

Banda locked the door. Then, trying to keep her loathing from her eyes, she let her sarong unwind slowly to the carpet. . .

THE Dutch struck in July 1947. Everywhere they encoutered determined resistance, and their losses were heavy. The General Staff couldn't help but conclude that native spies had gotten hold of their offensive plans. But Dutch tanks eventually overwhelmed Indonesian rifles, and the aggressor fought his way into the richest parts of Java and Sumatra.

Under pressure of the UN the Netherlands Government agreed to accept a cease fire. The negotiations dragged on for months.

One October afternoon in 1948 Varta dropped by Spaekoe Street with some news that shattered Banda's world. He had met a young girl in his work with the underground. They had fallen in love, and intended to marry in few weeks time. He was sorry.

AMAZING DISCOVERY USES LIGHT TO CHANGE YOUR GREY HAIR BACK TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOR!

Look & feel younger as you Banish Grey with POLARAY®

You'll be delighted as you watch unsightly grey fade away and your natural, youthful looking hair color return. You'll look younger, more handsome and more vibrant.

It may seem strange, but when you look into the mirror and see your more youthful and appealing reflection you'll actually feel younger. When you notice the admiration and respect of men and women, friends and family, business associates and employers, then you'll actually begin to feel more vital and alive.

NOT A DYE OR STAIN, BUT A COLORING PRISM!

Polaray is not a messy stain or dye . . . and it won't wash out, stain pillow or clothes. It is a remarkable product that forms a fine, invisible surface on your hair . . . this acts like an optical lens and changes natural light rays into a darkening agent. This action of natural light transforms grey, faded, or streaked hair back to its original vibrant color, without dyes or stains.

The change takes place gradually, so that the transformation is hardly noticeable. You can reduce the normal 2 to 3 week period to 1 week by increasing exposure of hair to sunlight.

GREY FADES AWAY GRADUALLY . . .

without sudden, embarrassing changes. Not a stain or dye — (does not come in different colors like cheap dyes that streak hair) . . . the same jar restores any shade of hair . . . black, brown or blonde, back to its original vibrant color.

ALSO USE POLARAY® TO GROOM HAIR!

Polaray comes to you in a handsome, unbreakable plastic jar. It is pleasantly scented and you apply it as you would any good hair pomade. In addition to restoring hair to its original color, it adds lustre and dash, relieves dryness and makes your hair softer and more manageable.

TRY IT WITHOUT RISK — FULLY GUARANTEED!

Use Polaray for 4 full weeks. If, after that time, you aren't delighted with the new color and easy grooming Polaray has given you, with your vibrant, lively looking hair, simply return what's left for a prompt and full refund. Generous 3 month supply of Polaray in an unbreakable plastic jar.

BEFORE . . . AND ONLY 2 WEEKS LATER! YOU TOO-CAN SEE THE NATURAL TRANSFORMATION OF GREY BACK TO YOUR NATURAL HAIR COLOR. AND MORE YOUTHFUL, VIBRANT APPEARANCE, BY USING POLARAY FOR 2 TO 3 WEEKS.

Only $2.98 ppd. (2 jars for $5.00 ppd. (Save $1.00))

ORDER NOW — AND BANISH GREY WITH POLARAY

©1963 POSTWAY PRODUCTS
Dept.P-14 1133 Broadway, New York 10, N. Y.

Send ☐ POLARAY, 3 month supply @ $2.98 ppd.
☐ 2 Jars, 6 month supply @ $5.00 ppd.

I must be completely satisfied after 4 weeks or I can return the unused portion for a complete refund.

I enclose $_____. (Sorry, no C.O.D.)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Banda took hold of herself with a terrific effort of will. She had sensed this was coming; Ahmed had been much less attentive of late. But there was no sense in reproaching him.

"I'm grateful for your understanding," Varta said. He cleared his throat, changing the subject. "Banda, I've been delegated by the Committee to ask you to go on a special mission to the United States."

"I'm flattered," she told him. "But why me?"

"Becuse we think you'd be successful in raising money for arms. You would settle in Los Angeles, California. There you would lecture, give interviews and radio talks." He paused. "And parties."

"Still the parties, Ahmed? And will the Committee provide the girls?" she asked ironically.

"That will be unnecessary. We will give you the funds to hire what in America is called 'local talent'."

She asked how soon the Committee wanted her to leave.

"Sometime in the next month or two, at your convenience."

"I would prefer to leave before your wedding, Ahmed. Now, if you will excuse me, I have much to do."

Varta left, heaving a sigh of relief once the door had closed behind him. She had taken it pretty well.

Banda accomplished her U. S. mission brilliantly. In a period of two years she accumulated almost two million dollars in contributions. Wealthy American businessmen, charmed by her party girls, gave generously to the cause of Indonesian independence. Other Americans, stirred by her lectures and talks, contributed thousands of dollars. The money paid for fighter planes bought in the U. S. and flown to Indonesia by American pilots, some of whom stayed to fight with the Republican Air Force.

Banda returned to Batavia and reopened No. 58. She lived there quietly, and the windows were always dark on Saturday nights.

But her career was by no means over. Early in 1950, an emissary from the United States Embassy approached her for an important mission in China.

Banda's intelligence work there, though valuable, was discouraging to the Americans: she told them there was no hope Chiang Kai-Shek could win. Sent to Korea a few months later, she reported an imminent North Korean attack.

The Reds occupied Seoul before she could make her escape. She was sent to a Red commissar for questioning. Major Kim Mato looked up from his papers, smiled in self-congratulation, and called for his guards.

Banda McLeod was shot on July 15, 1950 at 5:47 in the morning.

Forty-three years earlier her mother, the notorious spy-courtesan Mata Hari, had died before a French firing squad at Vincennes, outside of Paris, on a cold and rainy day in October, 1917. The French bullet ended her life at exactly 5:47. ■

GUERRILLAS

(*Continued from page* 39)

and dropped heavily into a chair.

"Stan' up!" the man barked.

"Who you?"

The pistol was aimed at his belly.

Astle lounged to his feet.

"I'm manager of this plantation. What the hell you mean by shooting my men?"

"Shut mouth! I Colonel Tre, Army of Democratic Republic of Viet Nam!"

Astle eyed him carefully. What was a Viet Cong regular doing with a mob of guerillas? He glanced over the verandah rail. Four more regulars were marching the black clad Cong under the rubber trees, where they couldn't be seen from the air.

There were over a hundred. That could only mean something big—and bad. He would have to play it cool until he found out what they were after. If he lasted that long.

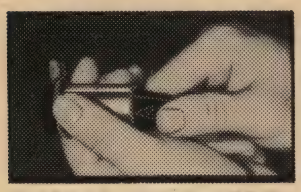
He had seen what they did to prisoners in Korea. He had served with the 27th Regiment Combat Team under Colonel "Mike" Michaelis.

After Pusan he took his discharge in Tokyo, to have a look at the Orient before going home. He shipped out to Hong Kong and worked his way down the coast, taking a job when he had to, until he reached Hanoi, broke. So he enlisted in one of the four Foreign Legion regiments stationed in what was then French Indo China.

They posted him to the 13th Diversionary Battalion under Colonel Lalande. It was a commando oufit, its job to find and destroy Viet Min strongholds from the delta country south of Saigon to Dien Bien Phu, where the slaughter finished.

Wherever they went the Legion left hatred. Astle's outfit were mostly ex-Nazis and they sickened him. Villages, friendly or not, were looted, their women kidnapped and raped. Sergeant Westphal questioned suspects by locking them in a hut with a pair of savage Dobermans, roaring with laughter at their screams. He had to watch an adjutant, Schneider, rip the clothing off a young girl and do horrible things to her with a lighted cigarette until her shrieks turned into crazy raving. If he had tried to stop it he would have been shot.

NOW SHOOT BB's
WITH TREMENDOUS NEW POWER AND ACCURACY



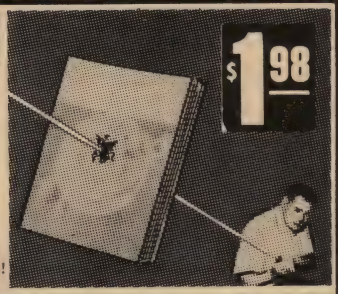
ONLY 2" LONG.

Truly pocket-size, this remarkable new device is only 2" long x 1" diameter. Don't be misled by its compact size. Though small, this invention has amazing power and accuracy. It is scientifically designed to give you the utmost in power, operating ease and safety. Use it for targets, hunting and pests.

FREE Order the sensational "B-B SHOT" now and get these valuable bonuses free: An extra Velocity Cone, a Target, a supply of BB's and the handy Automatic BB Dispenser . . . all for only $1.98 ppd., 3 for $5.00 ppd. Money back if not delighted. Not sold to N.Y.C. residents or minors.

HAVE FUN
TRY THIS
EXPERIMENT

Load your "B-B Shot"—stand back 10 to 20 ft. and shoot at this or a similar magazine. This pocket size powerhouse drives B-B's thru the pages!



10 DAY UNCONDITIONAL MONEY BACK Guarantee!

GRAYSON PROD., Dept. E-50, 210 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 10

☐ I enclose $1.98; send the "B-B Shot" and extras for 10 day trial. You pay the postage.
☐ Send 3 for $5.00 ppd.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

"Bruiser" Lalande amused himself by hammering suspects until their bowels gave way.

After the bloody horror of Dien Bien Phu and the withdrawal in August, 1954 the Legion was shipped out as quickly as possible.

Astle, being a local enlistment, was given his papers in Hanoi. But when the country was divided and the Reds took Hanoi as their capital he moved into South Viet Nam and went to work on a rubber plantation.

Someone remembered he had been a Legionnaire and he had to run for his life. He tried again. His plantation was raided by Cong, the trees ringed and destroyed and he was out of work again. He tried transport work, even fishing. But by the time he reached Saigon in September, 1961 he was almost broke again.

The Paris of the Orient had changed since he had spent furloughs there. Giant hotels had sprung up. Factories were turning out plastics, toothpaste, even scooters. The streets had different names. The Rue Catinat was now the Rue Tu Do and a ten story hotel, the Caravelle, stood on the corner of the once quiet street where he used to live.

The tree-lined avenues were jammed with jeeps, landrovers, Cadillacs, Renaults, Chevvies, scooters, motor bikes and pedicabs, all boiling around the traffic towers and no one giving a damn. There were U.S. uniforms on every sidewalk being jostled by French businessmen, wealthy Chinese and bright-shirted locals. He made out the insignia of Special Services, Military Assistance Advisory Group, U.S. Operations Mission, U.N. observers, and every godown was stacked with cases, bearing the red, white and blue shield and clasped hands of the U.S.O.M., containing U.S. supplies for the Viet Nam. Big helicopters with U.S. Army and Marines markings clattered overhead and outside the city work parties were building real, States-side roads.

In the hotel lounges, sidewalk cafes and around the pool of the *Cercle Sportif* were sleek girls of every nation and their well-fed and pot-bellied protectors.

Once or twice he heard grenades in the crowded streets. He saw Viet Cong agents being dragged to jail amid shrieking mobs. The Cong, he was told, were active in the delta country to the south west.

During his Legion days there had been an enormous complex called the Rubber Empire up near the Laos border. Much of it had been destroyed. But a few plantations were still working, he learned.

"See Madame Salange," his Chinese boarding house keep advised. "She owns everything; rubber, coffee, rice land and nearly every brothel in Saigon."

It took two days to find the discreet little massage house near the Cholon line. An elderly Annamite took him past a steam room, where two girls, naked as worms, leered at him and scratched on a door. He entered a room furnished with chrome chairs, plastic tables and a big steel desk behind which sat the weirdest female he had ever seen. Her hair, combed over her ears, was dark green. Her fleshy face, caked with powder, bore a distinct moustache. Enormous breasts strained a bright blue blouse and her beady eyes squinted through the smoke of a fat cigar.

"Alors," she said. "Sit down. You want a job. No?"

"Who told you?" Astle said. "My landlady?"

"She works for me," Madame shrugged. "You are American. You have a Legion discharge. You have worked with rubber. I have a plantation near Cao Dai, 120 kilometers north of here. I need a manager. 10,000 piastres a month with food and quarters."

"How d'you know you can trust me?"

"You served in that sector." She winked. "You know what they would do if I tell them you were Legionnaire."

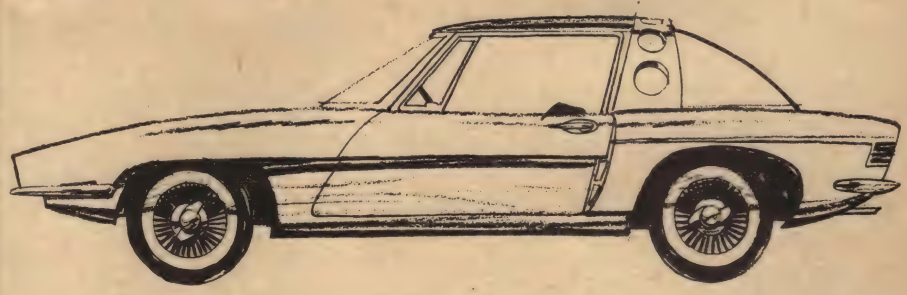
"Yeah," he said. "I know. Okay, it's a deal."

"Bon. There is a convoy to Tai Ninh this afternoon. Meet me at the mlitary park at two."

ASTLE went to his lodgings, picked up his gear and at two found Madame, a bush hat on one side of her unlucky dye job, blue shirt, skintight pants and a pistol in her belt, waiting in a four-passenger Mercedes. There were jeeps, trucks, private cars and weapons carriers with Viet Nam soldiers. Madame glared at several U.S. officers and G.Is.

DRAW THIS CAR

WIN A $535.00 COMMERCIAL ART SCHOLARSHIP—Find out if you have valuable, hidden talent for a career in commercial art! Draw the car. Make your drawing larger or smaller than this one. Use pencil. Everyone who enters gets a free professional estimate of his talent. The art scholarship winner receives a complete course in advertising art, illustrating, cartooning and painting taught by America's leading home study art school, Art Instruction Schools. You'll receive individual professional instruction at home. High salaries and rewarding careers are waiting. Uncover your hidden talent now! Entries for this contest due by August 31, 1963. Amateurs only. Our students not eligible. Winner notified. Clip this coupon and start your drawing today.



ART INSTRUCTION SCHOOLS

Studio 6493 • 500 South 4th Street, Minneapolis 15, Minn.

Please enter my drawing in your scholarship contest. (PLEASE PRINT)

Name_____

Occupation_____ Age_____

Address_____ Apt._____

City_____ Zone_____

County_____ State_____

Accredited by the Accrediting Commission of the National Home Study Council

"Nothing but trouble," she spat. "Keep them off the plantation. We have no need of them."

"No Cong in the area?"

"No. You'll be safe as in God's pocket—unless they find out you're of the Legion."

The convoy rolled out, past rice paddies, marshes and patches of juigle, the flatlands guarded every few miles by lofty watch towers. Once or twice they ran through wrecked villages. Three hours out they crossed a stone bridge over a canal connecting wide swamps. All that was left of Cao Chi were crumbling mud walls and a timber blockhouse with a watchtower, behind mud embankments studded with bamboo spikes, that guarded the bridge. Farther on were abandoned rubber plantations, the ringed trees dead.

At Cao Dai they left the convoy and turned east, followed by one truck. There was a gate, opened by a guard, and endless rows of rubber trees, well weeded and flourishing. Soon they entered a large compound with a palm-thatched watch tower, work sheds, warehouses, commisary, hospital and a large house, its upper floor surrounded by a verandah. Beyond, at the foot of a wooded hill were rows of huts. The car pulled up at the house.

"Downstairs is the office," Madame said, getting out. "Your quarters are above."

Two Annamite clerks stood in the doorway. A husky, bow-legged man in skull cap and faded sarong came forward, saluting.

Those two are Huang, chief clerk, and Han Lee, his assistant. You can leave them alone; they know the work. This one is Tung Te, chief tapper. He knows the coagulating formula, the stripping, cutting and baling. All you have to do is to see the tapping sequences are kept and the labor working full time."

She led the way upstairs to the wide, polished verandah where a fat Chinese woman and a stocky youth in a white tunic bowed.

"Meco, the houseboy and Mary Chang, your cook."

Astle looked out over several hundred acres of rubber.

"How come the Cong haven't ringed your trees?" he asked.

"You are here to make rubber, not politics," she said. "Here we are neutral. We make no trouble. So our trees are not harmed. "If the Cong come here we do not know it. Maybe some of the workers are agents. They are everywhere, you must know that."

"What about the guards."

"Government orders. They are for show, my own men, to give the rest security."

"What are they unloading?" He pointed to workers carrying cases from the truck to a warehouse.

"Supplies," she said. "Food, acid, tools, goods for the commisary. Don't bother about it; Huang has the list. Now, there is little for you to do. Just watch everything. I shall telephone you to advise of south bound convoys and you will send down rubber by them. If there is emergency you may call me. Huang has the number."

She went downstairs and drove off.

There was little to do. Each morning Astle checked off the labor gangs

The hospital was a white-washed mud hut with mat beds and an orderly who needed a bath. The commisary was like any bazaar store. He got the warehouse keys from Huang. One contained baled rubber, another rice. In a third he found cases of phosphorus grenades, flares and one of gelignite. The truck had unloaded cases of shoes, clothing, carboys of acid, boxes marked tools, sugar, medical supplies, bundles of bush knives and one typewriter; he wondered about that.

One morning a helicopter with U.S. markings hovered over the compound. It did not land. He was watching it swerve away when Tung Te spoke softly beside him.

"Cong come in night time, take many things. Clerks work for Cong." He walked away.

Astle strolled over to where Huang was locking a warehouse door.

"Open," he said.

The supplies brought by the truck were gone.

"All issued to commisary," Huang said sullenly. "Workers buy."

"Okay," Astle said casually.

He climbed to his verandah, damning his stupidity. Of course, Madame Salange was protecting her rubber by collaborating with the Cong.

He glanced over the rail. They were probably watching and would jump him if he made a wrong move. He'd have to wait until the jeep came around for the afternoon inspection. Then he'd make a break for the Viet Nam blockhouse, seven miles away at Cao Chi. He called for his lunch and went in for his siesta as though nothing had happened. He was there when the Cong came.

"What do you want?" he asked Tre. "Madame didn't tell me you were coming."

"Soon we go," Tre grinned. "No sweat. Make trouble and I cut you in pieces. Savvy?"

Tre sat down with a bottle of brandy. The girls, judging by the racket, were bathing. After a while they came out. Four were fairly pretty. One was hefty, her breasts sagging out of her open tunic. She cocked and ordered blocks to be tapped and weeded. Afternoons he drove a jeep around the fences close to the mountain jungles or checked the coagulating sheds.

FREE RESEARCH BULLETINS TELL HOW TO

LEARN WHILE YOU SLEEP

A Compilation of Research Studies Demonstrating the Educational Value of Exciting Sleep-Learning Technique.

Proven Exceptionally Effective . . . for Learning Languages, Vocabulary Development, Formulas, Study Material, Sales Presentations, Memory Training, Habit and Personality Improvement.

Research Bulletins explain how to make productive use of your sleeping hours without losing your rest. Thorough and abundant data on how and why sleep-learning works faster and more effectively than the usual conscious methods. This compilation includes studies on language study, memory training, habits, self-improvement, rote learning, relaxation, weight and smoking control. You will receive these bulletins free with no cost or obligation. No salesperson will call.

"RESEARCH BULLETINS" FREE!

S.D.R.F. Dept. S-19•104 E. 40 St., NYC 16

Please send FREE Research Bulletins without obligation.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

beady eyes at Astle, said something and slapped her belly suggestively. The four Cong officers climbed to the verandah. Astle tried to understand their reports. They left, taking four of the girls with them. A bouncing half caste sat on Tre's knees. Between pulls at the brandy he was fumbling at her when Meo announced dinner.

The girl ate with him, stropping herself like a cat against Tre while he wolfed enough for four. After the meal he stumbled to his feet and shoved her into a bedroom.

Astle went to his room. Judging by shouted orders, more Cong were arriving. There was laughter and gramaphone music from the office below where the girls were entertaining the officers. He looked out. A sentry stood at Tre's door, another at the stairs. They gestured him back.

At dawn the labor formed for work. Tre watched them march off, a Cong gunman in every gang.

That afternoon Han Lee called him to the office. He found Tre grinning beside the telephone.

"Madame want talk to you," Huang said.

"*Ca va?*" She sounded nervous.

"Sure." He felt Tre's sour breath on his cheek.

"Have the new tappers arrived?" she said carefully.

Tre, nodding violently, nudged him with the Luger.

"Yes," he said. "They are good men. They will do well."

The Luger was removed.

"Bon." She sounded relieved. "A large convoy leaves for Hon Quan tomorrow at noon. You will send down rubber on its return trip. Your truck will be safe. It is well guarded."

"Okay," he said. "I'll be ready."

She hung up.

"Very good." Tre patted him approvingly. "Now you go topside."

Astle heard him call to his officers. The tappers were marched back early and sentries posted. He tried to understand what Tre was saying to the officers. Some words he got; grenades, flame throwers.

Madame's phony call gave him the clue. She was setting up the Hon Quan convoy for ambush. Must be an important one, he figured, to need such a large Cong force. But what could he do? The sentries were alert. The girls and officers in the office made the telephone out of the question. Nothing he could do but play along with Tre and watch his chances.

MEAT CUTTING Offers YOU

SUCCESS And SECURITY

In The Best Established Business In The World • PEOPLE MUST EAT!

TRAIN QUICKLY in 8 short weeks for a bright future with security in the vital meat business. Trained meat men needed. Big pay full-time jobs year-round income, no layoffs—HAVE A PROFITABLE MARKET OF YOUR OWN!

LEARN BY DOING AT NATIONAL

Get your training under actual meat market conditions in our big modern cutting and processing rooms and retail department.

PAY AFTER GRADUATION

Come to National for complete 8 weeks course and pay your tuition in easy installments after you graduate. Diploma awarded. Free employment help. Thousands of successful graduates. OUR 40th YEAR!

FREE CATALOG—MAIL COUPON

Send now for big new illustrated National School catalog. See students in training. Read what graduates are doing and earning. See meat you cut and equipment you work with. No obligation. Send coupon in envelope or paste on postal card NOW! G.I. Approved.

NATIONAL SCHOOL OF MEAT CUTTING, INC.
Dept. AD-59 Toledo 4, Ohio

National School of Meat Cutting, Inc.
Dept. AD-59, Toledo 4, Ohio
Send me your FREE School catalog on National Training at Toledo in Meat Cutting, Meat Merchandising and Self Service Meats. No obligation. No salesman will call.
Name.....Age.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
Approved for Veterans

The colonel came up with his girl and shouted for brandy.

"Where will you catch the convoy?" Astle said casually. "Oh, it's okay. Madame told me the pitch."

"So." Tre eyed him, then grinned. "Big convoy. Many good trucks, ammunition, machine guns, medical supplies, flame throwers. Cong take all."

"Will you bring them back here?"

Tre said nothing. Soon afterwards he took his girl to their room and did not come out for dinner.

ASTLE prowled the verandah. The sentries were doubled. He went back to his room and heard one posted outside his door.

He lay sleepless until, just before dawn, he heard shouted orders. There were lights in the labor lines. Men were carrying grenades and ammo from the storage shed. The Cong were lined up outside the office. By full light the compound was empty. The workers squatted idly outside their huts. Downstairs Huang guarded the telephone.

Tre watched two Cong guerillas. The women were combing their hair and chatting like excited magpies.

"Now we go," Trin grinned, standing up. "But first I kill you. You savvy too much. You die."

"So what?" Astle blustered. "I'm on your side." He eyed Tre's pistol and the rifles of the two guerillas, "Look," he said desperately. "Madame sent me here to help you. You kill me and the Nam will know you've been here. You'll want to use this place again."

A helicopter sailed over the trees and hovered above the compound. He glanced quickly at Tre.

"That chopper's landing. What you want me to do?"

"Tell him go away," Tre whispered. "If no go we kill him, kill you, too. Speak quick. Send away." He spat orders; the guerillas knelt, guns cocked, at the window.

Astle walked outside. Tre, pistol in fist, watched him, ears alert, from the gloom of the office. The chopper landed. He could see the pilot and a big man with captain's bars. Two Viet Nam rangers crouched in the belly of the aircraft.

"Hi." The captain looked out as the rotor stopped. "This the Salange plantation?"

"Sure it is."

"You American?" The captain stared.

"So what?" Astle was tough, for Tre's benefit.

"So nothing." The captain's voice hardened. "But I see your trees haven't been destroyed and others have."

"So what?" If he could only think of something to tip them off!

"So how come I haven't seen you around? You wouldn't be playing footsie with the Cong, would you, buster?"

Then Astle got his idea.

"Ont-day ook-lay ow-nay," he said. "Ong-cay in the ouse-hay!"

"What?"

"Onvoy-cay bush-ambay. Beat it. I've no time to waste with you."

"Well," the captain drawled. "Thanks for the double-talk, mister. Come down to Saigon, sometime and I'll teach you some manners."

The chopper roared, rose and tilted away. There had been no shots so Tre hadn't spotted the pig latin. He hoped the captain had.

"You don't like American," Tre said curiously when he entered the office. "Maybe you deserter from Merican army."

"Why you think I'm on your side?" Astle hoped he sounded convincing. "Look, I sent that chopper away, didn't I? You'd better get going and leave me here to take care of things in case it comes back."

Tre eyed him uncertainly, then muttered to Huang.

"We go," he said. "You stop in office. Something go wrong, Huang shoot you."

Huang was staring at Astle over the sights of his own revolver.

Tre snapped orders. Han Lee appeared and led the girls out. The guerillas loaded themselves with a case of gelignite, a long roll of wire and a plunger box, and followed. Tre pocketed a box of fuses.

"What's all that for?" Astle said innocently.

"After convoy pass Cao Chi we blow bridge. Convoy like tiger in trap. So savvy turn back." Tre spoke rapidly to Huang and went out. Astle watched them disappear under the trees.

"So you're *taipan*, big man, now," he said.

"Shut mouth, Legion pig! Pretty soon Viet Cong have all Tai Ninh Province. Then shoot you."

"How you take Tai Ninh?"

"Kill all in convoy," Huang grinned savagely. "Then we take convoy meet Cong in Hon Quan."

Astle felt his muscles tighten. It might just work, if that fool captain hadn't gotten his message. He strained his ears for engines. Nothing. He glanced at Huang and stretched luxuriously.

"Look," he said. "I've got to go to the bathroom."

"No!"

"Oh," He stood up casually. "Don't be damn fool. You come, too. You got gun."

He turned towards the door. Huang squirmed around the desk and crowded close. At the doorway Astle moved aside to let Huang go first and in that moment of surprise chopped down on the gun hand with his left and slammed his right fist against the Annamite's jaw. A bullet slammed into the floor and the gun clattered across the office. Both men dived for it. Astle yanked Huang's fingers from it and sinewy legs clipped about his middle and pulled him away from it. He kicked frantically, rolled and slammed both fists into the yellow face. Teeth sank into his hand and the pressure on his belly tightened murderously.

He gasped, trying to duck fingers that reached at his eyes, slamming with his free fist at the other's face. He felt the legs loosen and kneed viciously. Huang groaned. Astle wrenched his hand free and saw the clawing fingers touch the revolver. He threw himself upon it, hammering until the weapon slid away. Then he straddled the Annamite and reached for his throat.

Huang spat in his face. The Annamite was up. Fighting for balance, Astle saw a foot swinging at his face. He snatched it and heaved upward. Huang fell back. His head hit the edge of the desk and he collapsed. Astle yanked him out of the way and grabbed the revolver. He looked outside. The compound was empty. Over in the labor lines, the workers squatted outside their huts. He glared down at Huang. His head lolled awkwardly. His eyes flickered and suddenly they went dead.

"Saves me the trouble, you bastard," Astle panted.

He stuck the revolver in his belt and went outside, running swiftly until he reached the rows of rubber trees, and kept going until he found the south fence and moved along it to a recent break. Outside was jungle and a narrow path freshly slashed open. He walked until he had regained his wind, then ran over short hills, sliding down steep banks, wading streams, following the tracks left by Tre and the others. Once he slipped on a slimy log and sprawled down a steep mud bank.

He got to his feet, a sharp pain in his ankle, and limped on, smeared head to foot in red mud. He was gasping with exhaustion when the jungle opened to a wide swamp. He skirted it and saw the watchtower of Cao Chi. He sat down to rest then, crawling under the dripping leaves he made out a clear space, mud walls, and, on the canal bank, the five girls.

Across the canal was the blockhouse, a sentry in the watch tower. On the near bank was a jumble of wrecked houses, no more than mud walls, and sixty yards to the right was the stone bridge, its approaches guarded by barbed wire barriers. But

"No doubt about it, Mr. Kralick—you're accident prone."

he could see nothing of Tre, Han Lee or the two guerrillas. He watched the girls.

The big one was stripping. Naked, she posed deliberately and began to wash in the shallow water. There was a whistle from the watch tower. She stared, then posturing lewdly, went up the bank. One by one the others stripped and waded into the canal. By this time a row of faces above the bamboo spikes called to them. They giggled, splashed each other and displayed themselves voluptuously. The big one shouted to the soldiers. The others danced up and down, wrestling with each other, rolling in the shallows and kicking up their legs. Then, ignoring the shouts, they moved out of the water and began, slowly and extravagantly, to dry themselves.

Some soldiers appeared through a gate in the embankment, pushed a shallow dugout into the water and two paddled across. After some chatter the girls stepped aboard, crossed and disappeared inside the blockhouse. There were shouts and laughter. The sentry descended from the tower. No one relieved him.

So that's what the girls were for; to distract the guards while Tre blew the bridge.

Then Astle saw the two guerrillas creep from behind a wall. Both carried charges of gelignite, wires trailing behind them as they moved towards the bridge. Astle searched the sky. There should be planes over. He cursed silently, glancing at his watch. It was almost two. The bridge wouldn't be blown until the convoy had passed; maybe another hour. He saw the guerrillas return. Then, with Han Lee, they stole across the open space towards him. Han Lee was unarmed. With luck he might get both guerrillas. Anyway the shots would alert the blockhouse. He reached for his revolver. It was gone!

WILDLY he looked about him and rolled under cover, just before the three scuttled past him. The gun was nowhere in sight. He guessed it must have slipped out of his belt when he fell down the stream bank.

He studied the broken walls but could see no movement. He crawled from bush to bush across the open space. Sweat trickled off his chin. He could hear tinny music from the blockhouse. There was no sign of aircraft. He crept under a wall as a sentry climbed to the watch tower. Another walked on to the bridge and pulled back the barriers. Astle heard the drone of distant vehicles. Silently he skulked along a low wall. He made out faint tracks and saw Tre, his uniform covered by the black tunic and pants of the locals. Before him was the plunger box, wires secure. One hand was on the plunger, the other gripped his pistol. He was watching the bridge.

Astle crouched to rush him. But a weapons carrier appeared on the bridge. He could see a machine-gun and two Rangers. Close behind was a truck, a soldier beside the driver. Then a jeep, more trucks, weapons carriers, jeeps, more trucks and what looked like a staff car.. He counted the soldiers. Hell! There weren't more than a dozen in the whole convoy. He damned that captain!

The convoy passed, rumbling northward. Astle crouched low. For Tre was staring about him, pistol ready, listening. He tried to think. There was only one thing to do. If he tried to rush Tre would blow the bridge and the convoy would be trapped before help could get to it. He would have to save the bridge if only to give the poor devils a line of retreat.

He risked another look. Tre was staring at his watch, his ears cocked.

For a signal from the ambush?

Tre was standing now, not four feet from Astle, bending over the plunger, pistol in his right hand. Carefully Astle stood up beside a breach in the mud wall.

There was a distant shot. Astle swung through the breach. Tre was reaching down for the plunger. Astle kicked him full in the face. He was lifted off the plunger as Astle grabbed to pull the wires out. The Luger barked and he cringed from a stab in his side.

Tre, his face a bloody mask, struggled to his feet, firing blindly. Astle grabbed for the wires. Tre shouldered him away and reached for the plunger. Astle pulled him down and tried to pin him. Tre drove his knee into Astle's crotch. He bent double, gasping felt something crash on his head, dropped and struggled to his feet to see Tre shove down the plunger!

CLEAR UP ACNE, PIMPLES!

"COMPLEXION PERFECTION"

WITH 2 TINY CAPSULES A DAY!

IMPORTANT
The Halsion Plan is fully guaranteed. The Allan Drug Co. stands behind every capsule. Thousands have found the happiness that comes with a clearer complexion. Because individual experiences may vary, you must get satisfactory results or every penny will be refunded.

Not available in Canada.

The HALSION PLAN for complexion care is enclosed with each order.

- A wonderful new vitamin formula.
- No more sticky ointments.
- No more greasy creams.
- Full 30 day supply $3.95.

ALLAN DRUG CO. Dept. 1792
6311 Yucca St., Hollywood 28, Calif.

☐ I enclose $3.95, check or money order, Halsion pays the postage.
☐ Please rush C.O.D. 30-day supply of Halsion, I agree to pay postage.

It is my understanding that if I am not satisfied I may return the unused capsules or empty bottle for prompt refund.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ Zone____ State_____

REMOVE UGLY HAIR FOR GOOD

from LIPS from CHIN from ANY PART OF YOUR BODY!

Unwanted hair removed for good! Hair roots are destroyed almost instantly and without pain, leaving the skin smooth and unmarred by the ugly hair which has been removed. The miraculous LEMOS PERMAGON costing only $9.95 complete, will ease the hair from any place on your body gently and safely. Complete refund if PERMAGON'S SAFE, GENTLE SELF-ELECTROLYSIS METHOD doesn't do for $9.95 what professional beauticians charge hundreds of dollars to do. No electric connections to plug in. By following our accompanying safe, simple instructions and avoiding warts, moles and other blemishes, you will be free of unwanted hair! Order today. Send $9.95 and we ship pre-paid. For COD send $1.00 deposit and pay postman balance plus COD postal charges on delivery. **Brian-Lloyd Co., 730 3rd Ave., Dept. BP-292, New York 17, N.Y.**

ONLY **$9.95**

SEND FOR THIS FREE!

Make money. Know how to break and train horses or ponies. *Write today for this book FREE*, together with special offer of a course in Animal Breeding. If you are interested in Gaiting and Riding the saddle horse, check here ( ). *Do it today—now.*

BEERY SCHOOL OF HORSEMANSHIP
Dept. 848 Pleasant Hill, Ohio

HOW TO PUBLISH YOUR BOOK

Join our successful authors in a complete and reliable publishing program: publicity, advertising, handsome books. Speedy, efficient service. Send for **FREE** manuscript report & copy of **Publish Your Book.**

CARLTON PRESS Dept. AMT
84 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N. Y.

STOP SMOKING

Within one week you can break the cigarette habit. Money-back guarantee. Read, "How You Can Stop Smoking Permanently."

Send $2.00 to:
WILSHIRE BOOK SERVICE Dept. 1792
862 N. Fairfax Avenue, Los Angeles 46, California

EARN MORE MONEY!

FULL OR PART TIME!

No experience necessary, no investment, daily cash commission. Big steady earnings, repeat business. Be a direct representative of the world's largest exclusive manufacturer of advertising Book Matches. Every business a prospect for new Tenorama, Glamour Girls, Hillbillies, safety series and dozens of other styles. All sizes, 20, 30, 40 stick matches. New FREE Master Sales Kit makes selling easy. WRITE TODAY for full details.

SUPERIOR MATCH CO.
DEPT. L-863 7530 S. GREENWOOD, CHICAGO 19

WOW! Adult Merchandise
SAMPLES $1.00 • LITERATURE 25¢
Ras Enterprises
BOX 2754-Y, GR. CENTRAL STA. NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

BORROW MONEY YOU NEED FROM US BY MAIL

B-I-C Cash-By-Mail Loans—$100.00 to $600.00 easy to arrange—easy to repay on 24-month schedule. No co-signers or security needed.
DON'T DELAY — MAIL COUPON
Please send me, by return mail, Application Form for B-I-C Cash-By-Mail Loan. I understand this request does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....
Address.....
.....

B-I-C LOANS
Div. Bankers Investment Co.
DEPT. 56, 100 S. WALNUT, HUTCHINSON, KANSAS

Nothing happened!

Astle sprang at him. A bullet tore his neck. He staggered back as Tre kicked him. Blinded by the shot, he clawed the wall for balance, shook his head and saw the Luger aimed at his eyes. A loud report made his ears ring. Tre's mouth dropped open, he fell back against the wall and slid to the ground.

Astle blinked around. Five Viet Nam rangers were looking over the wall. There was a roar of motors. Two fighter planes and what looked like dozens of helicopters clattered overhead. Astle fainted.

When he came to he was lying on a stretcher beside the bridge, his bandaged neck and ribs smarting painfully. He could hear the distant crump of mortars and the rattle of machine-guns. He hauled himself up on one elbow as a helicopter dropped on the road.

"Hi," called the captain, jumping out of the aircraft. "Thought you'd bought it. Looked all over the plantation for you. Lucky thing my pilot digs pig-latin. We had time to alert Saigon before the convoy left and they stuck on three truck loads of rangers and a mortar company. Our choppers are putting in some B.A.R. practise on what's left of the Cong."

"You know they're picking up reinforcements at Hon Quan?"

"Sure. We got it out of a prisoner. Those reinforcements will get the shock of their lives.

"Well, you certainly took your time," Astle said peevishly. "They damned nearly blew the bridge."

"Not a chance," the captain grinned. "Our military advisory bunch aren't kooks, you know. We figured they'd try to blow the bridge. So the blockhouse was waiting. Soon as those babes put on their act they knew what to do. They took 'em in and kept their eyes open. Soon as the charges were in place a couple of men cut the wires. Then they waited; couldn't afford to alarm the sabotage team for fear of tipping our hand."

"Oh, fine," Astle grunted. "Looks like I got myself shot up for nothing."

"Not by a damn sight, buster," the captain said gently. "If it hadn't been for you we could have lost the whole of Tai Ninh. Say, do you think Madame Salange knew they were using her plantation?"

"Oh man," Astle grinned. "Did she know! Wait 'til I tell you about her!"

They lifted him into the chopper and in less than an hour he was eating soup in a crisp, cool hospital.

Two weeks later, after hearing Astle's testimony, M. le President du Tribunal in Saigon ordered confiscation of all Madame Salange's property.

When last heard from, Tom Astle was on his third army hitch. This time as military advisor to the Viet Nam garrison of a fortified village only a few miles north of Cao Dai. One of the first things he told the villagers was that he had been a Legionnaire. "They didn't seem to mind," he writes. ■

TRIGGER BOY

Continued from page 35

breaking into her plush apartment.

The snakes, and a small amount of cash and jewelry, had been stolen.

For the first but certainly not the last time, the police were looking for Edmund Ryan.

Two days later detectives learned that young Ryan had been buying new bicycles for all of his friends, treating them to a nauseating orgy of candy, soda pop and roller-coaster rides at Palisades Amusement Park, and providing them with fistfuls of spending money. Ryan's pockets were dripping with tens and twenties when he was seized.

Vicious as he was good looking, the fourteen-year-old captive kicked and clawed when the cops demanded to know where the rest of the money was cached. One thousand dollars was found in the old Indian Cave on the side of Coogan's bluff on a tip by one of the young benefactors of Ryan's largess.

Sent to the Training School for Boys at Warwick, New York, Ryan remained there until he was sixteen. Toughened up in the fistic and knife battles for the choicest hangouts in the reformatory yard, Ryan emerged well equipped for his chosen profession and tagged with the impressive nickname, "Snakes."

Most of Warwick's "graduates" never return except in the rare instances when they visit another inmate. But Snakes Ryan, in a twist of irony almost unparalleled in criminal annals, was to return to Warwick thirty-one years later, his criminal career terminated.

Back in the shadow of the Bluff, Snakes was ready to enter into competition with some of the toughest bandits, gangsters and burglars in the area, bounded by St. Nicholas and Eighth Avenues, running up into the Bronx and down into lower Harlem. The Sing Sing electric chair, the grim cellblocks of Dannemora and the dumping grounds where dead hoodlums ended up "one-way rides," were to be well fed from the Coogan's Bluff nest of outlaws.

Oddly enough, so were the police precincts to be manned largely by neighborhood contemporaries of the hoodlums. Former playmates and schoolmates became bitter enemies as they lined up on their respective sides of the fence that divided outlawry and law and order.

Patrolman Walter O'Brien had known Ryan since early childhood. When he was issued a "wanted" circular carrying Ryan's likeness, innocent-looking even in this rogues' gallery print, he wasn't too happy to go hunting for his old schoolmate on a series of robbery and burglary counts.

On October 7, 1924 the game of "cops-and-robbers" was on in grim earnest.

Spotting Snakes on the opposite side of Eighth Avenue, O'Brien shouted. "Eddie! Come here. I have to bring you in for questioning."

Drawing a pistol from his jacket-pocket, Snakes snapped, "Copper, you're not bringing me anywhere."

Calculatedly he fired a shot at Patrolman O'Brien, dropping to his right knee to repeat the shot with greater accuracy.

O'Brien unholstered his own weapon, flattened out on the sidewalk and returned the fire. Volley after volley was exchanged until Ryan was hit three times, O'Brien once. Reenforcements, arriving on the scene, jumped on and subdued the still resisting Snakes.

"Are you hurt?" a solicitous sergeant asked Ryan.

"Look, flatfoot, the bullet ain't been made yet that will kill Snakes Ryan." He threw in a string of epithets addressed to the sergeant in particular and cops in general.

Patrolman O'Brian had suffered no more than a slight flesh wound, thanks to Ryan's progressive myopia that called for heavy-lensed eyeglasses which the cop-fighting bandit was too vain to wear.

Ryan was sent to Elmira Reformatory, often referred to at that time as "The Snake Den."

WRIGGLING out of Elmira on parole early in 1926, the durable Ryan moved into the Legs Diamond mob.

Snakes specialized in wrecking the speakeasies of owners who refused to switch from Owney Madden's and Waxey Gordon's beer. This was routine procedure, not too bitterly resented during the prohibition era. But Ryan's practice of hurling red pepper into the faces of proprietors and their muscle-men before demolishing the premises was an unforgivable breach of underworld good manners.

Two torpedo squads were assigned to take Ryan for his last "ride" into the country, with the suggestion that his genitals be severed and used to stifle his death moans—a little nicety reserved for rival mobsters' hoods who tore up the rule book when they went into action.

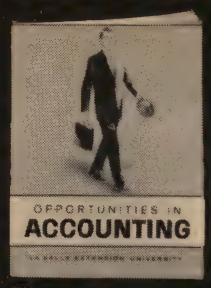
But three attacks on Snakes failed. Although he was struck eight times by gunfire, knifed in the stomach and chest three times and clubbed to the brink of death with sections of lead pipe, he survived. He is said by underworld sources to have wounded three of his attackers and killed one. Running gun battles saved him in two attempts on his life. The third attack ended when he yanked the pin and tossed a World War I grenade squarely into the touring car of his would-be assassins.

Detectives lost the Ryan trail for a time and they couldn't be blamed if they toyed with the hope that enemy mobsters had fitted Snakes with a cement overcoat and sent him to a watery grave.

But in October, 1927 reports were pouring in describing a series of robberies and burglaries along West End Avenue and Riverside Drive which bore the Snakes Ryan hallmarks. A five-state alarm went out, warning that he was dangerous and believed to be heavily armed.

A Mrs. Minnie Rothberg was riding in the Seventh Avenue subway in mid-November, wishing that she had something warmer than her cloth coat to wear. As her eyes swept over the other passengers, she noticed an attractive blonde luxuriating in a beautiful full-length sable coat.

There was something familiar about the garment. Her pulse quickening, Mrs. Rothberg worked her way



THIS VALUABLE BOOKLET GIVEN

Free

TO PEOPLE WHO WANT TO EARN MONEY IN AN

Accounting Career

La Salle will train you in your spare time

The demand for trained Accountants far exceeds the supply. Salaries are at an all-time high. Accounting-trained men move up to big positions in business. LaSalle's distinguished faculty prepares you in your spare time at home. You work with actual Accounting problems, acquire real experience. Thorough, practical, enjoyable—and quick in results. Many students report up to 56% pay increases *even before completing training.* Mail coupon for free booklet and sample lesson.

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
A Correspondence Institution
417 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 19-046, Chicago 5, Ill.
Please send free booklet "Opportunities in Accounting" and interesting sample lesson.

Name.....Age.....
Address.....
City & Zone.....
County.....State.....

POEMS WANTED FOR SONGS & RECORDS

There may be **OPPORTUNITY** for you in today's booming music business. America's largest song studio wants to see your material. No special training required. Just write the words as you feel them and we'll let you know if they qualify for **MUSIC** and **RECORDING**. **WE NEED SONG-POEMS** of all types, ballad, rock & roll, sacred, rhythm & blues, western, country, etc. Examination, advice and information absolutely **FREE**. **SEND YOUR POEMS to**
Five Star Music Masters 620 Beacon Bldg., Boston, Mass.

DETECTIVE PROFESSION

Opportunities everywhere for trained investigators, both men and women, private and police. Send now for free information about easy home study plan, lapel pin, certificate and rewarding future. No salesmen will call.
PROFESSIONAL INVESTIGATORS
Box 41197-Q Los Angeles 41, Calif.

Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery Stops Itch – Relieves Pain

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain – without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all – results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®)—discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in *suppository* or *ointment form* under the name *Preparation H®*. Ask for it at all drug counters.

SAVE 75% ON WORK CLOTHES!

Terrific values you've got to see to believe!

SHIRTS 4 for $2.99 79c

Made to sell for 2.99 Now, 4 for the price of one! Tho used, sterilized and ready for long, tough wear! In blue, tan or green color choice. Send neck size, 1st and 2nd

PANTS to match

Sold for 3.85, now only..... 99c

Send waist measure and inside leg length. 4 for $3.75

COVERALLS wear 'em used and save plenty! Were 6.95, now $2.29

Send chest measurement. 3 for $6.75

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE if not satisfied. Order TODAY! Send $1.00 deposit on C.O.D orders Add 50c for postage on prepaid orders

GALCO SALES CO. Dept. 408

4004 East 71st Street • Cleveland 5, Ohio

BUDDY BREGMAN MUSIC PRODUCTIONS at SAM GOLDWYN STUDIOS

WANTS POEMS!...to be developed into NEW SONGS for Recording and Promotion.

Buddy Bregman has been musical director for the TOP ARTISTS in the ENTERTAINMENT FIELD.

Send POEMS for FREE examination to:

BUDDY BREGMAN MUSIC PRODUCTIONS, Dept.1792 7860 Willoughby, Los Angeles 46, Calif.

END SUFFERING FROM TIGHT COLLARS

No need to discard tight collar shirts. Use the new "wonder" button that loosens tight collars up to ½ a size. Loop slips over collar button, inserted in buttonhole, completely hidden by tie. Instant comfort, neat, saves temper. 4 buttons only $1. Essay, Inc., Dept. TC-12, 255 W. 34th St. N. Y. 1, N. Y.

Graphoanalysis

LEARN TO ANALYZE HANDWRITING—THE PROVED, SCIENTIFIC WAY!

YOU can learn to analyze character from handwriting. Clinically proved principles of Graphoanalysis help you understand people—including yourself. Fascinating home-study training. Many career opportunities for both men and women, full or spare time. Send for FREE catalog and sample lesson. No salesman will call. (State age.)

Free! TRIAL LESSON

INTERNATIONAL GRAPHOANALYSIS SOCIETY, INC. 325 West Jackson Blvd., Dept. HY-5 Chicago 6, Illinois

STOP TOBACCO

Banish the craving for tobacco as thousands have with Tobacco Redeemer. Write Today for free booklet telling of injurious effect of tobacco and of a treatment which has relieved over 300,000 people.

In Business Since 1909

FREE BOOK

THE NEWELL COMPANY Dept. 616 Chesterfield, Mo.

CONVERSATION STARTER

STRIP-TEASE BALL POINT PEN

In writing position the beautiful girl appears in full color, clad in a dress. Turn the pen upside down, like magic she "strips" down to a Bikini Bathing Suit. Takes standard refills. A fine writing instrument. Guaranteed to please or money back. 6 for $5.00 ppd. $1.00 postpaid

HOLLIS COMPANY, Dept. ST-91 1133 Broadway, • New York 10, N. Y.

through the crowd until she was directly behind the blonde stunner. For a lingering moment her fingertips caressed the coat. Instantly she knew that it was of pure Russian sable and had borne a price tag of $6,000.

"Young woman, you are wearing my coat," she shouted.

"I beg your pardon, the blonde restorted, turning toward her accused. "This was a gift from my fiancé."

She started toward the door as it slid open at the 96th Street station, but Mrs. Rothberg seized the coat firmly and screamed loud and long.

The police learned that the blonde was Mildred Stone, who shared an apartment with her fiancé. Detectives Frank Hogan and Edward Schnaible confiscated the key to her apartment when Mildred described her generous boy friend.

The curly-haired, blue-eyed lover boy with a cleft in his chin was in for a surprise party.

The detectives, finding the West Side apartment empty, slipped in and secreted themselves. That night, hearing a key in the lock, they snapped the lights out and slipped the safeties off their drawn pistols.

Snakes Ryan and his partner, George Smith, sensed the trap, but they were already in the living room.

Detective Hogan, hiding in the bathroom near the front door of the apartment, used a mop handle to push the door closed. Ryan promptly whirled and threw four shots into the darkened foyer. Detective Schnaible three three shots at Ryan's flashing pistol. A tell-tale cry of pain indicated that Snakes had been hit. Smith, apparently flattened out on the floor, was firing no shots.

U.P.I.

Vincent Coll

The grim game of hide-and-seek lasted briefly. Smith was found dead with his pistol containing no expended bullets. Ryan, hurled to the floor by the first slug that hit him in the chest, and another lodged in his shoulder and a mere flesh wound that deepened the cleft in his chin.

Listed as a critical case when he entered Knickerbocker Hospital, Snakes recuperated rapidly and was sentenced to Sing Sing Prison for a fifteen-year term.

At that time the Sing Sing walls were manned by guards only when the inmate population was released from the cellblocks at 7:15 A.M.

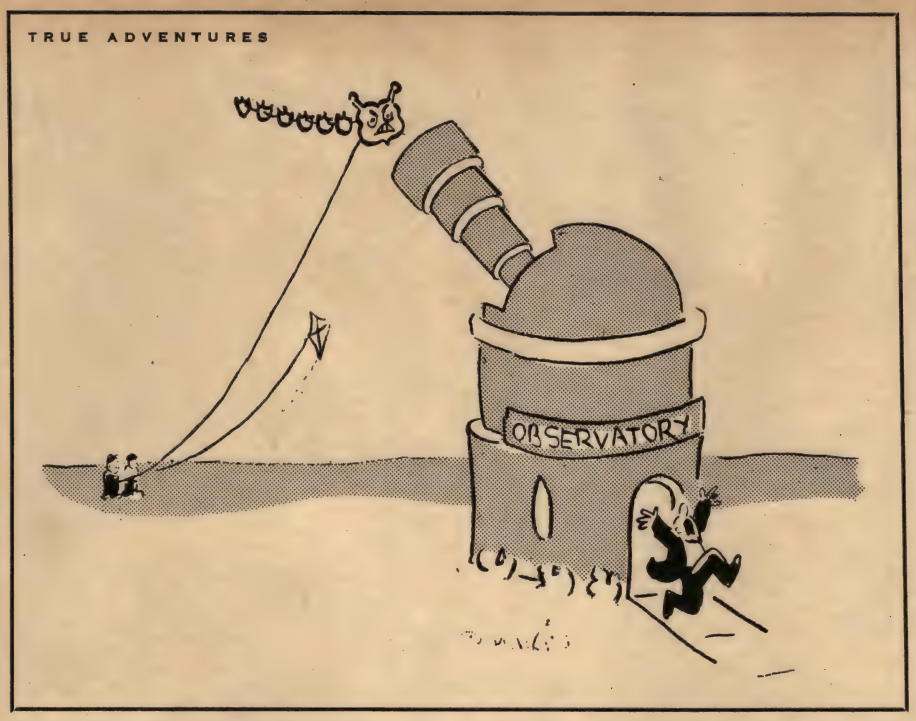
Jimmy Nannery, the inmate messhall bookkeeper was on a morning "count-out" at 5:30 A.M. An old friend of Ryan's, he lost no time in having Snakes approved as one of a crew of prisoners working with him in the mornings. Ryan's duties included rolling the forty-quart cans of milk into the refrigerator when they were trucked into the prison promptly at six every morning. A veteran guard watched this operation carefully, knowing that the walls lay unprotected. Faithfully he counted the men in and out of the gate to the yard, had them under surveillance every second until he locked the gate securing them inside the mess hall.

Despite all precautions, Snakes Ryan and Jimmy Nanery were missing when the seven o'clock count was taken on July 11th, 1928.

Warden Lewis E. Lawes was too shrewd a prison man not to know that his messhall guard had not been duped. He must have known that Ryan and Nannery had found some other means of getting out into the yard and over the fence along the Hudson River before the manning of the guard towers. But he didn't want the prisoners to start looking for that hole in security.

Briskly he called in the newspapermen and announced that Ryan and Nannery must have slipped away right under the watchful eyes of the messhall guard before the wall-guards took their posts.

Actually the hole through which the escapees began their flight from Sing Sing is still wide open. But no prisoner today is in a position to use it, chiefly because the walls are fully manned twenty-four hours a day.



Above the messhall where the fugitives worked, there was a mess-hall recreation room equipped with showers and lockers for the prisoners employed in that department. The barred stairway leading to the recreation room was locked until seven. But it was possible to squeeze between a window and the bars and climb into the stairway. In the recreation room itself, the windows set high in the wall were set behind long horizontal bars, all apparently evenly spaced.

Ryan and I were close prison friends and I was sympathetic with his determination to escape.

One afternoon we were playing bridge in the mess hall recreation room. Snakes was playing a laydown contract. As dummy I was idly glancing up at those horizontal bars. Suddenly I noticed that there was a barely noticeable wider space between the top bar and the window frame than between the other bars. One window frame in particular was dry and rotted along the top. I was convinced that a slim man could slip through that space.

Snakes checked the next day when no one else was in the recreation room and slipped through with ease. Pistols were smuggled in, not because any violence was contemplated toward personnel. Nannery was afraid that Warden Lawes' dog would see them as they fled across the Warden's lawn toward the river and it would be necessary to silence the animal.

Ryan's brother, Ritchie, agreed to pick the fugitives up on the river bank. With an accomplice, he came up in a motorboat which foundered below Ossining. In a stolen rowboat that leaked almost as quickly as they bailed the water out with a tin can, the rescuers picked Ryan and Nannery up. The warden's dog slept through the episode and the quartet crossed the river without incidence.

The only excitement in the whole venture occurred during the last two hundred yards of the crossing, when the wailing of the prison Big Ben escape siren screamed its futile warning across an area reaching five miles around the perimeter of Sing Sing.

FORDHAM Hospital in the Bronx was quiet at three A.M. on September 13, 1928. Up on the third floor in the prison ward, accessible only through a heavily barred, locked gate, the lone orderly on duty, Frank Marrin, did his light chores. Only one prisoner-patient lay sleeping under sedation in the ward, James Woods, alias Frank Ward.

A house-burglar, Woods, had fallen five stories as he tried to leap across an airshaft with two policeman in hot pursuit. Both ankles and wrists were broken in the fall.

The third person behind the locked gate was Patrolman Jeremiah C. Brosnan, a veteran cop just a few months away from retirement. Lying on a rolling stretcher immediately inside the gate, Brosnan was napping peacefully.

Through the front entrance three

LEARN UPHOLSTERY
in your spare time
RUN YOUR OWN BUSINESS AT HOME

FREE BOOK
SAMPLE LESSON
WITH COURSE YOU MAKE
SLIPPER CHAIR
CLUB CHAIR
OTTOMAN
WITH SLIP COVERS Yours to Keep or Sell

Be Your Own Boss
TOOLS WITH COURSE!

Earn more from the start! Set up your own profitable business in your own home, enjoy steady income, independence for life. You're always in demand in the ever-growing field of CUSTOM UPHOLSTERY.
Right off you start learning with tools, complete frames, fabrics and materials. ALL included with your N. Y. State-approved UTS course. You learn skilled professional custom upholstery, reupholstery, furniture finishing, repair, how to make valuable slip covers, cushions and draperies. EARN WHILE YOU LEARN, in spare time . . . the UTS easy way.
Send for FREE illustrated Book — FREE Sample Lesson.
Get ready for well-paid job, big profits from steady work, as your own boss, running your own business. Training in N. Y. School also available. Apprv'd for VETS.
Accredited member N.H.S.C.
MAIL COUPON NOW.

UPHOLSTERY TRADES SCHOOL
Dept. RL-2810 721 Broadway, N. Y. 3, N. Y.
Please send me FREE book, "Your New Way to a Successful Career" with FREE Sample lesson. No obligation—no salesman will call.
☐ Home Study ☐ Training in N. Y. School
Name.....
(please print plainly)
Address.....
City..... Zone ... State.....

PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR
BADGE $3.98 POSTPAID
Professional Badge used by thousands of private investigators and detectives. Made of HEAVY SOLID BRONZE for lifetime wear. $3.98 postpaid.
Genuine leather Badge Case with I.D. Card. $2.50
C.O.D.'s require $1.00 deposit.
FREE WITH ORDER ONLY...Complete catalog of Police, Detective Equipment
POLICE EQUIPMENT CO. Dept 1792
6311 Yucca St., Hollywood 28, Calif.

LEG SUFFERERS
Why continue to suffer without attempting to do something? Write today for New Booklet—"THE LIEPE METHODS FOR HOME USE." It tells about Varicose Ulcers and Open Leg Sores. Liepe Methods used *while you walk*. More than 60 years of success. Praised and endorsed by multitudes.
FREE BOOKLET
LIEPE METHODS, 3250 N. Green Bay Ave., Dept. H-32 Milwaukee 12, Wisconsin

6 Ft.
Rawhide
BULL WHIP
A Real Masculine Trophy For Your Wall—Cracks Like a Pistol Shot.
South African type rawhide Bull Whip similar to ones used by pioneers to train animals, for self defense, for skill and accuracy. A powerful balanced whip that flicks ashes off a cigarette at 6 feet. Rugged loop fits snugly on wrist—lets whip rest comfortably. Leather thong tail snaps in LOUD PISTOL SHOT CRACK as you draw back over head and release with a flick of the wrist. Beautifully made of powerful, fast-action rawhide leather with 4 ply handle, tapered rawhide snapping thong and thick braided rawhide body. Makes an impressive collector's item hanging on your wall. Use it for costume parties, amateur theatricals, etc. Sold direct, only $2.98 plus 36c shipping charges.
Only $2.98
Royal Advtg. Corp. Dept. 146 Lynbrook, N. Y.

men hustled in out of the night. Two of the men appeared to be supporting the fellow in the middle whose right arm was swathed in yards of improvised bandages ominously red-stained.

"Where's the Emergency Ward?" one of the men demanded of the nurse who glanced at them solicitously from a doorway in the rear.

"Turn left and down the ramp," she replied, vanishing into the room where she had been busy.

Satisfied that they were not observed, the trio headed up the stairs for the third floor and the prison ward. Hurrying over to the locked gate, the invaders lined up within mere inches of the slumbering policeman.

The swarthy man with the bandaged arm slipped a sawedoff shotgun from beneath the rapidly removed bandages which had hidden the weapon.

"Okay, copper," he snarled, nudging the officer with the gun barrel, "get up and open up—quick!"

Brosnan awakened fast and looked steadily at the man and the gun. "Not me, mister, I'm reaching."

"Pull that gun and you're a dead cop," the swarthy one threatened.

In one sweeping motion, Brosnan yanked his pistol from its holster and brought it into firing position. His last mistake in life was to delay firing at the menacing gunman.

"Blast him!" ordered the hatless blond hoodlum with the cleft in his chin.

A terrific blast roared through the quiet of the hospital, echoing and re-echoing through the corridors in a weird orchestration of horror. Patrolman Brosnan's head was torn from his neck in a complete decapitation that sent it rolling ten feet way from the wheeled stretcher on which he had taken his last nap.

The prisoner - patient, James Woods, was a sullen thug from the Coogan's Bluff mob. Asked if he thought the cop-killers had intended to load him on a stretcher and rescue him, Woods maintained the stubborn silence of the devotees of the underworld code.

But District Attorney John E. McGeehan learned that Woods had been a lifelong friend of Snakes Ryan. He learned, too, that Rico Battaglia, a homicidal maniac with at least a dozen notches on his gun, was the swarthy killer behind the shotgun. Spike Hennessey, who was later slain by Rico was the third member of the cop-killing trio.

Neither Frank Marrin, the orderly, nor the nurse who had glimpsed the men from a distance, could identify any of the three. But an alarm was sent out for them in the hope that someone might talk.

Possibly this was what cost Spike Hennessey his life—the chance, however slim, that he would crack under intense police pressure in so grave a matter as the Brosnan slaying.

The heat was on Snakes Ryan and Rico Battaglia with welding torch fury. Every stoolie in the Harlem-Washington-Heights-Bronx area around the Coogan's Bluff hub was picked up and ordered to get a lead on the killers or else.

Early in December, the pressure paid off. A lovely seventeen-year-old girl, on whom Rico had forced his attentions under threats of disfigurements, tipped off Detective Winterhalter that Ryan and Rico were holed up in an apartment on University Avenue in the Bronx.

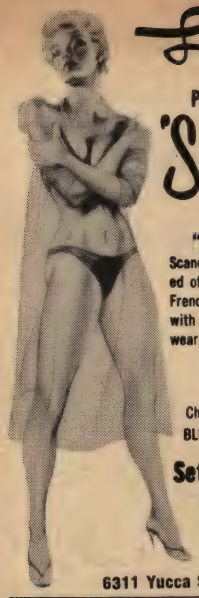
Winterhalter, and a partner he picked up at the precinct house, raced to the hideout. At the moment of their arrival, Snakes and Battaglia were coming out the front door of the apartment house. As the detectives drew their revolvers and demanded that the pair throw up their hands, Ryan headed down the avenue.

Rico Battaglia, firing as he ran, sped back into the building and vanished through the rear courtyards.

About eight homicides later, he was to be shot to death in a police trap on West 74th Street.

Snakes, a fleet runner, led the officers a long race down hill to the banks of the Harlem River, stopping periodically to throw a few shots at the oncoming cops.

Winterhalter, a crack marksman, kicked up cement at Ryan's feet several times, knowing that his own speed and durability doomed Snakes' chances of escape. Both pursuers and pursued reloaded in flight.



Lili St. Cyr

Presents ... HER FABULOUS

'Scantie Panties'

(THE BAREST NECESSITY)

"THEY'RE THE GREATEST"

Scandalously brief panties expertly tailored of sheerest 100% nylon with contoured French shadow panel. Maximum comfort with minimum coverage—perfect for street wear, stage, or photography.

A TERRIFIC GIFT SET—GUARANTEED TO PLEASE!

Choice of BLACK, RED, WHITE, PINK, or BLUE. Order SMALL, MEDIUM, or LARGE.

Set of 3 .... $3.98

Give hip measurement for perfect fit. (Sorry, no C.O.D.'s at this price)

LILI ST. CYR Dept. 1792

6311 Yucca St., Hollywood 28, California

HYDRAULIC JACK REPAIRS

Earn While You Learn at Home

Millions of jacks in gas & auto-service stations, truckers, body-shops, riggers, factories, farms need servicing. We show you HOW—easy step by step directions—what tools to use. EARN UP TO $5 an hour, in spare time, in your own basement or garage. Start your own business NOW. Write for folder No. AM-7 free bonus offer

Institute of Hydraulic Jack Repair

P.O. Box 50, Bloomfield, N. J.

WANT MORE MONEY? GET INTO PHOTOGRAPHY

Coast to coast, high-paying jobs in photography are waiting for people with the "know-how" to fill them. You can quickly, easily qualify at home with the world-famous NYI Learn-by-Doing Method. Write today for free catalog. Also resident training in N.Y. 53rd Year. Approved for Vets.

NEW YORK INSTITUTE OF PHOTOGRAPHY

Dept. 77 10 West 33 St., New York 1, N. Y.

DICE - CARDS

Perfect Dice, Magic Dice, Magic Cards, (Read The Backs) Inks, Daubs, Poker Chips, Books on every game.

FREE CATALOG—DEPT. AM-8

O. C. NOVELTY CO.

1311 W. Main St. Oklahoma City 4, Okla.

$15 LEARN TO BE A WAITER

Earn $30 to $40 a day. A new revised edition. 70 pgs. of complete explanation, pictures and diagrams. 26 phases from How To Be A Waiter to How To Get A Job. All in one complete mailing for the low cost of $15. No other expense. Easy to learn. No special schooling required. Send check or money order to:

UNITED WAITERS SCHOOL

Dept. M4, P.O. Box 955, Gen. Del. I, N. Y., N. Y.

Authors!

Your book can be published, promoted, distributed by successful, reliable company. Fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly, religious and even controversial manuscripts welcomed. Free Editorial Report. For Free Booklet write Vantage Press, Dept. R2, 120 W. 31 St., New York 1.

Throw Away That Hearing Aid

Now an amazing new scientific invention lets you hear better again, yet you wear nothing in either ear. No wires, no cords, no tubes, no bulky battery packs. And, utilizing the mastoid process, hearing is carried directly to the inner ear thus bypassing the defective outer or middle ear. Everything—electronic circuit power unit, microphone, controls—is so skillfully engineered that you may wear it and not even your closest friend realizes it unless you tell him. You simply set it, forget it, get natural hearing wherever you are. For free, full information about the revolutionary new hearing aid that requires nothing in either ear, write today to Otarion, Dept. AMG-7, 31 West 47th Street, New York 36, New York.

Above all else, Winterhalter wanted to take Ryan alive for the Brosnan murder. He knew enough of Ryan's notoriously bad marksmanship to take his chances of coming out of the episode with a whole pelt.

Finally, mired down in the Harlem River mudflats beneath the 181st Street Washington Bridge, Snakes made his last stand. When the detectives were sure that he had run out of ammunition, they closed in on him to make the capture.

In a final gesture of defiance and cop-hatred, Ryan unleashed a string of epithets at the pair as he hurled his empty pistol at Winterhalter's head. True to form, he missed. Two police bullets had ripped into Ryan's stomach. But, tough and bullet-resistant in every fibre, Snakes once again squirmed out of Death's grasp.

The New York Police Department felt that a very thorny hoodlum had been removed permanently from its side when Snakes netted prison sentences totalling forty-two years and life.

But Ryan had other ideas.

PEACEFUL Westchester County, within a radius of five miles of Sing Sing Prison, was going about its chilly evening business at 7:00 P.M. on November 1st, 1930. Suddenly the strident voice of Big Ben ripped through the stillness.

Off-duty prison guards, Ossining policemen and state troopers from Hawthorne Barracks looked at one another in alarm.

This was no mere routine escape warning. The continuing blasts of the siren spoke of large-scale violence and an armed assault upon the battlements of the big bastille on the Hudson.

I sat in a Harlem speakeasy, not far from 310 West 116th Street where Ritchie Ryan had an apartment. Ritchie left the speakeasy to take the wheel of a stolen car and drive Rico Battaglia and Vincent ("Mad Dog Killer") Coll to Ossining.

The deadly pair were to take up their positions at 6:45 on the bluff outside the prison overlooking the Administration Building and fifteen Post, a key guard tower in the northwestern sector of the wall. Armed with a machine gun and a shotgun, they were detailed to knock the guard off the wall if he attempted to intercept the would-be escapees.

A quiet "drop" had been arranged in the Bronx where the lamsters could hide out until the heat was off.

The details of the plan were an open secret in our segment of the underworld. Herbie Davis, a trusty in Warden Lawes' office, had the privilege of fishing in the Hudson River, about ten yards outside the walls. Although he had less than a year to serve of a ten-year sentence, he entered the escape plot with the explanation that he feared a manslaughter warrant was to be lodged against him for the slaying of a poolroom habitue in a knife fight.

Ritchie Ryan placed four pistols in a sealed and weighted tire inner-tube and, pretending to crab along the rocks, planted the weapons at the point where Herbie Davis could fish them out.

Today no one can approach a prison wall as Ritchie was able to do under the loose regulations of the period.

Davis simply drew the tube up on his line, removed the pistols and brought them through the south gate where no one dared to search the person of a con-trusty attached to Warden Lawes' office.

Snakes Ryan, Harry "Goldie" Gordon and William La Pierre, all long-term prisoners, were ready to make their escape bid with Herbie Davis.

Four guards were on duty in Sing Sing's "B-block", a maximum security wing that Saturday evening. Six inmate trusties, Mutual Welfare League deputy sergeants-at-arms, were also out of their cells in the block on various assignments.

Promptly at seven the bugler sounded "church call." The cell doors were opened for those who wished to attend confession in the Catholic Chapel. No. one checked the religious denomination of those wishing to attend. Jews, Protestants and even one Mohammedan occasionaly answered the call, merely to get out of their cells for a while.

Suddenly, Guard John Morgan, talking to an inmate through the locked cell door, was confronted with a pistol wielded by "Goldie" Gordon. He hustled Morgan into a utility cell and locked him in with the keys he had seized in the cell-hall office.

One by one the other guards and trusties were rounded up at gunpoint and herded into cells to be locked up.

Contemptuously, Snakes Ryan took the confiscated keyes from Goldie and tossed the bunch on the cellblock floor

Live Longer And Better in

NEW MEXICO

THE HEALTHIEST SUNNIEST CLIMATE *in All America*

The fortunate people who live in New Mexico wake up to sunshine 355 days out of each year. They don't know what it is to be oppressed by humid heat in the summer or by winter's cold, damp clutch. They know that in New Mexico the rate of cancer and heart disease is only **half** of what the Nation as a whole faces. They work and play **in a climate called America's healthiest!**

Deming, New Mexico is in the southwest corner of the state, away from the rigors of winter. A boom has begun here and Deming's present 8,500 population will be 17,000 in the next 10 years. And DEMING RANCHETTES is only 5 minutes from downtown. It is rich with fertile soil, pure water and gorgeous mountains. Yet a half-acre Ranchette **is only $199 complete, $5 down, $5 a month.** Write for FREE color portfolio. No salesman will call.

DEMING RANCHETTES Dept. NH-25C
112 West Pine St., Deming, N. M.
Please send your FREE portfolio in full color including maps and story.
Name_____
Address_____
City_____Zone_____State_____

WIPE OUT ALL DEBTS

Yes, it's possible to stop suits, bill collectors and attachment of wages. An unpublicized law enables ANY wage earner to do just this—and help wipe out all debts fast. Send $1 for simple report—extremely easy to follow. ARTEK Financial Report, Dept. FC-34 Box 2223, L.I.C. 2, N.Y.

POEMS WANTED

To Be Set To Music

Send one or more of your best poems today for FREE EXAMINATION Any Subject. Immediate Consideration.
Phonograph Records Made
CROWN MUSIC CO., 49 W. 32 St., Studio 747, New York 1

MAKE ANY WINDOW into ONE WAY GLASS

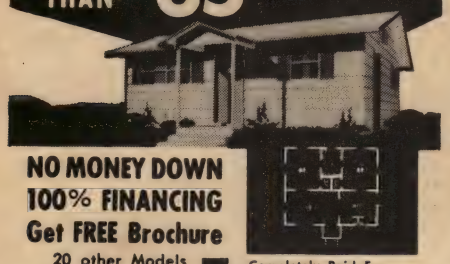
NOW . . with simple drug store materials, you can treat plain window glass so **YOU CAN LOOK OUT** through it, but the person on the other side **CAN'T LOOK IN AT YOU.** To get your Complete "One Way Glass Formula" send **only $1.00** to:
E-Z FORMULAS, Dept. 1792
6311 Yucca St., Hollywood 28, Calif.

***RUPTURE AGONY**

Removed

WHEN **you slip into a low-cost, comfort-designed Brooks Patented Air Cushion Appliance! Your *reducible rupture will be held in securely yet gently—or the trial costs you nothing! This invention has made millions of sufferers happy. You can enjoy heavenly comfort night and day at work and play—or the Appliance costs you NOTHING. Isn't this worth a no-risk trial by you? If interested, write for free facts now.**
BROOKS CO., 300 STATE ST., MARSHALL, MICH.

OWN THIS 2-BR HOME
CUSTOM BUILT ON YOUR LOT FOR LESS THAN $35 PER MONTH



NO MONEY DOWN
100% FINANCING
Get FREE Brochure

20 other Models to choose from

Completely Paid For In Just 12 Years!

Investigate the Nation's most economical way to own a new home. Not a pre-fab or pre-cut! No giant jig-saw puzzles. Your home will be custom-built by master craftsmen for you on your rural or city lot. The monthly payment shown does not include inside finishing. Save many extra dollars by doing your own finishing, or let Jim Walter do it for you and add the slight additional cost to your monthly payment. Get full details today.
Prices slightly higher in California
212 offices Coast to Coast. Write for nearest office location
HOME OFFICE P.O. BOX 9128, Dept. ADV-8 TAMPA, FLORIDA

Jim Walter Homes
CORPORATION

The Magazine of Adventurous Railroading and Railroad Hobbies

August issue (out June 4) features Amazon jungles' "Railway of Death"

Coming soon: the inside story of "Hetty Green's Railroad" which was operated by the playboy son of the world's richest woman.

RAILROAD MAGAZINE

Now on sale at many news-stands, 50¢, or write to *Railroad Magazine*, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N.Y.

just beyond the reach of the imprisoned guards, trusties and other inmates.

La Pierre and Davis took the single key to the prison yard from its hook and released themselves and their confederates from the block. Plunging through the shadows between the probing wall lights, they headed for the north wall directly behind the Administration Building and beneath guard-tower Post 15—the only post manned on the north wall after six P.M.

The would-be escapees weren't worried about the guard, knowing that Rico Battaglia and Vincent Coll were covering him from their place of concealment, a big-boled oak tree on the bluff just beyond the wall.

In the yard, Snakes pulled a rope and four-pronged grappling-iron from its hiding place. The plan was to move up behind the administration building, climb the window bars that ran almost to the top of the two-story building, and toss the grappling hooks over the wall. At that time, the rear offices were customarily vacant and no one would observe the men scrambling over the wall except the guard on Post 15.

When he came out to challenge them, Rico and Coll were to shoot him off the wall and cover the flight of the fugitives to the car driven by Ritchie Ryan.

Everything seemed to be going according to plan—until the unexpected developed. A clerk working overtime on the payroll in the finance office heard Snakes Ryan clambering up the window bars and saw him attempting to toss the hook over the wall, about five yards away.

Back in B-block" meanwhile, Guard John Morgan had reached out with a mop handle he found in the utility cell in which the desperate quartet had locked him, and retrieved the bunch of keys Ryan had tossed carelessly on the floor.

Releasing himself, he ran to the phone.

After an interminable wait, a sleepy voice: "Yeah? Control board."

"This is Morgan in B-Block! Sound the escape siren and get some armed men out in the yard! A bunch of cons with guns are making a beat!"

With infuriating sarcasm, the operator drawled, "Come on, John. Let's stop horsing around."

TRUE ADVENTURES

"I'm afraid 36-24-36 isn't enough collateral for a personal loan."

"Look, you meathead," Morgan shouted, "get going before they turn the whole joint loose."

The raucous voice of Big Ben roared and vibrated through the prison and over the wall. Probing searchlights on guard towers which had been swiftly manned probed the yard, adding a Hollywoodian touch of unreality to the fireworks that followed.

Ryan and his confederates, thwarted in their attempt to toss the hook securely on the top of the wall, gave up that possible means of escape. They knew that the screaming siren had forced Rico and Coll to abandon their role on the bluff. By now they were certainly speeding away with Ritchie Ryan at the wheel.

But the armed quartet had an alternate plan. They turned and headed for the picket fence guarding the railroad cut that ran between the upper and lower sections of the prison. Once over that fence and into the cut, they had a gambling chance of leaping aboard a passing freight train or commandeering the first vehicle they encountered.

Halfway across the yard, the four running men were met by Sergeant Brummel and a squad of heavily-armed guards.

A pitched battle followed in which guards and cons dodged from cover to cover, taking pot shots at anything that moved.

The fingers of the searchlights gave an eerie touch to the scene as Big Ben continued to bellow the alarm that brought an army of law enforcement officers to strengthen the cordon thrown around the bastille.

A guard firing his machine gun from a corridor window caught Goldie Golden in a stream of bullets just as the desperate con turned his own pistol and fired, choosing suicide in preference to surrender.

Herbie Davis suffered a flesh wound in the head with just enough impact to knock him into a semi-conscious stupor.

Bill La Pierre, sensing the hopelessness of his plight, dropped his gun and raised his hands in token of surrender.

Snakes Ryan, in character to the bitter end, ran for cover to continue the uneven battle. But, in the darknes, he stumbled and fell into an excavation behind B-Block where he was found, wounded twice and badly battered in a struggle with the pair of guards who seized him.

With his amazing recuperative powers, within a week Ryan was out of the hospital room where he was double-locked and kept under intense twenty-four hour surveillance.

Tossed into a Death House cell for security, pending his transfer to the deep-freeze of isolation in Siberian exile at Dannemora Prison, Snakes hissed his defiance at Warden Lawes and his Deputy, John J. Sheehey, when they sought to question him.

The officials didn't try too hard, aware that Ryan's cop-hatred was matched by his vicious distaste for all prison officials and "screws."

Dannemora Prison has never had a successful escape in which the fugitive remained at large for more than a few days. Tucked away, high in the Adirondack Mountain fastnesses, the prison could tear the walls down without reducing security measurably.

Through the twenty-two-years Ryan spent there, most of which was spent in the segregation of old South Hall, he made several abortive attempts to escape, with no success.

Finally, beginning to see the light, Snakes turned his nimble brain to law and the preparation of *habeas corpus* and *coram nobis* writs, aimed at legal loopholes in his complicated sentence structure. Whittling away through the years, he succeeded in having the life sentence voided and the other aggregate sentences reduced.

In 1952, a seemingly chastened and serious-minded parole applicant, he was granted his freedom.

RYAN accepted a job as an elevator operator and lived back in the Coogan's Bluff area so familiar to his early youth. Everyone assumed that he was reconciled to living a peaceful life in modest circumstances; everyone, that is, except those who observed Snakes in the company of a mob interested in seizing control of the lush trotters' enterprise at Roosevelt Raceway.

On the afternoon of August 28, 1953 the quiet residential area of the Bronx surrounding Fifty East 191st Street were alarmed by the sound of five successive explosions. A New York City traffic officer on duty nearby heard the staccato sounds and recognized them as pistol shots from a heavy-calibre pistol.

Neighbors of Thomas Lewis, who occupied a fifth-floor apartment, had frozen with horror when they heard the shots. The first of them to hear

GOOD JOBS
IN BUILDING CONSTRUCTION
AND HOW TO GET THEM

Be a Superintendent, Foreman, Specialist or Contractor

You know that building workers are among the highest paid in the world. Yet, there are tens of thousands of good jobs waiting for trained men. Not only for craftsmen, but for men who can read blueprints, estimate, purchase and supervise. Foremen, superintendents and inside specialists are in demand. No wonder! Over 1 million homes are built each year, over $20 billion spent on remodeling! **Let CTI train you at home for success in Building Construction.** Easy course teaches every phase, including contracting. Earn money as you train.

MAIL COUPON TODAY for valuable free booklet. Find out how you can break into this top-pay, secure field.

COMMERCIAL TRADES INSTITUTE Dept. C-99
1400 GREENLEAF AVE. • CHICAGO 26, ILL.
Send free opportunity booklet, "Your Future In Building Construction"

NAME_____AGE____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ZONE____STATE_____

How to *WRITE, SELL and PUBLISH*
YOUR OWN SONGS

Learn how to write songs correctly: How to get them recorded; How to sell and promote them. Secrets and methods used by professionals. Information **FREE.**
ACE PUBLISHING, BOX 64-Y BOSTON 1, MASS.

High School Course at Home
Many Finish in 2 Years

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Course equivalent to resident school work—prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H. S. texts supplied. Diploma. Credit for H. S. subjects already completed. Single subjects if desired. High school education is very important for advancement in business and industry and socially. Don't be handicapped all your life. Be a High School graduate. Start your training now. Free Bulletin on request. No obligation. *OUR 66th YEAR.*
American School, Dept.HC-39 Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37

RUPTURED
BE *FREE* FROM TRUSS SLAVERY

Surely you want to THROW AWAY TRUSSES FOREVER, be rid of Rupture Worries. Then Why put up with wearing a griping, chafing and unsanitary truss? For there is now a modern Non-Surgical treatment that is designed to correct rupture. These Non-Surgical treatments are so dependable that a Lifetime Certificate of Assurance is given.

Write today for our New FREE BOOK that gives facts that may save you painful, expensive surgery. Tells HOW and Explains WHY NON-SURGICAL Methods of Treating Rupture are so successful today. Write today—Dept. H1035

Excelsior Medical Clinic, Excelsior Springs, Mo.

footsteps racing down the stairs carefully opened their doors and peered out. The well-groomed, burly man lay in a pool of his own blood, obviously quite dead.

Lewis, president of Local 32-E, AFL Building Service Employees, was said to have wielded considerable control over key jobs in the Roosevelt Raceway structure. Seizure of that control by any racket-minded group would have opened the door to broad exploitation of the trotting track with rich rewards.

Traffic Officer Langan noted the pick-up car cruising the streets in an apparent attempt to take aboard the man he saw running from the apartment building with a big, shiny automatic pistol in his hand which he guessed to be a .45-calibre weapon.

Officer Vincent Langan had no idea of the identity of the fleeing man. But he was a cool-headed young cop who could collate facts rapidly under pressure.

Five shots, he reasoned, from a ".45", fired rapidly in a hallway, almost certainly meant that murder had been committed. The fleeing man was a murderer.

As their paths converged, Officer Langan calmly side-stepped every time the fugitive fired and directed his answering fire with a maximum of care. His first shot changed his quarry into a stumbling target, but the man refused to halt. A deliberately-aimed second shot brought him down with .38 bullet in the brain.

Edward ("Snakes") Ryan was no longer bullet-proof. He had died, as he had lived, violently and within a stone's throw of Coogan's Bluff, diagonally across the Harlem River Valley.

There was deep irony in the fact that Ryan died in a venture that resulted in the promotion of Vincent Langan to the rank of detective.

Detective Langan, in a meteoric career, has long since become one of the youngest first grade detectives on the force, with a string of citations that establish beyond doubt that writing an end to Snakes Ryan's criminal career was no fluke of chance.

To compound further the irony that had a strange way of impinging on Ryan's career, he was returned in death to Warwick, New York, the site of the Warwick Training School, where he had been sent for the crime that earned him his nickname. He is interred in a cemetery just outside the training school enclosure. ■

IRONCLAD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

landish monster was changing the whole picture of the war in that area, and was threatening to halt the whole Atlantic coastal advance of Northern forces.

U. S. forces sank pilings in the river bottom to prevent the *ironclad* from getting down river again. But on May 5th at high tide she went over them, sailed down and hit four Union gunboats, *Sassacus, Wyalusing, Mattabesett* and *Whitehead*.

Sassacus tried to ram the ironclad, and ended up crushing her own bow. She was sinking as the *Albemarle* sailed on unhurt, loosing volleys at the other Union craft and leaving them foundering in various stages of destruction.

The U. S. naval forces looked desperately for an answer to this deadly behemoth while she sat in the river guarding Plymouth and occasionally sallied out to wreck havoc on the Union blockade fleet.

For this reason Admiral David Dixon Porter was willing to listen sympathetically, and even hopefully, to the wild plan of the twenty-one-year-old lieutenant who came to him a few weeks later with a request. Perhaps the officer's record helped, too.

William B. Cushing had joined the U. S. Navy in May of 1861, and by July of the following year had been given a lieutenant's commission for repeated "acts of successful daring." On four occasions he had been officially complimented by the Secretary of the Navy.

As the tall young man talked quickly and eagerly of a tiny launch designed to carry a torpedo, the Admiral's eyes lit up.

"The Navy engineers in New York already have some of these launches rigged up with spar torpedoes, sir. And one of those could sink the *Albemarle*. May I have one to try?"

Cushing's tone was carefully sober, and he was trying to maintain his poise when Admiral Porter banged the desk with the flat of his hand.

"Lieutenant," he said, "you know how dangerous such an effort will be. But maybe—maybe you can do it! Make your plans. "I'll help you."

Cushing's stern manner melted and a triumphant grin of exultation made his strong features turn suddenly boyish as he stammered his excited thanks.

In New York he was given three thirty-foot steam launches equipped with spar torpedoes and rigged to launch them. The lightweight open boats had very little other armament and almost no protective cover, but they were fast and easy to maneuver. They carried their torpedoes on long wooden spars.

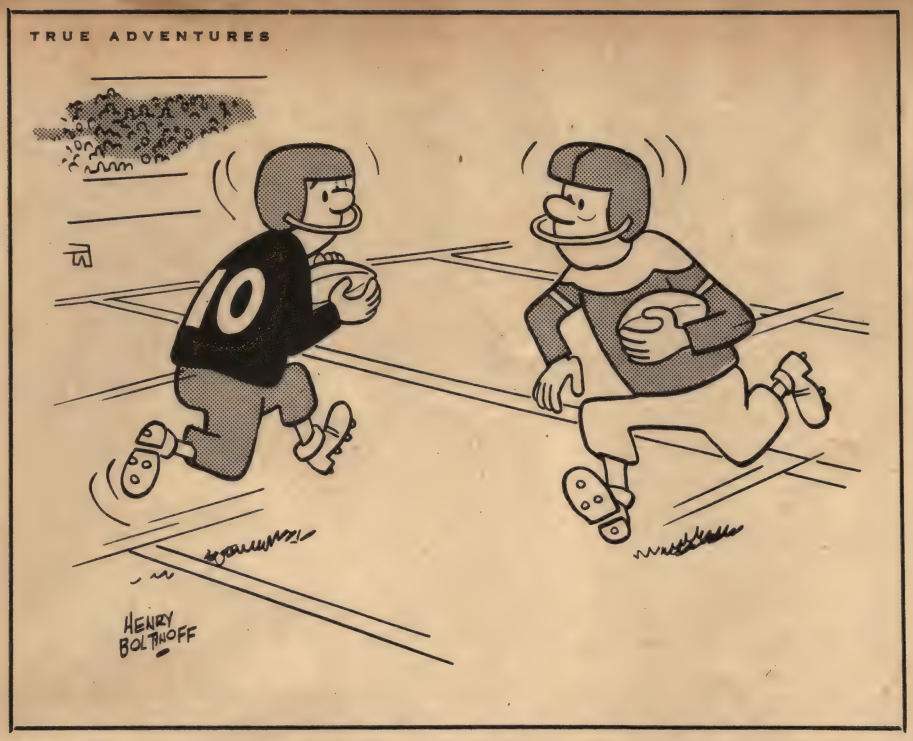
Two lanyards, or lines, were used to operate the spar and fire the torpedo. One line released the torpedo, as described, and the second triggered the charge. It was long enough to be pulled from inside the craft when it was a safe distance from torpedo and target. At least, that was the theory. Actually, the launch had to come almost against the target to lay the torpedo in against it, and then the trigger line had to be pulled very quickly while the launch was close by. It was a tricky undertaking.

Cushing and his men had many other hurdles to face before worrying about firing a torpedo. First, they must take their craft down the Atlantic coastline, not a simple task in October weather.

Almost from the start they were battered by heavy seas. One of the launches foundered in Delaware Bay, and the second was driven aground and wrecked on Cape Charles.

The remaining launch struggled on, and finally Cushing sailed into Hampton Roads to join the Union squadron.

The torpedo launch was taken down into Albemarle Sound where she was joined by the gunboat *Otsega*. Cushing was assigned a crew of fourteen—six officers and eight bluejackets. He was also given a cutter with fifteen armed men from the *Shamrock* on orders from Porter. ■



They were to go to an outpost on the river about a mile below the *Albemarle*, where they were to drop off and silence the Rebel lookouts. Porter also ordered all available craft of the squadron in Albemarle Sound to lay in readiness to meet the ironclad in a last-ditch fight if she spotted the launch and chased it back down river.

Cushing's mission had been discussed too freely in the North and the word had trickled into the newspapers, so that the torpedo launch was no secret to the Rebels. As a result, they doubled the number of sentries in their picket lines along the river below Plymouth and stationed a thousand additional troops around the wharf where the *Albemarle* was moored.

They had built a large floating boom of cypress logs and swung it wide around the ironclad to block the passage of any smaller craft which might try to approach her berth. They had also stationed lookouts at the outpost a mile downstream by the wreck of the sunken *Southfield*, and sentries paced the deck of the *Albemarle* all night long.

This was the armed camp into which Cushing and his handful of men were heading with their thirty-foot boat and single torpedo. Nevertheless, they were eager to begin.

On the night of October 26, the *Otsego* towed the launch and its accompanying cutter to the mouth of the Roanoke. Cushing cast off and pointed the launch into the darkness with the cutter in tow behind. But before they had gone far the launch went aground on a sandbar.

Efforts to push the boat free were futile in the shifting tides and two hours went by before she floated free. By then the first streamers of dawn lighted the sky and it was too late for the raid. They turned around and headed back to the *Otsego*.

When they put out again the next night it was murky, even darker than the previous night and while it offered more cover, it also made navigation more difficult.

"It's another stripe, or a coffin," Cushing said, shaking hands with the skipper.

William Cushing did not end up in a coffin that night, and he did not get another stripe. His exploits during the following twenty-four hours made Naval history—in fact one of the boldest, brightest, most remarkable pages in the history of the United States was written.

Once the torpedo launch had pulled away from the *Otsego* she was enveloped in such Stygian darkness that those on board could not see their comrades a few yards away in the cutter they were towing. The shore was not visible except where bonfires glimmered; sky and water were a black curtain.

Cushing was at the wheel while the men strained their eyes against the darkness, on guard against the approach of other craft or obstructions

$130 AV. PROFIT PER RACE-DAY WITH $50 CAPITAL! ★ 7 IN 10 PLAYS WON IN 25 YRS. RESULTS

whatever way you look at it this is an amazing claim — —

★★★ ★★★

25 YEARS ACTUAL RESULTS WITH WORKOUT SHOWING PROFITS AVERAGING $130 PER DAY OF INVESTMENT. ONE ONLY OF THE 10 WORLD'S BEST HORSE RACING SYSTEMS IN A VALUABLE, RARE BOOK.

Genuine copyright publication supplied only by the publishers in a strictly limited edition. All systems operate with equal success all states and Canada.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

Inf.: Hitchings Box 5715, Carmel, Calif.
Dept. 45
NAME
ADDRESS

BEER 6c Quart / WINE 25c Gallon

Easy to follow instructions for delicious home-brew. Amazing punch & vigor. cheap too. Send $1.00 to ARTEK FORMULA Dept. 1792

6311 Yucca St., Hollywood 28. California

LIVE OR VACATION IN MEXICO $150 PER MONTH!

House maids $12 per month, chauffeurs $30 per month. Gin, Rum, Brandy 80¢ fifth, Filet Mignon 50¢ lb. Sports, night life. Send for personal report . . . tells what Mexico offers you.

Only $1.00 for illustrated 48-page booklet

TO: STONE OF MEXICO
Dept. 1792 862 N. Fairfax • Los Angeles 46, California

Make Money At Art NOW PAINT MURALS FOR PROFIT!

No Art Experience Needed!
Earn $10 Per Hr. Spare Or Full Time

MEN, WOMEN! Paint stunning $65 to $150 murals in 3-5 hrs. for "pennies" in paint. Sell to homes, offices, bars, motels, builders, decorators. Help us fill huge demand! Learn at home in 3 days. Project pattern slides any size on any surface, trace-off, paint per color guide. 100's lovely designs, sizes, color schemes. Also "Living" Black Light murals. Professional results assured! FREE Mural Portfolio, Success Plan. Write today! No Salesman will call.

USE AT OUR RISK!
★ Slide Projector
★ Color Dawn & Pastura Slides
★ Paints, Brushes
★ Tested Business Plan

© 1963

EARN AS YOU LEARN OTHER ART TECHNIQUES!
Make money with murals now! If you wish, study layout, cartooning, illustration, etc. while you earn!

FREE! GET COMPLETE PORTFOLIO

ASSOCIATED MURALISTS, Dept.L-213, 135 Vesta, Reno, Nev.

in the river. They must avoid the danger of running aground a second time. Each man was well aware of the danger of carrying the torpedo which could be exploded if hit the wrong way in a collision. And so, for obvious reasons, they could not run at full speed. Nevertheless, they made progress and were soon past the last area patrolled by Union forces.

Now the presence of pickets was a growing danger, and the crew slid by reflections from the shore with the utmost caution. And then suddenly they saw a concentrated glow which could only be the fires of a large encampment.

They slowed the engine and crept to the opposite bank. Silently, hardly daring to move, with the crew crouching low in the boat, they eased along.

Confederate troops were around the fires and sentries walked the river bank. As a precaution, Cushing reached for a pistol and the others readied small arms as one of the sentries stopped short and looked in their direction. If they were sighted they would shoot and run at full speed.

The sentry looked at the river for a moment longer, then turned away as the boat glided on past the fires.

The crew headed back to the middle of the river, but the engine was kept low as they approached Plymouth and the sight of the wreck where Rebel lookouts were posted. Straining forward, Cushing guided his craft toward the spot where the wreck should be. Then dimly through the murky shadows he saw a darker form, and then other shapes that moved furtively.

It was the wreck, and there were lookouts — two schooners anchored and waiting, and no doubt with men on board watching . . . watching for that very launch that Cushing steered toward them.

He signaled for the engine to be cut for complete silence, and then gave a whispered order for the men in the cutter to prepare to move in and take care of the lookouts. But as the launch and cutter drifted even with the schooners, and they were still only dimly seen through the darkness, no alarm was heard.

Cushing made a decision. He ordered the cutter kept in tow behind the launch, and brought the engine up ever so slightly. Launch and cutter pulled away, slowly and silently without being seen. And the men exchanged whispers of triumph as they headed for the *Albemarle*.

The next mile seemed to take forever. There were sentries and a scattering of small campfires all along the bank, but somehow the boats managed to evade the lookouts. Then Cushing saw shapes in the darkness along the bank, and a few glimmers of light where the town was, and he knew the shapes were the wharf and —*ships*.

He headed for them; then, gradually, the large shape attached to the long low wharf became visible. It was the ironclad, and he steered directly toward her.

The young lieutenant stood far forward as he guided the launch straight for the big shadowy hull. On one side of him was a loaded howitzer pointed forward, and on the other was the gear that operated the torpedo spar, the lines to the spar, and the torpedo itself. It was almost too good, too *easy*, to be true.

Then the launch hit the floating barrier of cypress logs. There was a muffled grinding sound and they stopped against the log boom. Cushing thrust himself forward and peered down to see the obstruction while reaching for the torpedo spar. It just might be possible to drop the torpedo over inside the barrier with the long spar and get it up against the ironclad. But the boom was too far out. It had been carefully designed to protect her, and it was well positioned.

He looked about for some other way. Maybe, he thought desperately, he could get to land, slip out on the wharf, board the *Albemarle* and bring her out to the edge of the barrier. But there were too many sentries all around—on the wharf and on the ship's deck. After coming this far, it seemed they were blocked. At any minute they would be sighted and blown out of the water. And it was impossible to reach the ironclad from their present position.

Another officer might have been defeated, but not young Lieutenant Cushing.

He issued a quick order to come about, and wheeled his craft in a wide circle back away from the log barrier.

At that very moment a shore sentry sighted the movement and shouted, "Boat ahoy!"

In a second, huge bonfires flared up along the shore lighting the launch in her full glory.

Cushing cast the cutter loose, and shouted, "Pull for your lives!"

Musket fire crackled from ship and shore, and the balls whizzed by the launch. They were illuminated clearly now, but so was the *Albemarle*. Cushing pointed the launch straight at the log boom and headed in at full speed.

U.P.I.

Gun crew on board *Monitor*

"We're going over the logs!" he called out.

On the deck of the ironclad two howitzers and numerous muskets were leveled at the launch as she charged in.

They seemed to fire simultaneously; canister and minie balls rattled over her bow.

The man beside Cushing fell wounded, but nothing could stop the launch.

Cushing reached down and fired his howitzer. The shot was accurate. It scattered the defenders on the ironclad's deck, and Cushing's men got off some small arms fire. Then they hit.

The launch shot into the heavy cypress logs with a crash, but her shallow, scow-like nose lifted over the logs and the whole craft went grinding up and over the boom, bouncing right in, almost against the hull of the *Albemarle*.

The ironclad's broadside port was right by the launch and the muzzle of one of the hundred-pound cannon was swung round on the little boat at point-blank range. Cushing swung her right in under the casemate of the ironclad. At the same time he sent the torpedo spar down and pivoted it forward until he felt it below the *Albemarle's* hull. Then he pulled the trigger cord.

The hundred-pounder exploded just over the launch, but the shot hit the water behind her, because the launch was too close to the ironclad's hull for the cannon to reach.

At almost the same instant, the cannon's roar was joined by the larger boom of the torpedo.

A geyser of water spewed up from the side of the *Albemarle*. She shuddered and heaved. The explosion threw up a great wave that flipped the launch over.

Cushing and his crew swam away from the explosion as the craft was submerged and the *Albemarle* listed, gasped and slowly sank by the bow.

Most of the crew swam for the nearest shore and were captured. But Cushing was determined to escape.

He swam downstream a safe distance and then dragged himself ashore into the high grass.

For hours he lay exhausted, and then as dawn was breaking he made his way up the bank and into the woods. As he hid in the brush two men walked within feet of him. Hardly daring to breathe, he listened to their animated conversation and learned that the raid had been completely successful and the *Albemarle* was no more.

He reached the gunboat *Valley City* about eleven that night.

In that amazing raid, only two Union men died. The rest were picked out of the water and taken prisoner by the Rebels.

When the U. S. Navy launched the first modern torpedo boat in 1890 she was named the *Cushing*. That was the beginning of the tradition of naming destroyer-type craft after naval heros. ■

EXPERT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

QUESTION: *(From Mr. Wayne E. Cook, Nelson, British Columbia, Canada).*

You mentioned in your note published under the Adventure experts heading that you could tell about the U.S. Army.

I would like—if possible in picture form of all the U.S. ranks and the corresponding rank in Sea and Air Force. I enclose a sheet to illustrate what I mean. If you cannot please return the sheet to me because they are extremely rare, and I will try some one else.

I appreciate any effort you might have to make to obtain such a sheet.

Thank you very much.

ANSWER: (By Milton F. Terry, TRUE ADVENTURE CONSULTANT).

Thank you for your letter to "Ask Adventure."

For a listing of the current ranks in the U.S. Army you should obtain a copy of the *Soldiers Guide*, a book published by the Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D.C. This *list is much too long for me to list here.*

I hope you succeed.

QUESTION: *(From Herbert S. Zadach, Azusa, California).*

Although you are listed as an expert on poisonous and disease carrying insects you no doubt have information on cockroaches as well. I have tenants who feel it is my duty to rid them of cockroaches. The usual com-

MEN PAST 40

Troubled with GETTING UP NIGHTS
Pains in BACK, HIPS, LEGS
Tiredness, LOSS OF VIGOR

If you are a victim of these symptoms then your troubles may be traced to Glandular Inflammation. Glandular Inflammation is a constitutional disease and medicines that give merely temporary relief cannot be expected to remove the causes of your troubles.

Neglect of Glandular Inflammation often leads to premature old age, and incurable conditions. The past year, men from 1,000 communities have been successfully treated here at Excelsior Springs. They have found soothing relief and a new outlook on life.

The Excelsior Medical Clinic, devoted to the treatment of diseases peculiar to older men by **NON-SURGICAL** Methods has a New FREE BOOK that tells how these troubles may be corrected by proven **Non-Surgical** treatments. This book may prove of utmost importance to you.

Excelsior Medical Clinic, Dept. B1055
Excelsior Springs, Mo.

75 POWER TELESCOPE 25X-45X-75X $3.98
NEW!

Three in one telescope, 3 variable 25X-45X-75X magnification. Brass bound, 25 power for ultra bright images 45 and 75 power for long range. Guaranteed to bring distant stars, moons, objects, sports events 75 times closer. Most powerful scope sold anywhere near this amazing low price. American made, 5 sections. Opens 36", closes 1 ft.; contains 4 ground & polished lenses. Can also be used as powerful compound microscope. Mass production enables us to offer telescope complete at $3.98 postpaid. Money back guarantee.

CRITERION CO., Dept. EAB-62 • 331 CHURCH STREET, HARTFORD, CONN.

MEN ONLY!

We have the most unusual items and novelties for men ever offered. Sample assortments, only $2.00. Catalog only 25c, refunded on first order.

ARTCO MFG. CO., Dept. 1792
6311 Yucca St., Hollywood 28, Calif.

'PSYCHIC DOMINANCE

How to RULE OTHERS with your THOUGHTS." Full course, with stirring exercises. Illus. Adults. Only $3. Sat. or refund. **CLARION**, Box 9309-N , Chicago 90.

HANDLED ENTIRELY BY MAIL
BORROW $1000
REPAY $51.24 MONTHLY

BORROW $100 TO $1000 ON YOUR SIGNATURE ONLY • 24 MONTHS TO REPAY

Enjoy life, end money worries! Confidential BORROW-BY-MAIL plan provides cash for any purpose. Small payments, fit your pocketbook. Private, entirely by mail. No endorsers, no personal interviews. Fast service. State supervised. Details sent in plain envelope. No obligation. Inquire now.

Amount of Loan	24 Monthly Payments
$100	$ 5.93
$300	$17.49
$500	$27.69
$800	$41.93
$1000	$51.24

BUDGET FINANCE COMPANY Dept. KB-123
317 So. 20th Street, Omaha 2, Nebr.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Age _____ Occupation _____

mercial powders and spray are not effective.

Are poisoned baits effective and if so how are they prepared? I have even tried trapping the insects but not effectively. Is there some substance they are particularly fond of? I know the exterminators kill them with a tent and cyanide but this is not feasible in this case.

Any information you can give me will be appreciated.

ANSWER: (By S. W. Frost, TRUE ADVENTURE CONSULTANT).

Baits are not as effective as sprays for the control of roaches. They are slow in action and generally objectionable to use. The fluorides, especiallly sodium aluminum fluoride as a dust is effective and long lasting but slow to act. It can be sifted in drawers and under cabinets where it will not be seen and will repell roaches for a long time. Various commercial baits are also slow and usually unsatisfactory.

I wonder if you have been using the correct insecticide. Although D.D.T. is a good insecticide and frequently used as a household insecticide, it is not satisfactory for roaches, especially the German roach.

A 2% chlorodane spray or a 5% dust are the most efficient sprays. Both are effective for several weeks. Aresols are the best method of application, especially for small jobs.

QUESTION: *(From Lee J. Baker, Santa Clara, California).*

I need current research material on the diamonds in Sierra Leone, Africa, and concrete information that might be avaiable to you.

ANSWER: (By Thomas Schultheiss, TRUE ADVENTURE CONSULTANT).

I wish to thank you for your letter of November 6th, I hope I can be of some help to you. I have taken over the job "Treasure Consultant" from A. J. Stewart, to whom your letter was addressed.

Yours is not the first letter inquiring about the diamond fields of Sierra Leone; I can give you the same advice I gave before. I believe the story is that you can lease land in Sierra Leone for $75 an acre, and then work it for diamonds. I would advise first that you inquire why such a fantastic offer is being made at all. Next, research the area to see what tribal wars, diseases, bandits, etc. may be common to the area. One person has asked if whether, if he did get any diamonds, would he get out alive. My answer is no, probably not. If you ever did strike it rich, you'd probably be in for a great deal of trouble.

QUESTION: *(From Mr. J. S. Popson, Gardena, California).*

I am interested in the CEMENT lost gold mine that is supposed to be located near, MONO, California.

The Cement lost gold mine is supposed to be in the ierra, Nevada Mountains. The gold is supposed to be in red quartz. In my spare time I have been looking for it since 1947. My spare time is about seventeen days a year.

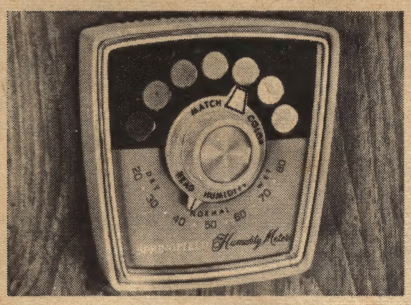
Anything you suggest I will appreciate.

ANSWER: (From Mr. Thomas Schultheiss, TRUE ADVENTURE Consultant).

The story of the Lost Cement Mine is about as general as most treasure tales, and it might be more profitable and even more interesting for you if you do a great deal of research on it rather than spending too much time looking in a haphazard way. It may be that you have already researched it, but if not, spend more time in land and mine offices, local historical societies, libraries, talk to old timers of the area, use topographic maps, even contact professional researchers. I suggest Foul Anchor Archives, Vale Place, Rye, New York, as they specialize in research. Also include 10¢ in your letter and request their latest treasure catalogue listing books and maps available for purchase, some may give you new information. You have of course run up against the enemies of the treasure hunter, the generalization. The mine is "some where" in the area Mono Lake. But if it were not for the general location given in treasure tables, all the specific and easily found treasures would be just that, found.

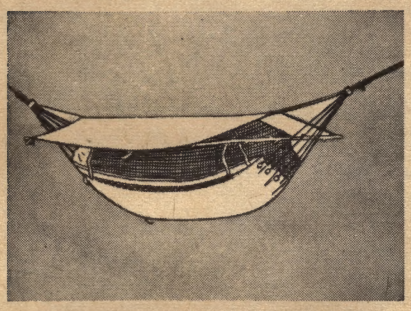
men's mart

All products shown here may be obtained directly from indicated sources. Send check or money order with your order. Manufacturer will refund full purchase price on prompt return of unused, non-personalized lines. This department is not composed of paid advertising.



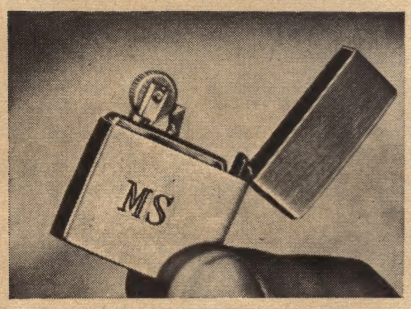
HOME HUMIDITY METER, both attractive and useful, is a unique, precision instrument that helps you regulate your heating or cooling system. Circles change color, accurately tell you at a glance how the humidity is changing. 4½" dial. Easy to operate. $1 plus 25¢ shipping. A. J. Sales, Dept. AMG, 415 S. Broadway, Yonkers, N.Y.

GASOLINE PORTA-PUMP will quickly pump or siphon from your gas tank to lawn mower or gasoline can, or it can be used for other unlimited purposes. Its two double-acting valves give it pumping action. Simple to use and easy to handle. A good buy for $2.95 ppd. From John Surrey, Ltd., Dept. AMG, 11 West 32nd Street, N.Y. 1.

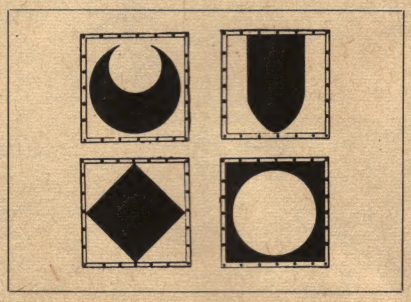


MARINE JUNGLE HAMMOCK is the answer to packing along tent and sleeping bag on camping trips. Lightweight canvas, (used in South Pacific), it has a 4-x-7¾-foot waterproof canopy, fine mesh netting that zips from inside. No rain, mosquitoes, trouble. $13.95 ppd. Page Products, Dept. AMG, Box 304 Gracie Sta., N.Y. 28.

SHIPS ON STAMPS—An exciting collection of 19 scarce U.S. commemorative stamps featuring an armada of ships and boats. Shows first ship built in U.S., John Paul Jones' "Bonhomme Richard," Hendrik Hudson's "Half Moon," the first steamship to cross Atlantic plus many others. 10¢ ppd. Garcelon Stamp, Dept. PLC, Calais, Maine.



PERSONALIZED MINIATURE LIGHTER. It really works! The world's smallest lighter measures a wafer-thin 1¼" x ⅞". The gold-tone case is monogrammed with any 2 or 3 initials. Be sure to specify! Easy to carry, takes less room than a pack of matches. Just $1.95 ppd. Manley Import Co., Dept. AMG, 140 Marbledale Rd., Tuckahoe, N.Y.



GIANT 36 SQ. FT. Signal Panels were used to request parachuted emergency supplies. Heavy nylon and strong viscose cloth. Water supplies, white circle on black; **on white;** Track-laying vehicles, green diamond; Rations, blue crescent; Ammo, red bullet. Use as covers, etc. $4.50 each. Davis Co., Dept. AMG, 887—2nd Ave., N.Y. 17.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR YOU
For ad rates, write PCD
549 W. Washington
Chicago 6

(MB-AUG.-SEPT. '63)

BUSINESS & MONEY MAKING OPPORTUNITIES

$100 WEEKLY POSSIBLE, compile mailing lists and prepare envelopes for advertisers. Home—spare time. Particulars free. National Service, 81, Knickerbocker Station, N. Y. City.

MAKE $25-$50 week, clipping newspaper items for publishers. Some clippings worth $5 each. Particulars Free. National, 81, Knickerbocker Station, New York City.

HYPNOTISM

HYPNOTIZE UNNOTICED, QUICKLY, effortlessly, or refund! Thousands delighted! $2.00. Minter, Box 244-N, Cedarburg, Wisconsin.

FREE ILLUSTRATED HYPNOTISM Catalogue. Write: Hypnotist, 8721 Sunset, Hollywood 69W, California.

INVENTIONS

INVENTIONS NEEDED IMMEDIATELY for manufacturers. For additional information write Kessler Corporation, C-138, Fremont, Ohio.

PATENT SEARCHES, $6.00! Free "Invention Record"/ Information.—Miss Hayward, 1029 Vermont, Washington 5, D.C.

AGENTS & HELP WANTED

BEAUTY DEMONSTRATORS TO $5.00 hour demonstrating Famous Hollywood Cosmetics, your neighborhood. For free samples, details, write Studio Girl, Dept. 29C38, Glendale, California.

MEN! be TALLER

patent pending

in seconds!

Slip new, original HEIGHT INCREASE PADS in any ordinary pair of shoes. Now, step into them and you're **almost 2" taller! Have the same height increase as expensive height increasing type shoes.** Join the thousands of happy wearers! Feel, look better, gain confidence in business, romance. She'll love looking up to you! Cloudy-comfortable felt and foam rubber (invisible) can be switched in and out of all your shoes.

Only **$2.95** pair, ppd.

STATE SHOE SIZE.

Sorry, no COD's. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

HUDSON INDUSTRIES
Dept. AV-6, 550 5th Ave., New York 36, N.Y.

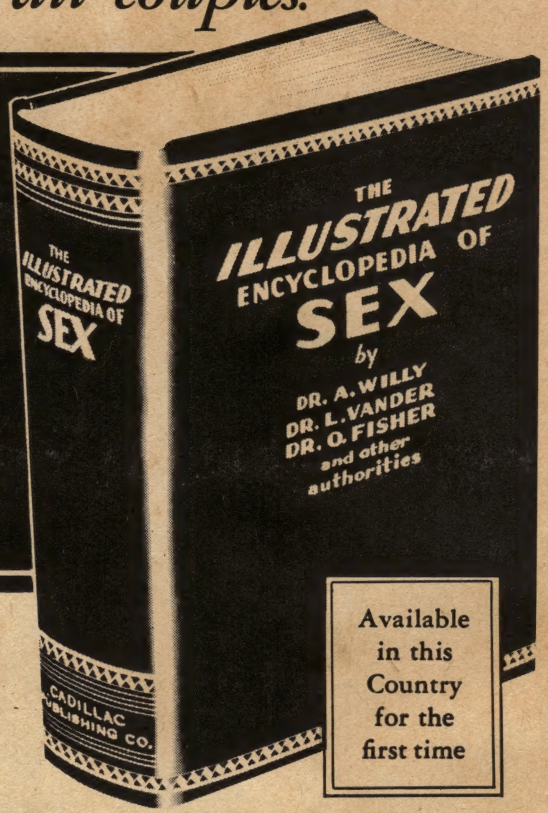
EARLY AMERICAN ADVERTISING POSTERS—faithful reproductions of authentic early American advertising hand bills circa 1860. Printed on antique paper, these 16"x20" posters include unusual ads for Baker's Chocolate, etc. Unique for decorating. $1 each or $2.98 ppd. set of 4. Frank Marmo, 1661 Griffith Park, Los Angeles 26, Calif.

BALD? LOSING HAIR? Today you have new hope for hair re-growth because, even though you are bald, the hair roots may still be alive to produce new hairs. Thousands have accomplished this with the Brandenfels Home System, so these fine people tell us. Free information from Carl Brandenfels, Box 7K1, St. Helens, Ore.

at last...a complete, modern guide to lasting mutual sexual happiness for all couples.

Illustrated SEX FACTS

By DR. A. WILLY, DR. L. VANDER, DR. O. FISHER AND OTHER AUTHORITIES



Available in this Country for the first time

THIS GIANT SIZE BOOK CONTAINS HUNDREDS OF AUTHENTIC, ENLIGHTENING ILLUSTRATIONS — *many in life-like color.*

Now available to the public in this country, for the first time, is this big guide to modern married sex practice. Written and illustrated by the most noted physicians and medical artists on sexual enlightenment. See and read how you can acquire enduring, harmonious married love by means of hundreds of exclusive, authentic pictures (many in true-to-life color), plus detailed step-by-step instructions written frankly and simply. This complete, large book includes important NEW information and illustrations never released here before. This book is a frank, straightforward presentation of facts to satisfy mature interest in the sex functions of the human male and female. Gives the most helpful authoritative guidance on sex problems of every kind — both abnormal as well as normal. Clearly understand and see the physiology and functions of the sex organs of both male and female. Many troubled men and women have found a new, happy married sex life and new confidence in themselves by reading "The Illustrated Encyclopedia of Sex." Sells for $5.00—but it is yours for the amazing low friend-winning price of only $2.98. This offer good for a limited time only. Mail coupon NOW!

PARTIAL LIST OF 61 BIG CHAPTERS EACH A "BOOK" IN ITSELF

- Techniques that bring complete gratification to the sex act for male and female
- What causes climax in women
- Blunders made by men in sex act. How to avoid them
- Technique of first sex act on bridal night
- Why woman fails to attain climax
- Husband and wife attaining mutual climax
- How male organs function in intercourse
- How female sex organs function in intercourse
- How sexual urge in woman differs from man
- Woman's perfect complete sexual satisfaction
- How to derive perfection in sexual act
- Reactions of man and woman during sexual relations compared
- The truth about sex vitamins that improve sexual powers
- Natural birth control
- New discoveries in birth control
- Woman's fertile days
- Causes of sex drive in women
- Female frigidity, its causes and cures
- Causes and cures for sexual impotence in men
- Abnormal sex organs and what can be done
- How to correct male's premature climax
- Delaying sex life's finish
- Male change of life and its effect
- Causes and treatment of male and female sterility
- Feminine self-satisfaction
- Causes of sexual urge in men
- How sex activity affects weight of male and female
- How to use preparatory love towards greater satisfaction in sex act

Just a few of hundreds of frank, enlightening illustrated instructions!

PARTIAL LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS WITH AUTHENTIC COLOR PICTURES!

- Male Sex Organs
- Showing functions of male sex organ
- Illustrating effects on breasts after pregnancy
- Showing areas of woman's organs producing highest sensations
- Watch step-by-step growth of child in pregnancy
- Complete Color Picture Story of Woman's Sex Organs
- Pictorial Story of Woman's "SAFE" days
- Picture Story of Cause of Sterility in women
- Cross Section of the Hymen in various stages
- Cross Section Showing Cause of Woman's sexual ills
- Picture Story of normal Sexuality in male
- Picture Story of Woman's Sensation Curve
- Picture Story of most important cause of impotence
- Two Inserts of Female Bodies showing how pregnancy takes place

...plus many more pictured instructions

SEND NO MONEY! FREE 10 DAY TRIAL COUPON

CADILLAC PUBLISHING CO., Dept. G-392
220 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, New York

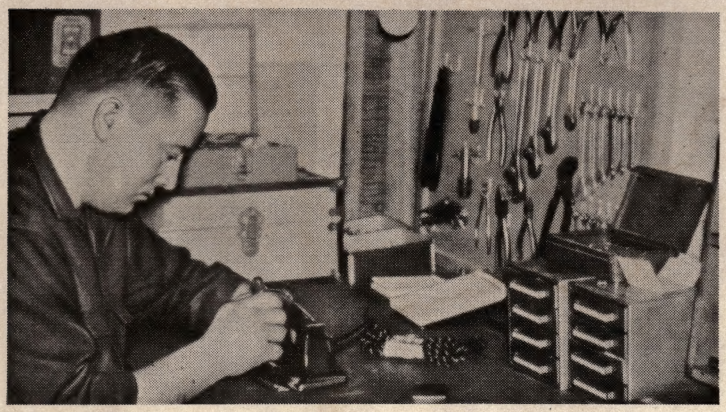
Send me "The Illustrated Encyclopedia of Sex" in plain wrapper marked "personal." I will pay postman $2.98, plus postage on delivery (sells for $5.00). If not completely delighted within 10 days, I can return book and my money will be refunded. I am over 21.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....

☐ Check here if you wish to save postage, by enclosing with coupon only $2.98. Same Money-Back Guarantee!
(CANADIAN AND FOREIGN ORDERS $3.50. NO C.O.D.'s.)



Has shop in basement—gets "more and more work all along"

"I HAD PRACTICALLY no knowledge of any kind of repair work. One day I saw the ad of NRI in a magazine and thought it would be a good way to make money in my spare time. Now I am busy almost all my spare time and my day off—and have more and more repair work coming in all along. I have my shop in the basement of my home."

—JOHN D. PETTIS,
172 N. Fulton, Bradley, Illinois

IF YOU'VE BEEN WANTING TO START "A LITTLE BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN" IN YOUR BASEMENT OR GARAGE

CHECK the advantages of NRI training in Servicing Electrical Appliances

- ☐ **STEADY DEMAND** for your services. Over 400 million appliances in U.S. – 6 million sold last year alone – mean shortage of trained appliance service men.
- ☐ **NO ELABORATE EQUIPMENT NEEDED** — just simple hand tools, and Appliance Tester which we provide at no extra charge.
- ☐ **START SMALL – GROW BIG.** You can start out in your own basement or garage, in spare time. Gradually expand until you open your own shop.
- ☐ **NO NEED TO RISK YOUR SAVINGS.** Many businesses require a sizable investment. But here you can build up a following of customers *first*, then open a full-time shop if you wish to.
- ☐ **EARN $3 TO $5 PER HOUR.** Fixing appliances is a high-paying skill because the demand for trained men is so great.
- ☐ **ENJOY SEMI-RETIREMENT ON A GOOD INCOME.** When you're ready to retire, you can devote a few hours a day to this work. Live and work anywhere you please.
- ☐ **NO PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE OR TRAINING NEEDED.** We tell you and show you everything you need to know, in plain English and clear pictures.

IF YOU'RE like so many men today, you've been "hankering" to start "a little home business of your own." In spare time at first, then maybe full-time later on. Something you'd enjoy – and that pays well. Something that fills an existing need in your neighborhood or town – that "sells itself," without any high pressure arguments – that doesn't take a big investment or elaborate equipment.

This is it—Servicing Electrical Appliances! Now is the perfect time to get into it. Sales of electrical appliances have skyrocketed. Look how YEARLY SALES have risen since 1950: Coffee Makers – from 900,000 to 4,750,000. Room Air Conditioners—from 200,000 to 1,800,000. Clothes Dryers—from 318,000 to 1,425,000. Floor Polishers – from 240,000 to 1,090,000. No wonder that men who know how to service appliances properly are making $3 to $5 an hour—in spare time or full time!

Your Skill Always in Demand —"Set Up Shop" Anywhere

People need their appliances fixed in good times or bad. Once word gets around that you are trained to service them, you'll have plenty of work.

Your training costs less than 20¢ a day. And you need only the few basic tools you may already have – and an Appliance Tester which we provide at no extra charge. You can work anywhere—in a corner of your basement or garage, even on the kitchen table. If you like, you can open up your own shop, have others work for you. And you can save money by fixing your own appliances.

FREE BOOK *and Sample Lesson*

Our 24-page Free Book tells how you can "cash in" on America's "Electrical Appliance Boom"—the money our students are making, what they say about us.

Free Sample Lesson shows how simple and clearly illustrated our instruction is—how it can quickly prepare you for a profitable future in this big field. Mail coupon, letter, or postcard to: *National Radio Institute, Dept. R4G3, Washington 16, D.C.* (No obligation – and no salesman will call on you.)

EARN WHILE YOU LEARN *with this* APPLIANCE TESTER *—Yours at No Extra Charge*

Your NRI Course comes *complete* with all the parts to assemble a sturdy, portable Appliance Tester that helps you earn while you learn. Easy-to-follow manual tells how to assemble and use the Tester *right away*. Locate faulty cords, short circuits, poor connections, etc. in a jiffy; find defects in house wiring; measure electricity used by appliances; many other uses.

With this Tester you save time and make money by doing jobs quicker, making sure appliances operate correctly after repairs.

NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE
Dept. R4G3, Washington 16, D.C.
Please send me Free Book about your Electrical Appliance Repair Course and a free Sample Lesson. I am particularly interested in:

☐ Spare Time Earnings ☐ Business of My Own ☐ Better Job

I understand there is no obligation on my part; and no salesman will call.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Accredited Member National Home Study Council

FROM

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT
NO. 20-R
(Sec. 34.9, P.L.&R.)
Washington, D. C.

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
NO POSTAGE STAMP NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY

NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE

3939 Wisconsin Ave.

WASHINGTON 16, D. C.

Dept. 3GR4

Make More Money Starting Soon

Learn Radio Television Electronics

BY PRACTICING AT HOME IN YOUR SPARE TIME

Fast Growing Field Offers YOU High Pay, Prestige, Bright Future

There are more job opportunities in Electronics than any other field. These are *better than average* jobs with bright futures . . . jobs for which YOU could qualify through NRI training. Thousands of men like yourself most without a high school diploma—stepped up to good money in Radio and TV broadcasting, industrial Electronics or in businesses of their own.

Train With The Leader—Get Started Fast

Throughout the U.S. and Canada, successful NRI graduates are proof that it's practical to train at home, in your spare time, at your own pace. Keep your present job while training. For 45 years, NRI has featured the best Radio-TV Electronics training at low cost because it is the oldest and largest school of its kind. The NRI "learn-by-doing" method is the practical way to get into this exciting field quickly. Fill in, cut out and mail postage-free card.

Make Money in Spare Time Soon After You Enroll

Soon after you enroll, NRI shows you how to earn extra money in your spare time fixing Radio and Television sets for friends and neighbors or doing Electronics repairs. This has led to successful full time businesses for many NRI graduates. Other NRI students have found good jobs within a year after enrolling. No experience necessary, diploma when you graduate.

Take the first step toward new prestige and a brighter future. Mail postage-free card TODAY for FREE CATALOG. National Radio Institute, Washington 16, D.C. Accredited Member National Home Study Council.

Picture Yourself As One of These Successful NRI Graduates

"Thanks to NRI I am in a top position with the Federal Aviation Agency in the Navaids Electronic Section." JOE DUCKWORTH, Fort Worth, Texas.

"I have a spare time shop and also do work for four dealers. Before I started with NRI, I didn't know a resistor from a condenser." EARL GROSS, Hanover, Ontario, Can.

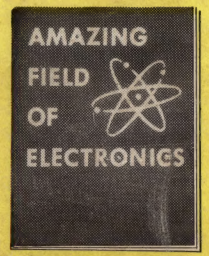
"NRI training opened up a world of opportunities and gave me confidence. I earn much above average salary as Electronic technician for Canadian Marconi." JOHN J. JANEGA, Sydney, Nova Scotia.

"After graduating I was a shipboard radio operator. Now, I am chief engineer of Station WARA." RAYMOND D. ARNOLD, Attleboro, Mass.

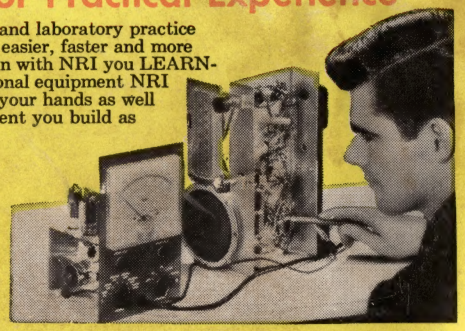
"I am an Electronics technician, working on the Electronic computer, Univac. My NRI training helped me pass the test for this position." R. H. LAURENS, Hammonton, N. J.

Before enrolling I could hardly make ends meet. Now I have a full-time business, the best Color TV instruments, a service truck. JULIUS HILLENBRAND, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Send for FREE 64-Page Catalog



CUT OUT AND MAIL THIS POSTAGE-FREE CARD

Without Extra Charge NRI Sends You Equipment for Practical Experience

There's nothing like shop and laboratory practice at home to make learning easier, faster and more interesting. When you train with NRI you LEARN-BY-DOING with professional equipment NRI furnishes. You learn with your hands as well as your head. The equipment you build as part of your training not only *teaches* you, but also *earns* for you as you use it to do repair jobs. All NRI equipment is yours to keep, at no extra cost. ACT NOW. Find out about the NRI 60-day trial enrollment plan and easy monthly terms. Mail postage-free card today.